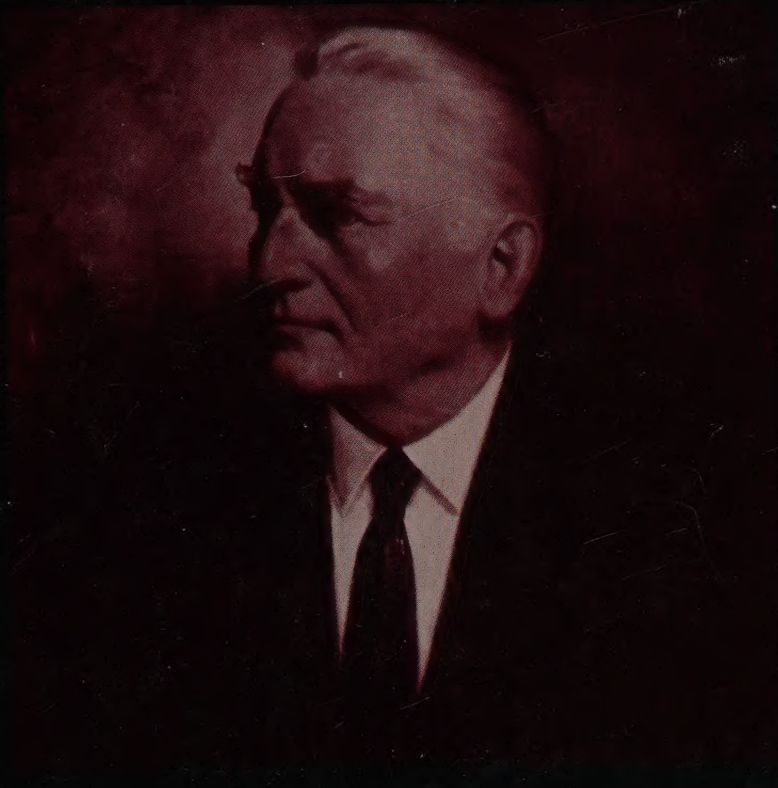
BESIEGED PATRIOT



Autobiographical episodes exposing Communism, Traitorism and Zionism from the life of

Gerald L. K. Smith

Gifted Speaker, Social Commentator, Servant of God

$17.95

Besieged Patriot

by Gerald L.K. Smith

Few social commentators of the 20th Century have ellipsed Gerald L.K. Smith for eloquent oratory, persuasive prose or relentless energy. Gerald Smith became known best for his exposure of what he called the "counterfeit state of Israel." He also resisted the influences of Communism and other forces he felt threatened Christian Civilization. Gerald Smith believed that America needed "leadership dedicated so completely to truth as to be willing to live completely for it and die for it, if necessary."

Because he never compromised his principles, Gerald Smith faced imprisonment, character assassination and threats to his life. However, his controversial positions gained him a vast audience in all areas of the country. Smith's public career included a radio show, public speaking tours across the country and the publication of a monthly magazine, **The Cross and the Flag**. He became associated with some of the best known individuals in American history: Huey Long, Charles Lindbergh, Henry Ford, Sr. and General Douglas MacArthur. When Gerald Smith died on April 15, 1976 he was eulogized by every major newspaper in the country.

The historical significance of this volume lies in Gerald Smith's firsthand observations of the important events, problems and national leaders of the 20th Century. The individual episodes which he describes from his own life give the reader a deep appreciation of the dangers encountered by anyone daring to stand against some of this nations most powerful influences.

BESIEGED PATRIOT

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Autobiographical episodes exposing Communism,
Traitorism and Zionism from the life of

GERALD L. K. SMITH

Edited by
Elna M. Smith
and
Charles F. Robertson

CHRISTIAN
NATIONALIST CRUSADE
P. O. Box 202
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INTRODUCTION
by
Charles F. Robertson

I have been associated with Gerald L. K. Smith for years. Having lost my father early in life, he became as a father to me. Early in my association with him I became convinced of his complete dedication, his absolute integrity, and his uncompromising devotion to the ideals to which he had given his life.

For years I have implored Mr. Smith to give us at least a thumbnail summary of his dramatic life. Perhaps no living American, and few Americans now living, have passed through a more dangerous and interesting drama involving his life, his liberty and his public reputation than did Mr. Smith. He endured riots, threats to his life, the risk of imprisonment, character assassination, and every other weapon which can be used by a satanic enemy in his attempt to destroy a good man, by the grace of God he survived. His influence not only increased every year that I was with him, but it promises to expand geometrically. The truth of his life becomes increasingly known not only to the people who are now alive, but to generations yet unborn. It was the spiritual, intellectual and patriotic material on which the Founding Fathers drew in the building of this Constitutional Republic. It was the quality of sacrifice which characterized the early Christians and the Christian pioneers which blazed the trail through the jungles of paganism and barbarism in such a way as to translate a handful of persecuted belivers in an Upper Room into a civilization that has now become the most important factor in human life. Billions of people have embraced the personality of Jesus Christ, because there has always been men and women in every century willing to stand alone for high principle. This was the formula by which Gerald L. K. Smith lived. He has been observed and commented on by the most renowned and important journalists and public figures in America. He commanded even the respect of his enemies in that they recognized in him one of the most dangerous contemporaries to Communism, treason, antichrist Zionism and other negative forces which have been mobilized to destroy our Christian civilization.

Below I cite examples of this comment:

Lowell Thomas, the world renowned commentator, said: "Gerald L. K. Smith is the most eloquent and courageous orator in America."

H. L. Mencken, the dean of literary critics and author of "The American Language," the most respected reference work in the libraries of the universities and one of the most exciting commentators of the century, said: "As an orator, Gerald is the greatest of them all—not the greatest by an inch or a foot or a yard or a mile, but the greatest by a least two light years. He begins where the next best leaves off. He is the master of masters, the champion of all epochs, ancient or modern, the Aristotle and Johann Sebastian Bach of all known orators, dead or alive."

Federal Judge Weatherford of Los Angeles, during a libel suit brought against Mr. Smith which was eventually decided in his favor, said: "Mr. Smith is perhaps the greatest living master of the American language."

Mark Sullivan, one of the outstanding feature writers for the New York Herald Tribune, said: "All the orators of this generation combined will not make one Gerald Smith." (This statement was made in a feature article which appeared following Mr. Smith's address to the Washington, D. C., Press Club.)

Pravda, the news agency of the Soviet Union, said: "Gerald L. K. Smith is one of the five influences in America that is the most dangerous to the Soviet Union."

Westbrook Pegler, for years the most highly paid newspaper columnist in America, said: "My biggest mistake was not joining hands with Gerald L. K. Smith twenty years earlier than I did."

The Jewish Voice: "We have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to destroy Gerald L. K. Smith, but even so he rises now stronger than ever."

A student of world affairs, who prefers not to be named, said: "Gerald L. K. Smith has furnished the 'mother's milk' for nearly 2,000 right wing patriotic organizations."

The late **Henry Ford**: "I wish Gerald L. K. Smith could be President of the United States."

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh: "He was my choice for United States Senator from Michigan." He was a heavy donator to Mr. Smith's Senate Campaign.

During the summer of 1972, from May until November, an oil painting of Mr. Smith was hung in the Smithsonian Institute. An Associate Curator said: "Mr. Smith's picture created much interest and excitement."

The Cross and The Flag, the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, of which Mr. Smith was the Publisher, is referred to by many discriminating critics as the most fearless and consistent periodical of its kind in the world.

FORWARD
by
Gerald L. K. Smith

This is not a biography; neither is it a history although it contains facts that have made and will make history. It contains an answer to a thousand questions which people are constantly asking me concerning my dramatic career.

I have lived to a ripe maturity. I have crisscrossed my country to a total of more than three million miles. I have spoken in every major city in America in defense of my Christian faith, American tradition, racial self-respect, private enterprise and Constitutional government. It was my honor some years ago to be identified by Josef Stalin in his official periodical "Pravda" in Moscow as being one of the five most dangerous enemies to Communism in the United States. I have been praised, glorified, smeared, rioted, imprisoned and marked for death. I have been shot at numerous times. I have been accosted with pistols. I have been praised on the floor of Congress, investigated by Congressional Committees, tortured by bureaucrats, praised by lovers of Christ and cursed by modernist, pro-Moscow clergymen. Under pressure from the Jewish hidden hand, I have been given the silent treatment by the news media, and at one time a resolution was passed by a committee of mindwashing media czars to the effect that my name would not be mentioned in the press until they printed my obituary.

I have been a friend of, and admired by, some of the greatest men of this generation including the late Henry Ford, Charles A. Lindbergh, the late General Douglas MacArthur, and the late assassinated United States Senator Huey P. Long.

It has been my honor to address more millions of people than any private citizen in America of this century.

My first love is my personal faith in Jesus Christ. I not only profess my love for Christ, but I resist without compromise the enemies of Christ who are determined, in fulfillment of the Scripture, to "Crucify our Lord anew."

If I were to write this handbook with continuity and completeness, one volume would not contain it. It would create a set of books. But this summary of episodes and insites in my life is being published in order that my old friends and new friends may get quick resume of the drama of my life.

As a writer and publisher, it has been years since I failed to write for publication less that 300 days out of each year. I have written and distributed over 500 periodicals, pamphlets, tracts, and booklets. The bound volumes of my writings make up a bookshelf as long as it required for the Encyclopedia Britannica. I have written every subject dealing with the issues of man as they relate to the preservation of the Christian faith and the maintenance of our American traditions.

As the director of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, a nationwide movement which not only reaches into every community of every State, but into every free nation on earth, I have participated in every important political conflict of this generation. It has been my honor to be nominated for President twice by two independent parties, and because of this fact my portrait was displayed in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C. the summer of 1972.

The necessities of my life require that I write, but the first joy of my life has been in public speech, a rapidly disappearing art among the American people. The greatest rhetorician of the century whose book "The American Language" is the chief reference book on this subject in the great universities of America, H. L. Menchen, was so generous in his appraisal of my gift of speech that it would sound boastful to quote him here, but I have permitted the publishers to run a photostatic copy of his statement elsewhere in this handbook.

In reviewing the scores of dramatic episodes in my life, I make no attempt to bring them out in chronological order. Each one will have to stand by itself, consequently, they are entered not in the order of their importance, or in the order of their occurance, but in order that they may be kept separated without the appearance of continuity.

I was born into a proud family in Pardeeville, Wisconsin, February 27, 1898. I saw the light of day at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. My father and mother were aristocrats in the true sense of the word, defined not by wealth or possessions, but defined by a mode of life and the proud conduct which grows out of self-respect. They taught me to believe that I was of royal blood, not because I had any kings or queens as ancestors in the ordinary sense, but because in being a Christian I had become a child of God. My mother used to sing to me the song, "My Father is rich in houses and land. He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands . . . I'm a child of the King."

We knew the meaning of want, poverty and privation, but we grew up in that proud atmosphere that would prefer starvation and cold to the thought of accepting gratuities from anyone else. My father pursued his occupation as a salesman early in life with pride and intelligence, but when I was a little tot, he became chronically ill and it was necessary for him to take my mother, my sister, who was ten years my senior, and me and move back into a hilly homestead in Richland County (Sylvan township), Wisconsin. Here we eked out a livelihood, but at no time did my proud father, Lyman and mother, Sarah, lose their bearing of pride, self-respect and intelligent interest in the affairs of life. In one sense, I was fortunate in having an ailing father, because he was brilliant, logical and devout. His ailment made it possible for him to spend much time with me, and early in life I absorbed the rich principles that made him the best Christian man I have ever known.

I attended a country school in the hills which changed teachers as high as three times a year and ran three terms, two and one-half months each. The middle term was dedicated to the big boys who had to work in the fields fall, spring and summer, and the only education they got was in attending the mid-term school.

At 11 years of age I convinced my father and mother that I would do better if I could ride into town seven miles every day and attend the village school at Viola, Wisconsin. This I did after doing the chores, riding seven miles every morning on horseback and seven miles every evening on horseback. It was quite a ride for a boy 11 years old.

I will not bore the reader with the details which followed. I graduated from common school, and later graduated from the high school at the county seat of Vernon County, Viroqua, Wisconsin.

By this time my father had made quite a recovery, but not enough to finance my education. At 17 I graduated from high school and went to Valparaiso University, because at that time it was an independently owned university that catered to boys and girls who had to help themselves through school. I arrived with enough money to pay my first quarter's tuition, $20.00 and to buy my books, and then wound up with $10.00 in hand. I felt very lucky when I got a job at a boarding house which boarded 210 boys and girls. Five of us washed and dried the dishes without any machinery morning, noon and night. In return for this, we got our board, but believe it or not, the cash customers who paid for their board only paid $2.00 per week.

Upon graduation I was ordained to the ministry of what was then known as the Christian Church. To follow my career as a minister would be a book in itself, so I shall not deal with this detail at length. Suffice it to say, at the age of 23 I was Pastor of the church at Footville, Wisconsin, eleven miles from Janesville, Wisconsin. In Janesville there lived a young woman whom I considered the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen—gracious, lovely, intelligent and charming beyond anyone I had ever hoped to know. I couldn't believe that such a beautiful person would take seriously my interest in her, but she did. We courted and were married at Beloit, Wisconsin, and shortly before this was written we celebrated our 53rd Wedding Anniversary. Her maiden name was Elna Marion Sorenson. Her parents were both full-blooded Danes and devout Christians.

When we celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary we were asked to be interviewed by the Mutual Radio Network, which broadcast the interview on its world-wide network. The interviewer asked my wife Elna to prepare a statement on "How can one live happily with the same man for 50 years?" She fulfilled his desires. It was broadcast to the world. Many people requested copies, and a copy of same appears in this handbook.

I became prominent in my denomination and active in the affairs of the Church, and early in 1929 I was called to be the Pastor of the Kingshighway Christian Church in Shreveport, Louisiana. This church has one of the most beautiful church buildings in the South. Its congregation was made up of people of prominence, influence and quality. Within the fraternity of the clergy, it was considered a high honor to be called to this church. Overnight I became a community leader. I was called on to address everthing from the State Convention of Bankers to the State Convention of the American Federation of Labor. I made commencement addresses, presided at banquets, and journeyed all over the Nation in response to a wide variety of invitations. In short, I was looked upon as a popular, eloquent, successful, young preacher. I even believed many of the flatteries which came to me, and frequently way down in my heart I felt like I was really somebody.

The Kingshighway Church was the last church of which I was a pastor. I retired from the pulpit as a minister in 1934, because of a dramatic circumstance which will be discussed later. One might wonder why did an ordained minister, dedicated to the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, retire from a great church to engage himself in the most controversial issues of the generation? The answer to that question could be a book, but I shall not evade it.

About the time I came to Louisiana, the most brilliant statesman of this century was rising to power and influence in the State of Louisiana. His name was Huey P. Long, who became first, Railroad Commissioner (Public Service Commissioner), then Governor, and then a member of the U. S. Senate. He was despised by the 'feudal lords,' the enemies of progress and the exploiters of the people. Although he came from a family with a proud, rich heritage going back to Colonial days, and like myself was raised in the environment of aristocratic pride, he was the voice of the people and he loved the masses. Early in my life in Louisiana, I was warned by the people who thought that they were running the State that I must never have any contact with this 'boorish,' wild, adventuresome man known as Huey P. Long. I was later to discover that that was not an accurate description, but that he was indeed one of the most brilliant men of the century. Chief Justice William Howard Taft said at one time: "Huey P. Long was the most brilliant attorney to appear before me while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States." He was smeared, hated and downgraded because he was determined to rescue his people from a 'fuedal lord' bondage characteristic of no other state in the Nation at that time.

The stock market crash came in 1929 and we were lowered into a depression, the like of which our Nation had never experienced. The proud, the well-to-do and the prominent became penniless overnight. Hundreds of men stood in soup lines or in bread lines waiting to get a handful of nourishment to take to their families even though only a few months before they had held prominent positions in banks, business institutions and corporate enterprises.

Here I was, the pastor of this proud church. As I stood at the door on Sunday morning, people would come to me in tears and say, "We're going to lose our homes." Some even said "We have paid it down to $500.00, but there is no money and we can't raise the money to make even one payment." People who lived at that time will tell you that there was no money, not even $1.00 for people who had been handling thousands of dollars. Provisions were made in Washington for a great sum of money as loans, to be made available to people who were losing their homes, but sharp operators were anxious to exploit the emergency and virtually steal these homes before the people could save themselves by emergency measures. The tears and broken hearts of those who were losing their homes overwhelmed me, and I went down to the institution which held most of the mortgages and appealed to the director of the loan company to postpone the foreclosures. He ridiculed my concern saying, "Mr. Smith, you are a clergyman. You do not understand business." I answered by saying, "Yes, but I understand the Bible which says 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Shortly thereafter I received a call from one of the prominent members of my church, and in this church were men of the greatest prominence in the community including bankers, public officials and Chamber of Commerce executives, etc. He said that a group of them wanted to have a conference with me. They came to my house and challenged my right to be concerned about the foreclosures. Later some of them admitted that they were stockholders in the company which was virtually trying to steal these millions of dollars' worth of homes. Higher authorities in the church who held the mortgage on the beautiful new church building contacted me immediately and threatened me with the call of the loan if I didn't resign from the church.

The next morning after I conferred with these men I called Huey P. Long. I said: "Mr. Long, a group of men in my church and the head of the building and loan company are planning to steal millions of dollars' worth of homes in this hour of emergency. What shall I do?" He said: "Stay right there." In less than thirty minutes I received a call from the head of the building and loan company, who said that he had received a terrible call from Huey Long who had issued all sorts of threats unless he did what I wanted him to do, and he begged me to come down to see him. I said: "No, I don't need to come to see you. All you need to do is go across the street to the court house and cancel those foreclosures." This he did.

In the midst of an unprecedented economic and sociological crisis, I became convinced that Huey P. Long was the man of the hour. I resigned my pulpit even though 95% of the membership implored me to remain, and announced that I was going to give my life defending American tradition and Christian faith.

The following developments, if recited, would make another book, but suffice it to say, I became the one who was journeying across America in a campaign to make Huey P. Long President of the United States. James Farley, who was then the most important politician in America and who was responsible for the election of Mr. Roosevelt (a mortal enemy of Huey Long) said: "If Mr. Long had not been assassinated he would have been elected President of the United States in 1936."

One evening I was walking with Senator Huey P. Long through the corridor of the beautiful State Capitol of Louisiana, which had been built under his direction. A young Jewish doctor by the name of Carl Weiss stepped out from behind a marble pillar and shot Senator Long and turned his gun toward me, and had it not been for the bodyguards who shot the killer, I too, might have been either maimed or killed.

Two days later he died. I was at his side. I heard his last words. I delivered the funeral oration over his grave, which was the largest public funeral in American history, even larger than the Kennedy funeral. It required three acres just to lay one bouquet beside another. It was estimated that 250,000 people attended the funeral with thousands of people unable to get across the rivers in time for the funeral.

There were nine of us who were important leaders in the Louisiana organization. Without going into detail, the Roosevelt machine which hated Huey Long so much, (many people believe that Franklin Roosevelt was instrumental in his death), this organization was determined even by way of assassination to capture the Louisiana organization. They sent their representative to Louisiana in the person of Joseph Keenan, the Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who later became the Judge Advocate who sentenced the war criminals of Japan. He consummated what I refer to as the 'Second Louisiana Purchase,' and the entire organization with the exception of myself and one other made a deal with Roosevelt in return for the promise of millions and millions and millions of dollar's worth of patronage.

I took the last dollar I had and bought three hours' time on every available radio station in the State of Louisiana. At the same time I addressed 70,000 people in the Plaza in New Orleans, and I told the people that those whom they had selected as their leaders had sold the State and the blood of Huey Long to those who desired his death and precipitated his assassination. This left me completely alone, repudiated by a corrupt state regime and hatred to the hour of his death by Franklin Roosevelt and his regime of bureaucratic tyrants. I then resolved that I would give my life to what I considered the greatest issue in the world: the preservation of America, the America which had grown out of the dynamic of Christ's personality. Later this movement was to be known as Christian Nationalism, which resulted in my crisscrossing the United States and speaking in every major city and broadcasting to millions of people by radio.

This should orient the reader to the purposes, ideals and background of my life in such a way as to help them to understand the dramatic experiences which grew out of my commitments. I can truthfully say that there has never been a moment in my public career that I would not surrender my life rather than to surrender the principles to which I have been dedicated, and joining me in such dedication has been my lovely and faithful wife Elna.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATION

As one reads this handbook containing a summary of dramatic episodes in my life, he is bound to raise the question: "Why has Gerald L. K. Smith been so bitterly fought? Why is he so hated by some and loved by others? Why has his life been in danger?"

In the days of Huey Long (the assassinated Senator) with whom I was walking through the State Capitol in Baton Rouge, Louisiana when he was shot) the concentration of hatred against Senator Huey was because he was the most outstanding opponent of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Roosevelt machine was so violent and so vicious that it sought the imprisonment and even death of effective enemies, and it is still generally believed in mature-minded areas of observation that Franklin Roosevelt, personally, was responsible for the conspiracy that finally produced the assassination of the late Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana.

After Senator Long had been assassinated, I moved out into the national realm where I dealt with the most controversial issues of the generation. I joined with Henry Ford, Sr. and Charles A. Lindbergh and others in opposing our entrance into World War II. The Jews all favored entrance into World War II and carried on a campaign of hidden-handed persecution and abuse against all who were opposed to the war. We who opposed the war believed that we should pit Hitler against Stalin, weaken both nations, and protect America from the risk of making a Frankenstein monster out of either nation. Our opinions were overruled and World War II was used to create a Frankenstein monster out of the Soviet Union.

The bitterness in this battle released upon me the organized hatred of the international Jew and the pro-Communist manipulators throughout the world. Another great well of hate came from the Communist complex, because I was recognized as one of the most effective foes of Communism not only in the United States, but in the world. Stalin's newspaper "Pravda" even admitted that at one time.

We then leveled off for a well-balanced crusade in defense of our racial self-respect, private enterprise, Constitutional tradition and Christian faith, I inspired the animosity of every element in the world which could be classified as a part of the program of the antichrist. I advocated the principle that America was the greatest single product of Christian civilization, and, therefore, we must learn to respect not only our Nation, but respect the fact that the dynamic of our Nation was Christianity. Out of this conviction I developed what became known as the Christian Nationalist Crusade with key personalities in every voting district in the United States and with admiring followers in every free nation on earth. The hatred for my activities graduated into murderous hate because of my revelations concerning the relationship of organized Jewry to the establishment of the Soviet Republic and because of my belief that the so-called State of Israel is a 'counterfeit,' set up by the antichrist.

The summary of my deep convictions, which will help the reader to understand why I am and have been a controversial figure, was released to my key followers in the Christian Nationalist Crusade as follows:

SUMMARY OF PRINCIPLES

We reaffirm our belief in the 10 principles of Christian Nationalism as adopted at the Christian Nationalist Party Convention held in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 30, 1949.

1. Preserve America as a Christian Nation being conscious of the fact that there is a highly organized campaign to substitute Jewish tradition for Christian tradition.
2. Expose, fight and outlaw Communism.
3. Safeguard American liberty against the menace of bureaucratic Fascism.
4. Maintain a government set up by the majority which abuses no minority and is abused by no minority. Fight mongrelization and all

attempts being made to force the intermixture of the black and white races.
5. Protect and earmark national resources for our citizenry first.
6. Maintain the George Washington Foreign Policy of friendship with all nations, trade with all nations, entangling alliances with none.
7. Oppose a world government and a super state.
8. Prove that the American citizen can enjoy more abundance under the true American system than under any alien system now being proposed by foreign propagandists.
9. Stop immigration so that American jobs and American homes can be safeguarded for American citizens.
10. Enforce the Constitution as it pertains to our monetary system.

LIFE AND DEATH CONTROVERSIES

In summary then, it has been my lot to be involved in most of the life-and-death controversies of the century. Anyone engaged in the following controversies can expect smear, abuse, character assassination and even assassination:

1. Resisting the tyranny of left-wing bureaucracy.
2. Fighting Communism with knowledgeable effectiveness.
3. Expressing intelligent and alert awareness of the plot for international power carried on by the world Jewish organizations.
4. Giving opposition to the destruction of our racial self-respect by those who would mongrelize and degenerate the white race.

The moment a man resists the aggressiveness of the organized Jew, he is branded for liquidation socially, politically, religiously and economically.

One reason my opposition to Roosevelt bureaucratic tyranny was met with such violence was because I was associated with the man who would have defeated Franklin D. Roosevelt for President had he not been assassinated—the late U. S. Senator Huey P. Long.

EPISODE 1

FIRST PUBLICITY

Believe it or not, the first time I ever got my name in the paper was when I won a foot race at a district high school track meet. I graduated from the high school at Viroqua, Wisconsin. I was always active in the affairs of the school, belonged to the debating society, the literary club and winning oratorical contests. I did not pose as an athlete, although I was fleet of foot and strong of body, but I did go along with the athletic teams as sort of a handyman, keeping score and helping to manage some of the small affairs which came up during the visit to other towns and involving the normal detail of the games. It must be remembered that 60 years ago athletics in high school constituted rather a provincial and limited element. For instance, when we would visit another town to play basketball, we always had to wait until the motion picture show was over, and then they would set up the baskets and play the game after ten o'clock at night.

Wisconsin gets terribly cold in the winter. We had completed a game in a little village called Soldiers Grove, located in the Kickapoo Valley, and as we came down to the foot of the stairs below the motion picture theatre in the old opera house where the game was played, I looked at the thermometer and it read 48 degrees below zero. Our teacher-coach advised us that we would not be able to ride home 15 miles on the bobsleds which were drawn by horses. We would be compelled to walk We were all heavily clad with double suits of underwear, overshoes, heavy overcoats and fur caps. Imagine walking 15 miles through deep road snow after midnight with the temperature 48 degrees below zero. Can you imagine anyone permitting that to happen today. The boys would have all been tucked in like infants and allowed to sleep late in some comfortable motel. We walked home, and I arrived at my house about 5 o'clock. I undressed, went to bed and had scarcely turned over when my Mother shook me saying, "Get up, Gerald, it is time to go to Sunday School."

One of the great advantages of my life was being raised by a Mother who was not foolish enough to think that I was the only perfect child in the world. She was not a son worshipper. She never hesitated to criticize me and point out my mistakes, so when I went away from home it wasn't necessary for me to make the terrible discovery that so many spoiled boys make when they find out from strangers that they are not as perfect as their mothers thought they were, or said they were. She showed no concern for the fact that I had walked all night. There was no sentimental pity. The one important thing was for me to get up and go to Sunday School.

The time came when our little high school was competing in a district track meet in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. We entered contestants in all the important classifications—the 100 yard dash, the relay races, the hurdle races, the mile run, etc. I wasn't entered. I was no part of the competing teams, but as the day progressed we had lost in every contest, and I went to the coach and said: "I believe that I could put on a bathing suit and win that mile race." He gave consent and I prepared to compete. My rehearsal had been the fact that every noon I would run home from school for lunch, and it was about a mile each way. It seemed that I had developed the characteristics of a mile runner without preparing for a track meet. I entered the mile race and came home with the only medal that our track team won at the LaCrosse track meet. There was a little story in the paper the next day telling how G. Smith had hung back for the first part of the mile and then had gained to the point of winning a medal.

EPISODE 2

FAVORITE SON

In 1946 I was chosen by the City of Viroqua, Wisconsin (my home town where I graduated from high school) as the favorite son to be recognized on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary. The Chamber of Commerce chose me to deliver the address. I accepted. The chairman of the committee was a young native by the name of Judge Neprud. Shortly after the announcement, which was carried by all the newspapers especially in Wisconsin, Judge Neprud was in Milwaukee. He was waited on by the Jews, nagged by the press, and under the pressure and arm-twisting of these elements, he announced without authority that the invitation of Gerald L. K. Smith to make the Centennial address had been cancelled. This created quite a stir. The Chamber of Commerce met, removed Judge Neprud, named another chairman, and reissued the invitation. This created much publicity and feature stories were carried, and the Jew-controlled press began to beg the citizens of Viroqua to cancel their invitation to their native son, Gerald. The protests fell on deaf ears, and the potential attendance began to mount.

At that time Viroqua had a population of about 3500. I was scheduled to speak in the city park known as Eckhart Park, and when I was introduced by August Smith (no relative of mine), but known as a prominent educator who knew me when I was a young boy—when he arose to introduce me even the hostile press estimated that there were at least 24,000 people in front of me to hear the address. The LaCrosse

Tribune, which was my enemy, admitted that within five minutes after I had started speaking the entire audience was completely in my grip. People stood in wrapt attention for over an hour and a half. The crowd was so great that it was necessary to use the County Fairgrounds as a parking facility while the people were brought in by school buses. Without boasting, it is safe to say that it was the largest reception ever given a native son in his home town in the history of Wisconsin, surpassing even the LaFollettes. On that occasion the committee responsible for sponsoring the event presented me with a beautiful diamond ring set in jet black. I prized the gift, although I am not to wear diamonds. After some years I told the story of the gift to my nephew, Roland Lee Morgan, and gave him the ring suggesting that he wear it in honor of the fact that it represented the show of great respect to his Uncle on the part of the community where he grew up and graduated from high school.

The campaign against me before I spoke in Viroqua was vicious, and ruthless. It later developed that $2,000 had been deposited in escrow in the local bank to go as a prize to anyone who could effect the cancellation of the invitation. Later I suggested that the money be donated to the hospital fund, and the pressure was great upon the man who made the deposit that he yielded to my suggestion.

The next year I returned to Wisconsin to visit my aged father and mother, and I was requested to speak in the same park to what was called a Union Sunday night church service. Before the church service an old schoolmate of mine came to me and said: "Gerald, Judge Neprud is coming up for re-election and his attempted cancellation of your invitation last year to address the Centennial did him great injury. He is sorry for what he did and says that he believes if you will allow him to stand beside you as you shake hands with the people as they go out from the meeting in the park that he could be re-elected. It was easy for me to forgive Judge Neprud, because he was a good man and he meant to do what was right, but yielded under the kind of pressure that only the Jews know how to bring upon people. I consented to the suggestion and the Judge was re-elected.

PRINCIPLES WORTH LIVING AND DYING FOR

It has always been my conviction that there is an oversupply of expedient leaders, compromising politicians, timid clergymen and policy men in general. A nation in crisis, which defines America since 1929, needs a leadership in every sociological realm dedicated so completely to truth as to be willing to live completely for it and die for it, if necessary. That has been my dedication, and, praise God, I have been joined in that dedication by my beautiful, faithful and intelligent companion, Elna.

It won't take a mature reader long to review the following expressed commitments without realizing the lethal dangers that can come to one who dares to speak without compromise and write without timidity concerning these matters.

Each subject that I discuss briefly in this statement could constitute the title of a book. The reader, therefore, should make note of the fact that I do not consider my discussion of these matters complete. But when you have finished reading this summary, you will know why I have been persecuted, hounded, harassed and smeared as well as being threatened with death, prison and social ostracism.

I. THE SUPREME COURT MUST BE PURGED

It is my belief that the Supreme Court of the United States for years was completely corrupted under the leadership of Chief Justice Earl Warren. During the term of Mr. Warren and others, the green light was given to Communism, pornography, crime, treason and mongrelization. It is the belief of certain mature observers that the Supreme Court has been a greater menace to the United States than any other single negative evil entity. Since the resignation of Mr. Warren, who was a slave to the Jewish complex, and even accepted degrees from the University of Judaism and turned to Rabbi Finkelstein of New York City as his chief advisor—since his resignation the Court has made a slight improvement, but it is still a blurred, debauched, wounded branch of the Government of the United States. One evil thing that it has done recently has been to justify the conspiracy of mongrelization by sustaining the bureaucratic tyranny of compulsory busing. But far beyond that has been its justification of the slaughter of the unborn, referred to as abortion. I contend that there are certain members of the Supreme Court who should be impeached, and there is some argument to support imprisonment for certain members. It is my belief that Justice Douglas is one of the most depraved, sociologically perverted individuals in America, and he has used his negative personality to help blight, destroy and wound our whole nations existence.

II. DEFEAT THE GENOCIDE TREATY

The Genocide Treaty was originated by the Jews and presented to the United Nations. It has been approved by the United Nations, but thanks to the Connally Resolution, which has brought about in the formation of the United Nations through the instrumentality of the writer and a little handful of others, no regulation can be imposed upon the American people without the consent of Congress. The Genocide Treaty is a fraud and a fake. It would allegedly outlaw the slaughter of a whole race, or a whole people, because of their politics or their religion. I don't know of a decent person on earth who is not opposed to such barbarism. But the real purpose of the Genocide Treaty is to make it a crime to say anything that will offend a racial or religious group. In the ultimate, this means that if the Genocide Treaty, now being advocated and pushed by the Jew Senator from New York, Jacob Javits, and others, were to become a law by the approval of the United States Senate, it would become a criminal offense for me to oppose the mongrelization of the races or oppose the conspiratorial political activities of international Zionism. Under this act I could be picked up and deposited in a foreign prison under an international law. That is the sort of thing these Jews want to happen. They are up to so much skulduggery that they know the only way they can prevent being exposed is to silence and imprison their opponents.

Always remember that I believe it is a sin to hate any man because of his race, his creed or his religion, but I do not believe it is a sin to contend without compromise in defense of the deity of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Do not forget that wherever Zionism and Communism rule, Christianity is virtually outlawed.

If the Genocide Treaty were to be approved by the United States Senate, I could be imprisoned in a foreign prison for distributing "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," as well as the volume "International Jew," as it was originally published by the famous industrialist, the late Henry Ford.

III. PROFITABLE WORK CAMPS FOR THE UNRULY

We should establish work camps for revolutionary traitors. Our Government has become so weak and our law enforcement agencies have become so insipid that it is now almost impossible to convict a traitor in the United States of America. A mob of barbarians moved in on the Democratic Convention in Chicago some years ago. They incited to riot.

They tried to kill. They vowed that they would burn down the convention hall, but when the culprits were arrested and indicted, they were released with the help of the treason machine which is my name for the Jew-controlled radio and television networks as well as the left wing news media in general.

When a gang of blacks came into a courtroom in California with guns and shot the head off the Judge, they were arrested and indicted. Among the number was a notorious Communist woman by the name of Angela Davis, who made no denial of the fact that she was a Moscovite who wanted to overthrow the Government of the United States. It was proved, and she did not deny it, that the guns that shot the Judge were furnished by her. Even so, the jury was so intimidated and the community was so propagandized that these people were turned loose. The same thing happened to a set of off-beat personalities in Florida that allegedly conspired to disrupt and destroy the Republican Convention and do physical injury to important personalities. These people were released. Such things have happened all over the United States.

We need a new set of laws dealing with sedition and treason. Instead of locking these people up in jail cells to mildew, rust and corrode, we should put them out on work farms or in industrial plants where they can produce food and commodities to fill the needs of the American people. They should be paid wages. They should not be worked as slaves, but they should work under official supervision until it is the opinion of those who have authority over them that it is safe to turn them loose upon society. The do-gooders and the sentimental sob sisters will scream "concentration camps," but that is only a trick word designed to prevent us from dealing realistically with the people who are trying to overthrow the Government of the United States.

IV. INCREASE THE AUTHORITY OF THE MILITARY DOMESTICALLY

We should increase the authority of the military in dealing with disruptive personalities who have made it impossible for patriots, dedicated to the Constitutional tradition of America, to hold public meetings. Even during the last Presidential election, rioters, pickets and troublemakers were in such command and were given such license in the name of civil rights that it was impossible for the President of the United States to tour America and deliver speeches. Any man, regardless of the political party that he represents, who is considered a law-abiding citizen and who has arranged to hold a public meeting, should be guaranteed the right to speak without interruption. People do not necessarily need to be denied the right to picket, or to issue statements of protest, or to hold meetings of protest, but they should not be allowed to destroy other people's meetings. In fact, to conspire to break up a meeting of American citizens assembled to hear an address is to conspire to deny one his civil rights. This should be made a crime subject to arrest, and upon conviction the guilty one should be put away where he can do hard work and be paid a decent salary until he is willing to obey the laws of the land and conduct himself as a self-respecting American citizen.

Many of the big cities have lost the power to govern themselves. It is not safe to walk on the streets. It is hardly safe to be in one's own home. When necessary, emergencies should be declared and these towns should be put under martial law in such a way that mothers can play with their children in the park, and law-abiding citizens can walk to the grocery store after dark without the risk of being robbed, mugged or even killed.

An example of the breakdown of law and order in the United States is in the experiences that we had with Prime Minister Pompidou of France. The last time he visited the United States, he and his wife were rotten-egged by a bunch of violent Jews in Chicago, and they were insulted so completely that it was unsafe for them to visit the great metropolitan centers as was originally desired by our President. The last time Mr. Pompidou conferred with our President, it was necessary for them to meet in Iceland, because it was not safe to have them meet in the United States of America. In most nations on earth the President would have declared a national emergency and made himself the temporary dictator until law and order could have been restored and every visiting statesman could move about the land without the risk of death, abuse and ridicule.

V. RESTORE THE NEIGHBORHOOD SCHOOLS

We must restore the neighborhood schools. When the public schools were originally formed, it was the belief of the Founding Fathers that children should not go beyond the regional authority of their parents. Therefore, it was agreed that the teachers who were hired would be hired by parents who had been elected by the community to serve on what would be called a School Board. This simple local school authority, in most instances, has disappeared—first, superseded by State authority and then Federal authority. Today "glassy-eyed" bureaucrats in Washington, D.C., are dictating the whole system, even to the point of compulsory busing where little girls and little boys can be grabbed from in front of their homes and taken miles away from home to be dumped in with people of other races in the establishment of what some bureaucrat says is the necessary racial balance. For years people have been buying homes and building homes in communities on the basis that those homes were close to a schoolhouse, where in many instances they could walk with their little children to the school, if necessary. That is all being destroyed, thanks to the treasonable aad abortive decisions that have been handed down by what, I believe, is an impeachable Supreme Court of the United States.

VI. LEGALIZE DEVOTIONS IN SCHOOL HOUSES EVEN AS THEY ARE NOW LEGALIZED IN CONGRESS

Whoever dreamed that the day would come when a bunch of materialistic atheists and Jews would bring about a situation where it would become a criminal offense for a school teacher to conduct a devotional exercise in the school, and it would be a violation of law for a little child to offer thanks over his noon-day lunch as he had been taught to do at home. Thanks to the Supreme Court of the United States and the aggressive Jews, devotions in our school system have been outlawed. Over 50 Jewish organizations donated money and cooperated with the atheists who carried this appeal to the Supreme Court. A few misguided Christians even cooperated in effecting this legislation. It was supported, of course, by the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches known for their Moscovite modernism and their official heresies.

It has been my honor to circulate petitions and visit members of Congress and carry on a constant campaign to restore by Constitutional amendment the right of devotions in our school systems.

Every morning when both Houses of Congress open, they have a prayer, but the Congress of the United States, which insists on devotions in the United States Capitol, has not thus far corrected the treasonable authority of the Supreme Court which denied devotions to our little children in the American school houses.

VII. STOP THE PERSECUTION OF THE WHITES BY DEMAGOGUES AND BUREAUCRATS

Under the Constitution no man should be denied his civil rights, because of his race, creed or color. But there has developed in America a double standard of demagoguery which now results in the persecution of the white man. For instance, there is an organization that was formed by a handful of Jews, beginning with the Rosenwalds, who at one time owned Sears-Roebuck in Chicago, known as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The average American thinks it is an organization of colored people, but the head of this organization, either the treasurer or the president, is always a Jew. The Jews have controlled this organization ever since its formation. Its headquarters are in Atlanta, Georgia.

The newspapers and many clergymen and educators represent this organization as a patriotic, honorable group, and for the sake of argument, I will not dispute the fact that they have the right to exist and campaign for the advancement of the black man. That is honorable and it is Constitutional, but if you want a hint as to the double standard now in force in America, what do you think would happen to you if you were to organize a group to be known as The National Association for the Advancement of the White Man? You would be immediately represented as a bigot, a hatemonger and a racist. It has almost become a criminal offense for a white man to be concerned with the destiny of his own people. It is my belief that to mix the blood of the white man and the black man is unjust to both races. It destroys racial self-respect in both fields. After all, the separation of the races by color and custom was not organized by so-called racists. It was originated by the Creator.

One great preacher in Dallas, Texas, wrote a book entitled "God, the Original Segregationist." I am not opposed to a man's right to exercise his voluntary will in the realm of integration, but I am opposed to forced and compulsory integration, and that goes for every sort of association. I believe that a man with a family has a right to determine the associations of his children, whether it involves religion, custom, or color. It should be one of the permanent civil rights of the American people. If some man wants his children to be mulattoes, that is his business. But if some man is opposed to his children being mulattoes, or is opposed to forced social intermixture that will stimulate and encourage the dissipation of his bloodline, I do not think he should be compelled to submit to the tyranny of forced integration.

I will exert every power within my reach to prevent the persecution of the black man. But I reserve the right to oppose the persecution of the white man. The demagogues who have become the bureaucratic tyrants of America have gone so far with this that many industries and business organizations in order to avoid persecution by political bureaucrats are firing white people just because they are white and replacing them with blacks so that they will be let alone by these bureaucratic persecuting tyrants.

VIII. EXPOSE AND FIGHT POLITICAL ZIONISM — A WORLD MENACE

I have consistently opposed the conspiracy of political Zionism inside the Congress of the United States. Recently United States Senator J. William Fulbright with whom I disagree on many, many things—in fact, most things—issued a statement on a nationwide network to the effect that international Zionism virtually controls the United States Senate, and they are afraid to vote on any question contrary to the will of the Zionists. As this was written, a sneaky attempt was made inside the United States Congress to effect a mutual defense pact, which means committing the United States to come to the defense of the counterfeit State of Israel in case of a military incident. Any mature student of military history knows that there is no difficulty in creating an incident. If that mutual defense pact is ever approved by the Congress, it means that every drop of blood that we have in the veins of our young men will be put at the disposal of the imperialistic ambitions of international Zionism operating through the counterfeit State of Israel.

Sensational Sequel: The average reader of this statement cannot believe this, but the Jews have already passed a law in Israel justifying their right to seize any enemy anywhere in the world whom they contend is conspiring to overthrow the State of Israel. That includes me. That means that they believe they have a right to grab me off the street and rush me to Israel to be tried in a biased court, and sentenced to prison or death. If this seems like an exaggeration, may I point out that they have already done this in numerous instances, so much so that it has aroused the resentment of the entire world and recently, for the first time, they were condemned unanimously by the Security Council of the United Nations. The reader should be reminded that the United Nations, in the beginning, was given its guidelines for formation by the Zionist Jews. They wanted this to be developed into a world government that could be transplanted into the Middle East and developed as an international Jew-controlled empire. They have 'fouled' their own brood. The entire United Nations has turned against them. Jewish power in American politics has been so great that the entire assembly now voted against the State of Israel. Even though the Security Council would vote unanimously against the State of Israel, up to the vote of the United States, the United States delegate under Jewish pressure has always been afraid to vote condemnation against the State of Israel no matter what it did. Whether it would be stealing land, killing people, napalming innocent children, enslaving Arab populations and threatening Mid-Eastern aggression. There is no doubt but what they blew up the Liberty Ship, one of the most scandalous events in international history. But even so, our representative in the Security Council never had the nerve to vote a condemnation of this barbaric act. Recently however, he joined the rest of the Security Council in condemning an act of piracy on the part of the State of Israel.

Do not fail to read my statement elsewhere in support of my belief that the present so-called State of Israel is an un-Scriptural counterfeit which seeks to honor Christ's worst enemies in the fulfillment of Abraham's covenant instead of the people who have honored Christ by way of the Virgin Birth and the gospel of Jesus Christ. Who could have thought up a more fallacious conclusion than to represent Christ's worst enemies as God's chosen people? If a man like myself defends Christianity against this aggression, he is called a bigot and an anti-Semite. But how many people reflect on the fact that every Friday night in a Jewish synagogue they represent our Master as a fraud, and a fake, saying that His Mother was a harlot? We Americans have not denied these Jews the right to express their unbelief, because under the Constitution they have the right to do it. But they do not have the right to deny me the privilege of glorifying my Saviour and developing resistance to this infidelity, this heresy, and this policy, which, when carried out will, in the words of the Scripture: "Crucify our Lord anew."

IX. DISCIPLINE THE NEWS MEDIA OUTLAWS

The news media must be disciplined, curbed and given to understand that even a reporter for a newspaper, or a television station, or a radio station, must obey the law. These people have created a segment in our population that can be classified as 'spoiled brats.' The irresponsibility of the news media has never been more obvious than it was during the time of the Watergate situation. Innocent men were tried and convicted in the press and on television who had never been given the opportunity to speak for themselves. The so-called Watergate Committee, headed by a conscienceless old demagogue, was used as a smear instrument against the people who won the election in 1972. This is not said out of prejudice, because I am a traditional Democrat who came to maturity in political affairs in the State of Louisiana, and, of course, my good friend Huey Long was a Democrat.

In 1972 the Democratic Party was kidnapped by a fraternity of homosexuals, lesbians, hippies, vagrants, outlaws, demagogues and traitors—the outfit that nominated McGovern for President bears no similarity whatsoever to the party of Thomas Jefferson. Failing to win the election, they were determined to defeat Mr. Nixon's victory by methods other than the use of the ballot. The Watergate smear was their answer. I will not discuss that at length here, but I have published two lengthy manuscripts dealing with this subject, one entitled "Shame on the United States Senate," and the other entitled "Watergate, a White Paper."

A newspaperman can receive confidential information to the effect that someone is going to be murdered, and there is no law that can compel him to reveal his source of information, even though it would save the life of a human being. This issue came up in California not long ago. The abortive Supreme Court recently made a decision that makes it almost impossible for a public figure to protect himself against libel. Several outstanding patriots have been lied about and their character has been assassinated by the press, but under this new Supreme Court decision, it is difficult for a public figure to collect libel on the grounds that they have given 'open season' to the press and the news media in general to libel public figures regardless of their public responsibility. New criminal libel laws should be written, and when a newspaper tells a lie about a good man, designed to cripple his influence, they should be sued and punished almost as severely as if they had run the man down on the street while driving drunk. With some exceptions, there is not a fraternity of people in this country that is more contemptible and spoiled than the representatives of the news media. They are mean, cantankerous, dishonest and in many instances positively criminal. Unless America can clean out these Augean stables of journalistic corruption, of wild brothelian editors and reporters, the destiny of America is doomed. Even in Britain, the most outstanding publishers are amazed at the criminal license that is accorded the news media in the United States.

X. CURB CASTRO'S CUBA BY DIPLOMACY OR MILITARY FORCE

Through the weakness and the blunders of the late John Kennedy, who never really accomplished anything important while President, but became lionized and represented as a hero because he had been assassinated—through his weakness and stupidity our worst potential enemies were allowed to establish a military base 90 miles from our shores. President Kennedy stood back and allowed this to happen, and when a well organized group of patriots were prepared to return to Cuba from Florida and capture the government, Mr. Kennedy promised them airplane coverage, and at the last minute he cancelled it and allowed these courageous patriots to be shot like 'fish in a barrel.' The time will have to come when Cuba will be subdued either diplomatically or militaristically to the point where there is no chance of her continuing as a threat to our safety in permitting missile installations and battleship harbors. President Kennedy's blunder was so great that one insider revealed that after he realized what a mistake he had made he was almost tempted into a suicidal mood. He realized that by stupidity he had betrayed the United States of America, and had virtually allowed the Soviet Union and Red China to establish a military base 90 miles from our shores, not counting what he did to good and innocent people who were imprisoned, slaughtered and abused.

XI. FREE THE WHITE-SLAVE TAXPAYERS WHO ARE BEING BURDENED WITH BLACK LOAFERS AND WHITE CHISILERS

We must abolish the new white slavery, and I am not talking about prostitution, as much as I am opposed to it. The demagogues and the bureaucrats have decided to load millions of blacks onto our shoulders and force us to support them whether they work or not. No good citizen and no good Christian is opposed to appropriations necessary to take care of the helpless, regardless of their race or creed. But literally millions of blacks refuse to work. They won't pick strawberries, they won't mow hay, they won't cut a lawn, they won't do common labor, they won't do anything except stand in front of the welfare office and demand an ever-increasing amount of money together with food stamps and fringe considerations that come from dozens of organizations that have been set up by parasitic demagogues. These welfare chisilers move into the great super markets with food stamps and welfare checks, and buy the best meat and the best groceries, while the hard-working people who have to count their pennies have to choose between ground meat and hot dogs in order to make their income go around. This enslavement of the white man, who is the taxpayer, to support these welfare chisilers must end. All the welfare chisilers are not blacks. There is a fraternity of vagrants roving this country, loaded with infectious hepatitis and venereal disease, who have resolved never to work again, and they, too, are adding to the slave load that has been imposed upon those of us who pay taxes and assume responsibility for the maintenance of our social structure. My opposition to this slavery must never be misconstrued as suggesting that I do not favor providing for the helpless, the blind, the aged, the crippled and the veteran. The reason that more is not being done for this fraternity of suffering and impaired humanity is because the money that should go to these helpless people is going to the chisilers and the welfare fakers who are stealing billions of dollars out of the Treasury of the United States through bureaucrats who have learned that welfare votes can keep them in power.

XII. REMOVE THE HOMESTEADS OF THE AGED FROM THE TAX ROLLS

Tax money collected by the Federal government should be returned in large quantities to the school districts of America, because excessive school taxes are driving elderly people out of their homesteads. Men and women of character by the millions have spent their whole lives saving up enough money to own a homestead in which they can live in their old age. Now in most states the school taxes are so high that these elderly people on Social Security, without other income, cannot afford to pay the taxes on the home which it took years to pay for. These people should be removed from the tax roll, and the people who produce incomes should be the ones to finance the school system. Almost millions of elderly people are moving out of nice homes into mobile homes and trailers and one room hot plate apartments, because they can no longer afford to pay the excessive tax that has been imposed upon them by greedy racketeers who pose falsely as educators. They have their hand under the table to receive bribery money from contractors who make billions developing school properties with luxurious attributes that have no place in an educational system that should be plain and simple as well as practical.

XIII. DENY SUBSIDIES TO COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES THAT ENTERTAIN TRAITORS AND REVOLUTIONISTS

Many of the universities and colleges in America have become revolutionary centers. They have become landing bases for traitors. A black by the name of Dick Gregory has been one of the most obnoxious revolutionists in America. At one time he promised that he was going to help burn down our great cities. He is now one of the highest paid campus lecturers in America. Traitors who threatened to burn down the convention hall in Chicago and who threatened to break up the Republican Convention in Miami are now highly paid speakers for campus meetings. These universities are being financed and their students are being financed by government appropriations. We need a whole new system of legislation that will prohibit the appropriation of money to any educational institution that allows a traitor or subversive personality to prey on the impressive minds of the students of our high schools, colleges and universities. Whenever a Congressional Committee, or an outstanding patriot, exposes one of these traitors, he is immediately held up as a bigot, and the corrupt news media immediately comes to the defense of the traitor. For instance, Angela Davis, whose guns were used to blow the head off of a California Judge, and who is a frequent visitor to Moscow, and who is a self-confessed Communist revolutionist, is one of the most popular and highly paid ($2,000 to $5,000 per speech) campus speaker in the United States. Some of these traitors have even been called to deliver commencement addresses. The only solution for this problem is to "cut off their water," stop their money, and quit enslaving the American taxpayer in order to collect money to pay these traitors to spout their treason in our educational institutions.

XIV. ISOLATE THE VAGRANTS FOR CONSTRUCTIVE LABOR AND PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE

Almost millions of vagrants are roving the streets and highways of America today. Some call them hippies, some call them children of the sub-culture; but whatever they are, they are addicted to dope, they reek of infectious hepatitis, they are saturated with venereal disease, they won't work, and they are able to talk the bureaucrats into giving them food stamps so that they can continue to loaf in our communities and make themselves pests in general without the necessity of hard work. Anyone without a visible means of support who refuses to work should be rounded up and put into a compound. Here he should be compelled to work, or starve, if he's in good health. He should do constructive work. He should manufacture things, or he should harvest crops, and he should be paid well. His wages should be put in escrow and saved for him so that the money can be dealt out to him on a probationary basis after he is released, when he is willing to promise to behave himself and when those in charge of him are convinced that he means it. Millions of Americans are being annoyed by this filthy crew of vagrants. They deserve the pity, sympathy and compassion of all good people, but one way to sympathize with them is not to permit them to continue to wallow in their own filth, their own venereal disease, their own vermin, endangering the life and comfort and welfare of everyone they touch. Put them away, round them up, make them work, take them off the backs of the taxpayer. The Scripture is still true: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shall earn thy bread."

XV. STOP THE SLAUGHTER OF THE UNBORN

We must make it a criminal offense to slaughter the unborn. The law of abortion is so liberal in New York State that it is possible for a child to be born that could nurse, eat and live, only to be assassinated by the Doctor in charge, in the name of abortion, on the operating table. The issue of abortion is one of the great issues of America. When a nation tampers with the law of God and His plan to preserve the races of man, we are in danger of divine judgement. Millions of the unborn are being slaughtered. Deep students of physiology and medical science say that we are going to have a great reaction among women, and we are going to see an epidemic of new types of pestilence brought by this wholesale slaughter scheme called abortion. This green light for slaughtering millions of human beings in the name of abortion was given to our Nation by the Supreme Court. It is amazing how many of our problems go back to the Supreme Court of the United States. God save us! God save us! The very Government, which, because of the edicts of a dictorial Supreme Court, has made it a criminal offense to have devotions in our school system and our educational system in general, does not rule against the teaching of atheism and the downgrading of the personality of Jesus Christ in many of our educational institutions.

In many of our universities, all the sociological professors are Communists or Socialists as are the professors of Political Science. In many of our colleges as high as 90% of the instructors are atheists, anti-Christians and unbelievers. The American people who have thrived on the tradition of Christian faith must find a way to curb these institutions and these instruments of education which are gnawing at the very vitals of the dynamic that made Western civilization; namely, Christianity.

XVI. CURB THE TYRANNY OF THE MONEY CHANGERS

Abraham Lincoln was shot because he resisted the conspiring formulas of the money changer, according to some deep historians. He was not murdered over the slave issue, nor over the Civil War issue. He believed that money should be issued Constitutionally without subjecting us to the usurious money-changing trickery of what we now call the Federal Reserve Bank. In my judgement, this outfit is an outlaw; it is a deliberate violation of the will of the American people, carried on in a spirit of defiance because of its terrific power over the monetary system of this Nation and the world. Its ability to arbitrarily set interest rates gives it the power to tax without any legislative act, or without the consent of the people. Until this Federal Reserve has been outlawed and the coining and issuing of money has been returned to the people, as provided for in the Constitution, we will not be able to master or control our own economy.

XVII. STAMP OUT PROMOTERS OF SEX PERVERSION WHO ARE DESTROYING OUR PEOPLE FOR PROFIT

The degeneration of the sex life could turn out to be the worst menace to face the American people and Western civilization as such. Pornography has been imposed upon us by way of the magazine stand, television, the motion picture companies and a wide network of underground enterprises which operate in violation of the law and with the consent of a limp complex of law enforcement, the like of which our Nation has never known. The blame for this goes back again to the Supreme Court which refuses to sustain local governments in their determination to expunge this filth which is made available not only to our children and young people, but to the general population. Coming in like a flood with all of its libertine exposures, the pornographic epidemic weakens the whole social structure. Innocent men and women even of advanced years find themselves exposed to obscene pictures and demonstrations of sex perversions which a few years ago were known only in the houses of prostitution and the tenderloin areas of great cities where perversion, dissipation and immorality was limited to slums and to the underworld. Even the clergymen among both Protestant and Catholics were seduced into dissipations, and today there is an epidemic of homosexuality within the clergy even to the point that certain so-called churches have been organized catering only to sex perverts. Off-beat educators and intellectual libertines are advocating that homosexuality and lesbianism be recognized as a third sex and allowed to operate without interference from the law. This wave of depravity has given us an epidemic of venereal disease which is out of hand. The introduction of the promiscuous use of birth control pills and legalized abortions have encouraged the weak to indulge in extramarital sex relations and premarital sex relations on the theory that there is no danger of pregnancy. The degenerating influence of sex dissipation threatens Western civilization with the same blight that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah and other early civilizations. It is shocking to observe that in conservative Holland and Denmark and other European nations the degenerate influence of sex perversion and sex dissipation is apparent beyond anything that the ordinary person can imagine.

Sequel: The Communist overlords know that sex perversion and dissipation can destroy a nation. In Red China the conduct of the people is almost Puritanical. No crude lovemaking in public. No premarital sex relations. No prostitution. No pornography. This may seem unbelievable, but it is true. Lesbianism and homosexualism are punishable by death or prison.

There is not much we can do until we get a Supreme Court with backbone enough to sustain rigid laws that can imprison a man for even showing an evil book to a child, and for commercializing the sale of those things which encourage the degeneration of the mind, the body, and the soul.

XVIII. PROTECT AND SAFEGUARD OUR INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES

In the name of free press via the prostitution of the news media, the great protective agencies which have hovered over America and guarded us against subversion and treason are being undermined, sabotaged and weakened. These agencies include the great international spy network on which America depends for her safety against treason and infiltration, the CIA. Another is the FBI which handles the intelligence involving our local protection against subversion and crime. Another factor is the Internal Security Committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The treason machine and the degenerated news media never miss an opportunity to ridicule, belittle and downgrade the CIA, the FBI and the Internal Security Committees. They have been largely responsible for the Government's failure to be able to convict criminal traitors, syndicalists and seditionists. Whenever a violent revolutionist is caught in one of these treasonable functions, this corrupt news media machine virtually comes to his defense. I indict the news media as one of the most corrupt evil elements in our whole social structure. That alone should give the reader an understanding of why I have been a controversial figure, subject to much abuse, smear and character assassination.

XIX. STOP THE INVASION OF MILLIONS OF ILLEGAL ALIENS

Thousands upon thousands, if not millions, of immigrants are coming into the United States by a relaxation of the immigration laws. Orientals are on the verge of overrunning us. Mexicans come into the United States illegally at the rate of from 2,000 to 5,000 a day across a long border. Cheap labor is competing with our well established labor in the United States. Beyond these that come in illegally, there are an uncounted number that are coming in legally. Shortly after they arrive, they organize themselves into pools of agitation and opinion and become what they call ecological segments crying out against the abuses of the land which has given them a new opportunity for prosperity. We need to screen our immigrants and guard more carefully the entrance of aliens into the United States. True enough, some of the greatest people we have have migrated as aliens, and we do not want to depreciate this or to discourage this coming of more aliens. We merely must be careful. We do not want the criminals and the sociological garbage of other nations to become a part of our life. We have enough people like that in the United States already.

XX. EXPOSE THE TRAITORS IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

For the first time in my life as a mature observer of national affairs I have been forced to conclude that we have deliberate, premeditated traitors who have been elected to the Congress of the United States. Every time a revolutionist organizes a demonstration, he can count on these treasonable mentalities in our legislative body. When they invaded Washington, D.C., threatening to destroy our military headquarters and defying the law enforcement organizations and threatening to do violence to the president, they assembled in large revolutionary mobs and were addressed by members of the Congress of the United States, whom I shall not name on this occasion.

Whenever the treason machine (the network news media) undermines the Armed Forces, these Congressmen vibrate their approval. Whenever an attempt is made to sabotage our intelligence agencies like the CIA and the FBI and the Internal Security committees of Congress, they join with the traitors in the downgrading of these institutions which are vital to our national and international safety. They scream for a reduction of military power that would make us a second class power subject to ultimatums from Red China and Red Russia.

They seem to experience a sadistic glee in downgrading our great industrial and business establishments which have made of the American people the most prosperous people in the history of mankind.

The time has come for us to commission the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Internal Security Committee to go into the background of these people who are violating their oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States by practicing sedition and giving aid and comfort to our enemies.

XXI. EXPOSE THE DOPE PEDDLERS AND PRO-NARCOTIC PROPAGANDISTS

There is nothing new about attacking the dealers in narcotics. This has been a normal part of our lives down through the years, but recently the problem has fanned out into a new phase. The perverted sociological sadists who seem to take delight in witnessing the destruction of humanity by liquor, sex perversion and treason, have become the great defenders of a subtle and treacherous narcotic known as marijuana.

The nations which have had centuries of experience with this dope are bitterly against it, and in some areas it is punishable by death to be caught selling it or dealing in it in any way, directly or indirectly. Young American smart alecks who have been caught with marijuana in foreign countries find themselves locked up in jails where the keys have been virtually thrown away.

The tragic fact is that the same, soft, insipid personalities who have been encouraging numerous types of negative erosions of our social structure are now openly advocating the legalized sale of this treacherous, benumbing narcotic known as marijuana. Even certain preachers and certain public officials and certain educators have been advocating the distribution of this seductive narcotic.

It is believed that there are large business institutions in America where corrupt money has taken over. This corrupt money has been accumulated by underworld personalities that have grown super rich on the illegal sale of opium, heroin and the rest. They phase this dirty money into legitimate business, and now own big stores, big factories, and big commercial institutions of a wide variety.

These criminal killers of our people who thrive on poisoning our population with dope must be isolated and curbed, but this cannot be done until they can be prevented from corrupting public officials. This corruption has gone as high as Governors of States and Attorney Generals and Chiefs of Police. Some men, regardless of their positions in life, cannot resist the temptation of the large sums of money available for this corruption.

Sequel: Isn't it singular that millions of people can be mobilized to fight the sale of dope, but they cooperate in the sale of alcoholic liquor. Our Government goes into partnership with the makers of alcoholic beverages. They collect billions of dollars in taxation from these people who are slaughtering the public with alcohol. Alcoholics constitute half the population of our insane asylums. They slaughter the majority of the people who are killed on the highways, and still, Governmentally, we stay in partnership with these who manufacture and distribute this murder weapon.

The least we can do is to outlaw the advertising of alcoholic beverages. Some people hold the opinion that to prohibit the manufacture and sale is impossible, and they may have some logic on their side. We should prohibit the advertising of this poison in newspapers, magazines, on television and radio to the point where the only way a man could find a bottle of liquor would be to look it up in a directory. This idea of filling the billboards full of attractive advertisements bearing the pictures of handsome people and beautiful flowers and creating the impression on our young people that the drinking of alcohol is a sophisticated and high-toned act is one of the tragic hypocrisies in our whole social existence.

Nicotine seems to be an unsolved problem in American life. The Government rules that even in cigarette advertising a statement must appear pronouncing cigarettes as dangerous to the health and poisonous to the system. They have outlawed the advertising of cigarettes on television, and still the year that this was written more cigarettes were consumed than any year in American history. It could turn out that cigarettes could blight America the way opium, at one time, blighted the Chinese. I am of the opinion that if cigarettes were outlawed as completely as dope that there would still be fiends in America who would fight and kill as quickly to get their nicotine as the dope fiends fight and kill to get their morphine and its related narcotics.

The sociological and political enemies of America have concluded that one of the quickest ways to destroy our fibre is to fill us full of dope. Consequently, billions of dollars' worth of dope is being smuggled in from the Orient and elsewhere, even from Red China where they do not permit the sale of it to their own people.

XXII. EXPOSE AND FIGHT COMMUNISM, THE POLITICS OF THE ANTI-CHRIST — THE CHILD OF JUDAISM

Through terms of several Presidents, we toyed with the treason of Communism. We were seduced into a war as the ally of Soviet Russia, one of the most brutal and sadistic regimes ever introduced to the human race. The churches were burned, the preaching of the Gospel was outlawed, the aristocracy was liquidated, the royalty was slaughtered, and all patriotic resistors were either killed, or imprisoned in murderous slave labor camps.

Because we were allies of Soviet Russia during World War II, the left wing propagandists took advantage of this circumstance in an attempt to make Communism look good to America, and they tried to turn the war-time alliance into Communist propaganda. As the war terminated and we came to the post-war period, we found that although the hot war had ended, the cold war had begun. We introduced the words "iron curtain," and everything possible was done to prevent the Red Chinese and the Red Russians, who had been financed and underwritten by the traitors in our Government, from overrunning the entire world. Eventually they were checked, but only after they had thrived on the appeasement which allowed them to expand their areas of tyrannical control. Weak Presidents and compromising diplomats caused America to doublecross our friends in Eastern Europe as well as some of our most trusted coordinates in the Orient.

Eventually these powerful conglomerates, representing about one billion people, established themselves beyond our power to destroy. Patriotic Americans began to realize that there was no way to ignore the existence of Russia and China. Mr. Nixon was the first President to deal with these people from a position of strength rather than compromise, and he announced a policy of trade resumption without the risk of political, sociological or diplomatic compromise. He conferred with the Chinese, but kept up the bombing in North Vietnam. He conferred with the Russians, but continued to destroy their installations which they had helped to create for the Communist Vietnamese.

Faced with two monsters which were created by the Moscovite diplomacy of Roosevelt and his associates and his successors, President Nixon had two choices: Either devise a practical method of co-existence, or enter into a program to wipe one billion people off the face of the earth. The latter is impossible. The strength of this complex had grown out of World War II and the compromises which had been made by Roosevelt and his associates and successors, resulting in the building of this Frankenstein conglomerate.

Now we have established cultural and trade relations, just as we have done with potential enemies and pagan countries down through the centuries.

What should be our greatest concern? Our concern should be that this practical and realistic development must not be used as an exploitation base for communizing our Nation. We must be as anti-Communist and anti-Marxist and as pro-American as we have ever been if not more so. As indicated elsewhere in some of my writings, we must not permit our trade with Russia and Red China to communize our Nation any more than we would permit our association with Japan to make of us a Buddhist people, or our association with India to make us a Hindu nation. We must close ranks and fulfill the ideal of George Washington who said: "Trade with all nations, friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

Never forget that the Communism which eroded Russia began on the lower Eastside of New York City, and 275 Jews from New York journeyed to Moscow after the revolution to take over and run the Government. The seat of the world revolution has not been in Moscow. It has been in New York City, financed and promoted and organized by Jews. In fact, the "American Hebrew", the largest and most important Jewish periodical back in the 1920's said: "The Soviet revolution has been the result of Jewish brains, Jewish money and Jewish organization, and we expect to do the same thing all over the world."

Since that time the Jews have fouled their own brood, and they are becoming increasingly unwelcome in the Soviet Union. Furthermore, they have alienated the entire world diplomatically because of their barbaric behaviour in the Middle East and their mistreatment of the victims of their genocide, their invasions, and their human slavery.

XXIII. EXPOSE AND RESIST THE PROFANERS OF THE NAME OF CHRIST

The forces of the antichrist have released upon us an epidemic of Christ ridicule, Christ hate and blasphemy against the name of Christ. Articles, dramatic plays, and books are being written and have been written designed to undermine the faith of the people in their Saviour Jesus Christ. He is being represented by these blasphemers as a homosexual, a whoremonger, a magician, a hypnotist, and a faker who used deadly potions to weaken the minds of His followers and subject them to His influence. The present-day forces of the antichrist have taken their recipes from the very Sanhedrin and the very Jewish plotters who persuaded Pilate, against his will, to sentence our Lord to death upon the Cross.

These blasphemies are not in the form of little tracts and poorly written throw-away sheets. Thick books that sell for large sums of money are being published, and blasphemous Broadway plays are being given exaggerated publicity as they portray a ridiculous Christ and a warped image of our Lord.

At the same time these forces of blasphemy who despise the name of our Lord have determined to destroy and paralyze every movement and every person who dares to present the true story of our Lord. The international Jews, operating through nine organizations, carried on a world-wide boycott against the original Passion Play in Oberammergau, Bavaria. It is presented once every ten years, and in 1970 they tried to persuade the world to stay away, but even though during the season the producers of the play could handle 500,000 people, they had to turn away one million requests for reservations.

In Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where our family has established the most visited Christian shrine in America including the giant statue of The Christ of The Ozarks, The Christ Only Art Gallery, The Bible Museum, The Great Passion Play, and The New Holy Land, the same Jews have organized a world-wide boycott against these shrines. When this was written the play was in its sixth season of the production of this sacred drama, and the attendance was six times what it was the first year. The attendance has increased every year with practically no advertising on radio, television, or in newspapers. The attendance has developed by word of mouth and people who have visited the giant statue and told their friends about the sacred shrines. The forces of the antichrist are still determined that they shall blight and destroy this portrayal of our Lord's last week on earth, based exclusively on the accounts given to us by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

EPISODE 3

HONORED BY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE

The Smithsonian Institute is one of the most honorable and distinguished institutions of its kind in the world. When I received a personal letter from an officer of the Institute suggesting that they wanted to hang my portrait in their Gallery for a special exhibit during the summer of 1972, I was constructively shocked, because I couldn't believe that certain hidden handed powers would permit this to happen. Some time before I received the invitation, a portrait had been done of me by the noted portrait artist Edward Runci, and after a further confirming contact with an officer of the Institute, we agreed to loan this oil painting for the exhibit. It had scarcely been hung on the wall of the special gallery used for this purpose until a representative of the Jewish complex called on the officers of the Institute and complained and insisted that my picture be removed. The officers remained unconvinced and uncoerced, and my portrait hung during the entire period of the exhibit. It was exhibited along with other individuals who had been nominated for President of the United States, but had not been elected.

EPISODE 4

IMPORTANT SUPPORT

Many people do not realize that men of great wealth and influence saw me and were interested in me before they saw Wendell Willkie. They were looking for a young man with energy, courage and eloquence who could capture the imagination of the people that they could build up for the Presidency. During my stay in New York City when I was addressing meetings in practically all of the important ballrooms, including the Statler, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, etc., I was waited on by some of the most prominant men in American life including Louis Brown, President of the Johns-Manville Co., Axtel Biles, President of the American Petroleum Institute, succeeded later by William Boyd, who was also a strong admirer, and Mr. Bell, whose first name slips me, who was at that time President of the American Cyanide Co., Joseph Pew of the Historic Pew family of Philadelphia, owners of the Sun Oil Co. Later on in addition to these men I received financial support from R. E. Olds, founder of the Olds Automobile Co., Mr Durant, founder of General Motors, and, of course, Henry Ford and the Dodges. This was quite an array of prominent support. Later these men would all be stymied by threats from the White House (Roosevelt) if they didn't drop their support from me. They all yielded, and I was left 'standing at the church,' a groom without a bride.

During the days when Mr. Richard Nixon was being crucified by the traitors, the demagogues, the fools and political enemies in general — we heard about enemy lists; but any talk of enemy lists these days is mild compared to the enemy lists that were kept by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who hated Huey P. Long bad enough to cooperate with those who killed him, and who was willing to destroy me completely, if possible, by threatening political reprisals against all the important citizens who had been known to be my supporters. Roosevelt got the surprise of his life when I refused to pull in my horns. Following radio broadcasts, I wrote letters to thousands of my people who had written to me, and out of the thousands upon thousands to whom I appealed 1200 responded with donations of money with which to keep me afloat, and out of this humble reorganization grew the Christian Nationalist Crusade, the greatest organization of its kind in the world. The necessity of my depending upon the rank and file for support instead of timid men of great influence and wealth was one of the greatest blessings that ever came to me. One of the most dangerous things that a crusader can have is an 'angel,' because in case the 'angel' is intimidated, or becomes offended, the crusade is wrecked. Up to the day that this book went to press, there was no man in this Nation or world who could kill our crusade by withdrawing his support, because the support is so widespread in general among the rank and file of loyal patriotic Christian citizens.

During a period of persecution and abuse, Horace Dodge, the son of John Dodge (who admired me), came to see me and said: "Mr. Smith, why do you fool around with these people. We're going to go to war. They won't let up until they have imprisoned you, or killed you, or have done something to you. Our family owns a boat factory at Newport News, and if youwill say yes, we'll make you the President, and you will stay over there during the war and make yourself a million dollars and start your crusade when the war is over." To me, this looked like a betrayal. I expressed my appreciation for the offer, but I said to him: "Horace, I have a vision that I cannot blur, and regardless of the price, I am going to stay with it," which I did — thank God.

EPISODE 5

IN THE SOUTH

Many people, even students of political history, can scarcely realize that I did the pioneer work which later resulted in the formation of the Dixiecrat Party in the South. I toured the South and spoke in the great cities, called on Congressmen, Senators and Governors and warned them of the fact that a political machine was developing in Washington, D.C., which would eventually give the South enforced mongrelization, attempt to transfer the South from white rule to black rule, and deliver it like the head of John, the Baptist, on a platter to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his like. Among the men that I visited were men who respected me, but I can recall that one man said: "Mr. Smith, I appreciate your visit, but we in the South know how to handle our blacks. We will never allow Washington, D.C., to turn our government over to them."

I will leave it to the reader to judge how correct my prophecy was. As a Christian who cannot hate any man because of his race, creed or his religion, I do not hesitate to remind the public that the division of the races was not organized by Gerald Smith, or George Wallace, or Huey Long. It was organized by God Almighty. He was the one who made us yellow, red, brown, white and black. I remember on this trip I was journeying through Alabama toward Mobile. It had rained for two or three days and the roads were covered with water, and as we came to one location the police officer said: "Go right ahead. Your car will go through it." But when we got down to the middle of the dip, the water came up over my motor and the engine was killed in the middle of the high water dip. The police pulled us out. I was driving my own car and I had with me Mrs. Smith and my secretary. We arrived in Mobile at its leading hotel wet, fatiqued and sleepy. When I went up to my room, I sat down and wrote a letter to a friend of mine who specialized in research by the name of Ralph Baerman. He was on Senator's Eastland's payroll, and I paid him money on the side to do research for me. I wrote to him and said: "Ralph, tonight I feel alone. Did anyone in American history ever accomplish any great good when he was all alone? Please go into the Congressional Library and see if you can find an answer to this question. If so, send it to me at my hotel in New Orleans." When I got to New Orleans, it was there, and he reminded me that the most successful agent-provocateur in developing the American Revolution was Samuel Adams. He had mastered twelve styles of handwriting so that he could write to the same man twelve times, and the man would think he was hearing from twelve different people. While trying to stir up the politicians and the cowards and the overcautious to join the revolution, he wrote more than 40,000 handwritten letters. It was the opinion of Mr. Baerman that Samuel Adams did more to agitate the colonial revolution than any other one man; but when the Continental Congress was called in Philadelphia, Samuel Adams was too poor to go and he didn't have a suit good enough to wear.

We who take our liberty for granted sometimes forget what a price was paid by our Founding Fathers. Most people do not even realize that Thomas Jefferson died impoverished. His debts piled up to the point where he tried to raffle off his homestead at $10.00 a share, but couldn't sell the tickets, and he died penniless. It reminds us of one thing — that many of the men who have accomplished the greatest good in this world were not recognized for their greatness while they were still alive.

People who seem to know insist that my journeys through the South were most effective in helping to organize the Dixiecrat Party, which later nominated a man who is now a United States Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Strom Thurmond, for President. Since that time Mr. Thurmond has become mature in his understanding of who is behind our trouble, but believe it or not, in spite of all I had done, he issued a public statement denouncing me because of my alleged anti-Semitism. The Dixiecrat Party, although defeated, gave the national politicians to understand that they could no longer ignore the South.

EPISODE 6

NEW YORK CITY

For many years the most sophisticated place that a man could speak was in Town Hall in New York City. The day was to come, of course, when I would not be allowed even to rent a ballroom or a hall in New York; but members of my staff rented Town Hall and I addressed an enthusiastic audience the summer of 1936. Many of the newer friends scarcely realize that I have spoken in practically every major city in the United States in every State. I have had a wide range of experiences. I have been mobbed, picketed, shot at and threatened, but one thing even my enemies have to agree to: my audience was always enthusiastic about my remarks. I might have a thousand people picketing me on the outside, but the people on the inside always viewed me with enthusiastic applause and respect. The longer I spoke the more enthusiastic they became. It was very refreshing for them to hear truth which most public figures were afraid to utter.

EPISODE 7

PHILADELPHIA

One of my most enthusiastic admirers, who at times came to visit me in New York and Washington and Detroit was the Rev. Dr. Walter Haushalter, one of the Nation's most important and influential clergymen. He became the Pastor of the historic Joseph Fort Newton Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. He was a personal friend of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. He did not hesitate to be openly recognized as my friend. He did not hesitate to come to my meetings or be seen with me on the platform, although he was the Pastor of the most historic and aristocratic church in Philadelphia at that time. At one time Dr. Haushalter took occasion to tell me that he discussed me with Norman Vincent Peale, who said that he agreed with me, but it would be too dangerous for him to admit it publicly. I refer to such admirers as 'Nicodemus followers.' Those who are familiar with the Scripture will recall that Nicodemus believed in Jesus but he was afraid to be seen with Him. Therefore, he visited him at night.

The Jews finally got in their licks against Dr. Haushalter. They went to the Bishop of the Episcopal Church and told the Bishop that he should remove Dr. Haushalter because he was a friend and associate of Gerald L. K. Smith. The Bishop called Dr. Haushalter and asked him to play golf with him, but when they got out on the links and had played about four or five holes, the Bishop told him the purpose of the conference, and after a few introductory statements he said to Dr. Haushalter, "Confidentially, I am as strong for Gerald L. K. Smith as you are."

EPISODE 8

GOVERNOR DAVEY

The late Martin L. Davey, who was at one time the Governor of Ohio, was among my most enthusiastic admirers back in the late 30's and early 40's, so much so that his campaign manager invited me to come down and deliver a speech or two in Ohio in support of Governor Davey. At that time we were living in New York City. We held a meeting in

Akron, Ohio, and we spoke in the largest auditorium in that part of the country and we turned away as many people as got inside. It was an historic occasion.

EPISODE 9

SENATOR BROOKS

For years United States Senator 'Curley' Brooks was one of the most prominent political leaders in the State of Illinois. In 1936 I was speaking all over the Nation, and my influence in Illinois, due to Huey Long and my association with Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend, was significant. I had been making a series of addresses in Missouri and Illinois and drove back to my hotel in St. Louis. When I went up to my room, there was a man sitting right by the door of my room, and lo, and behold, at 4 o'clock in the morning, it was United States Senator 'Curley' Brooks. We exchanged greetings, and, of course, I had to ask him what he was doing there at that hour of the morning, and he said: "You hold the balance of power in Illinois, and if you would speak a word in my favor I am sure I can win." That was not a difficult thing for me to do because I was a great admirer of Mr. Brooks, and although I have no desire to claim credit based on his estimate he was victoriously re-elected.

EPISODE 10

BIG BILL THOMPSON

One of the most notorious politicians who ever lived in Illinois was Big Bill Thompson, the Mayor of the city of Chicago. It was generally believed that he had been financed and given much support from the notorious gangster Al Capone. In those days it was almost an invitation to death to have uttered any word against Al Capone. The Al Capone gang really governed Chicago.

I had finished an address in Orchestra Hall on Michigan Blvd. and had returned to my hotel, and lo, and behold, who was waiting to see me but Big Bill Thompson, the Mayor. He was full of flattery and generous statements and expressions of admiration for what I was doing. To make a long story short, he wanted me to form an association with him. I was polite, but negative, and, of course, I never joined up with Big Bill Thompson. Although accused of all sorts of crimes, the situation has become so evil today in our great cities that one sometimes wishes that some of these cities which have been so completely destroyed could have a Mayor with the virtues of Bill Thompson but not the vices.

EPISODE 11

BARKSDALE FIELD

One of the most important airfields for the training of military officers in America is Barksdale Field, located at Shreveport, Louisiana. When that field was completed and ready for occupancy, we lived in Shreveport and I was Pastor of the Kingshighway Christian Church and considered one of the prominent citizens of the community. I was called on by the authorities in Washington as well as in Louisiana to participate in the dedication of the airport. This lives in my life as a pleasant memory, something which took place back in the days when conventional organizations were not afraid to give me public recognition and praise.

The day was to come however when I was to be a social outcast, because the Jew-controlled cultural, political, economic, religious and educational machines in this country was so airtight that anyone who dares to criticize the aggressive activities of the organized Jew, nationally and internationally, is immediately mugged as an anti-Semite. Thousands, and sometimes millions of dollars are spent to destroy this man's influence.

They turned their 'meat chopping' machine loose on Rev. Father Charles E. Coughlin, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, General Robert Wood, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., General George Van Horn Moseley and many others. As this book was written, the sentiment had begun to change. The United Nations had turned almost unanimously against Zionist Israel. The nations of the world have joined in this opinion, and even in the United States where our Congress has been accused of being 75% controlled by the Zionist machine, the reaction against Jewish aggression and these opinionated leaders who are determined to evaporate Christian influence on the face of the earth, is developing in proportions beyond anything we could have imagined a few years ago.

EPISODE 12

PRAISED BY AN AUTHORITY

In 1936 I was chosen as one of the principal speakers at two conventions, both of which represented popular movements. One was the convention called by the Rev. Father Charles E. Coughlin in Cleveland, Ohio, and the other was the convention of the Townsend Movement in Cleveland, Ohio. The auditorium seated 20,000 people and was filled at every important session. I addressed both of these conventions and was cheered and praised in such a way that it would sound like a vain boast if I were to dwell on the subject. Both conventions were covered by the press of the world because they threatened to determine the outcome of the 1936 Presidential election. One of the men who covered the conventions was the late Henry L. Mencken of Baltimore, Maryland, considered by the severest critics as the greatest rhetorician and one of the most important writers of the century. At the risk of sounding boastful I quote a portion of what he had to say in the Baltimore Sun following these conventions.

"Why Not Gerald"

In the absence of indigenous virtuosi, I make the obvious suggestion that a committee be formed to bring some really first-rate rabble-rouser to Baltimore, and so lift the campaign out of its present dullness, and offer a reasonable entertainment to the plain people. Going further, I propose a definite candidate, and name him at once. He is the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, D.D., the gustiest and goriest, the loudest and lustiest, the deadliest and damnedest orator ever heard on this or any other earth.

I choose my words carefully, and may pretend to some knowledge of the science that Gerald so magnificently practices. For thirty-seven years, always for cash in hand, I have been listening to rhetoricians. I am old enough to have heard and reported Col. Bill Kilgour. I sat under Bryan many times, and under Burke Cochran, Chauncey M. Depew, Uncle Joe Cannon. Foraker, Gum-Shoe Bill Stone, La Follette the Elder, and all the other masters of their day. I once put in ten consecutive nights in the steaming spray of the Rev. Billy Sunday. I have heard Huey P. Long, Ramsay MacDonald, Tom Heflin, Cole Blease and both Roosevelts.

Since June 1 of the present calamitous year I have done little save listen to speeches. In one day, at the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia, I heard fifty-four; on another day, at the Coughlin Convention in Cleveland, I listened to Father Caughlin for five hours running and to other orators for six more. Thus, I may qualify, I hope, as a veteran, if not as an expert. As such a veteran, I assure you in all solemnity, with my eyes rolling and my hand on the Hon. Mr. Tydings' telephone book, that Gerald is the greatest of them all—not the greatest by an inch or a foot or a yard or a mile, but the greatest by at least two light-years. He begins where the next best leaves off. He is the master of masters, the champion boob-bumper of all epochs, ancient or modern, the Aristotle and Johann Sebastian Bach of all known car-splitters, dead or alive.

If he were brought to Baltimore he would pack the Fifth Regiment Armory like a can of sardines, and once he got under way the screams and bellows of the customers would be heard at Fort Carroll. It would be the most memorable day in the history of Baltimore since the hanging of Hollohan and Nicholson. Nor would it be only a mad carouse for the rabble: the intelligentsia would also lift up their voices and yell. Twice at Cleveland, I saw the Rev. gentleman torpedo even the press-stand. In that stand were journalists who had not shown any human emotion above the level of cupidity and lubricity for twenty years, yet he had them all howling in ten minutes.

The matter of his discourse is of only secondary importance. He is a rhetorician in general practice, and can adorn and illuminate any theme short of the metaphysical. He is a specialist in all the arts and sciences that entertain and affect multitudes, from patriotism to piety. He stands on the Bible and wraps himself in the flag. He is for the Constitution until the last galoot's ashore. He loathes and abominates all the enemies of the Republic, from boll weevils to Bolsheviks. He is against droughts, revolutions, atheism, Wall Street, Karl Marx, the dope traffic, and political economy, and in favor of justice, charity, xenophobia, lawful wedlock, the care and nurture of children, going to church on Sunday, a strong navy, and the home in all its phases, however humble.

Like any other orator, of course, he is at his best in opposition. To hear him praise is sweet, but to hear him damn is what is really thrilling. When he gets his hooks into a malefactor the whole hide comes off in one piece; there is no fedious and amateurish tugging at small patches. This gift suggests a subject for his Baltimore effort. He has a special animosity, I observe, to Tugwell, Wallace, Morgenthau, Hopkins and the rest of the New Deal wizards. It is when he is flaying them that he is at his incomparable best. Why, then, shouldn't both parties join in sponsoring his meeting? Why not forget the unhappy differences of the campaign for one evening, and pool forces for a joint enterprise into which Republicans and Democrats alike (forgetting the Hon. Mr. Radcliffe for a moment) could put their whole hearts?

Note: Mr. Mencken's textbook on the American Language is considered one of the greatest reference books on that subject to be found in the university and college libraries of America. In this book he mentions my name and gives me credit for the introduction of new words into the language of the American people.

During the Coughlin convention, Father Coughlin was stricken ill and was unable to speak at the baseball stadium, which had been rented for the closing meeting on Sunday afternoon because the auditorium, although it seated over 20,000, was too small. Due to the fact that Father Coughlin was stricken, I was asked to speak in his place.

EPISODE 13

MY FRIEND HENRY FORD

Following the death of Huey Long, I spent between one and two years in New York City, because I proposed to deal with international intrigue as dealt out by the international Jew and the international Communists. I felt that New York City was the best place to expose myself to the kind of opposition that I would have in this nation wide campaign which I had undertaken.

After leaving New York City I settled in Detroit, Michigan, and for some years that was the headquarters of my operations. My offices occupied the entire 21st floor of the Industrial Bank Building. One day I was invited to address the Advertising Club of the City of Detroit. Following the address I received a message from a mutual friend to the effect that Mr. Henry Ford had heard about my address and would like to see me. I was flattered and inspired because I knew that he and the late Huey P. Long were friends. This was the beginning of the development of a friendship, although I worked largely through the man who had been his private secretary for 34 years, Mr. Ernest Liebold. It will be recalled that Mr. Ford was universally hated by the international Jews because he published a terrific book entitled "The International Jew." It was published in serial form in the official magazine of the Ford Motor Co. known as the Dearborn Independent. He also gave much publicity to the sensational document known as "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." Due to pressure from certain members of his family and junior officers in the company, he ceased publishing "The International Jew," but in a visit with him he revealed to me that he hoped to publish it again, and if he didn't publish it, he hoped that I would. At this time I was broadcasting over the largest radio station in Detroit and had a phenomenal radio audience. Two of my chief admirers and regular listeners were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford. In fact, we have flattering letters from Mrs. Ford written by hand and signed "Clara."

One day I received a telephone call from Mr. Liebold saying that Mr. Ford would like to have us visit him and see his first automobile before he put it under glass. It was necessary to put it under glass because tourists had begun to try to pick it apart, and it had to be put beyond the reach of careless hands. We went out and spent a substantial part of the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ford. He took time to take us over to the Edison Laboratory which he had moved intact from Orange, New Jersey, including even the trash pile in the backyard, which had been developed by Mr. Edison personally, and then he told us about his first car — how he had put it together in his buggy shed, and then when he had finished it he found the buggy shed door was too small to get it out. He had to take the wall out of the buggy shed in order to get it out so that he could load it on a wagon and take it down to a nearby park for a test. When he got to the park, he said to his wife Clara, who was carrying their baby son Edsel in her arms, "You go down and stand by those picnicers, and when I drive by you listen to what they say." "So," said Mr. Ford, "I drove by and was coming around the second time, but Clara ran out to meet me saying, 'Henry, don't drive around there again. They all think you're crazy.' "

Without boasting or going into detail, I can truthfully say that in this dramatic career of mine, one of my staunchest admirers was the late Henry Ford. He at one time said to a group of his friends: "I wish Gerald L. K. Smith could be President of the United States."

I have been smeared and abused. My character has been assassinated. My life has been threatened, and virtually millions of dollars have been spent to destroy me and curb my influence, but to be appreciated and admired by such men as the late Henry Ford, to me is the equivalent of, or even better than a Congressional Medal.

EPISODE 14

AN EDITOR TURNS PALE

In 1940 I was invited to come to Buffalo, New York, as a guest of the Buffalo Economic Club. I addressed a full house in a popular auditorium. It was during the big nation-wide debate as to whether or not we would go into World War II. Charles A. Lindbergh, America's number one hero, had just announced that he was opposed to the war because it was being cooked up by the British, the Jews and the New Dealers. This put him on the black list. He was cursed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was smeared by the Jews. He was virtually made an outcast. The conflict was bitter. The enemy was determined to do anything to destroy the campaign to keep us out of war, because we who opposed the war believed that it would have been better to referee a fight between Hitler and Stalin and weaken both, than to make a Frankenstein monster out of either one.

The morning after my address the local paper carried a complete, manufactured, libelous attack on me and actually said in the story that I had "jumped on the American flag and spit on it." This was completely, absolutely and ridiculously false.

After reading the libelous story, I took Mrs. Smith and we went directly to the Buffalo Courier, the leading newspaper, and walked into the office of the managing editor. I was in my physical prime. I didn't know what fatigue was, and I was obviously strong and physically fit. I hit the desk of the editor and asked him for a complete retraction and gave him the alternative of retracting or being pitched down the elevator shaft. He chose the former, handed me a piece of paper, and told me that if I would write the apology, he would sign it and print it in the paper. This he did.

Walter Winchell, who was at that time the most notorious character assassin in America, picked up the story and repeated it for the truth; but I could never reach him with legal action because he kept himself immune to subpoenas and lived in a house surrounded by an electrically charged fence. He was undoubtedly one of the most evil blackmailing villains that the United States has ever known. Fate, however, dealt with him, and when he was buried in Arizona only two people came to stand beside his grave. He had crucified so many people with his tyrannical newscasts that when that power was taken away from him, it created a vacuum which even surprised his worst enemies. It left him absolutely and positively friendless.

EPISODE 15

A FRIENDLY KIDNAP

To orient one's self to the time of Huey Long and Franklin D. Roosevelt and others, one must realize that Roosevelt was a conscienceless tyrant, a sex frustrate and a complete whoremonger. He had no conscience, no character and no concern for anyone except his own welfare. Three popular movements had grown up in America resisting the tyranny of Roosevelt. One was the Huey Long movement, which was led by Mr. Long and myself. Another was the Townsend movement, led by the great statesman-prophet, Dr. Francis Townsend who spearheaded the new concern for the aged. In fact, the following of Dr. Townsend was one of the most phenomenal mass developments of the century. Then there was the following of the Rev. Father Charles E. Coughlin who, although he had a big Catholic following, had more Protestant followers than he did Catholic followers. It was the hope of Mr. Long, Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin that a coalition could be formed that would split the Roosevelt following and elect a progressive Republican. Then came the assassination of Huey Long, and this threw the whole movement off-balance.

In connection with my wider interests beyond the State of Louisiana and throughout the United States, I was in Washington, D.C. when Dr. Townsend was enduring a Congressional Committee persecution. A little clique of demagogues was trying to limit Dr. Townsend's influence by conducting a public investigation somewhat similar to the so-called Watergate Committee. The trick was to call in Dr. Townsend's enemies to smear Dr. Townsend and assassinate the character of his leaders and give them no opportunity for reply. Dr. Townsend was being crushed, crucified and abused to the point of annihilation. I had never met him, but I went over to his hotel to see him. I said: "Dr. Townsend, I'm a younger man than you are and I have no desire to give you any arbitrary advice, but I do have a suggestion." He responded by saying: "Let me hear it, Mr. Smith." I said: "Hold yourself in contempt of the committee. Issue a statement expressing your contempt for the whole process and walk out." The Doctor responded by saying: "If I had a young man like you to go beside me, I would do it." I responded by saying: "Doctor, you've got the young man and you can count on me."

The next day, the committee, completely unaware of what was about to happen, was expecting to consider their program of persecution. Dr. Townsend, who was a tall, dignified man with a noble bearing arose, read a statement expressing his contempt for the whole process, turned around, and proceeded to walk out. I grabbed him by his arm and walked with him down the steps of the House Office Building and there a taxicab was waiting and we sped him away in a sort of a friendly 'kidnap' process and took him to Baltimore. Believe it or not, we had colluded with the great literary genius, H. L. Menchen, who incidentally had a friendly attitude toward both Dr. Townsend and myself. He hid Dr. Townsend and he was completely out of sight for several days. This created page one news stories all over the world, and with the millions of elderly people who were followers of Dr. Townsend, no demagogue, no politician and no persecuting personality had the nerve to proceed against Dr. Townsend with a contempt citation. This blew up the committee and was a great boon for the Townsend cause. Probably no movement in this century had more to do with convincing the American people that the Senior Citizens had to be considered than the great Townsend movement.

EPISODE 16

A NEW YORK PRESS CONFERENCE BECOMES SOMETHING ELSE

At the apex of my aggressive career, large numbers of the press would come out to interview me regardless of where I happened to be. I was in New York City and called a press conference at the Statler Hotel. We engaged a large suite and the parlor of the suite was full of newspapermen concerned about what I was going to do next. During this period the war issue was the big issue, and the Jews had hired a stooge and puppet by the name of Derounian to write a book designed to smear the personality, character and patriotism of every man who had been a leader in the campaign to avoid World War II on the grounds that it was a Jewish political conspiracy. We had been so successful in our campaign that 81% of the American people, according to a nationwide poll, were opposed to going into the war. It required the trick of Pearl Harbor, which was a concoction worked up between Roosevelt and Churchill and General Marshall, to blast the American people into a war that they didn't want to go into. That is another story, and it is now agreed to by the most mature observers that the Pearl Harbor episode was a trick which had been precipitated by Roosevelt and others in order to get the American people into World War II. The finest research supporting that logic has been done by Dean Clarence Manion, formerly Dean of the Law Department of Notre Dame University.

Be that as it may, this stooge that was hired to write the book "Under Cover" to smear all of us was a man by the name of Derounian, at least that was the name he seemed to be born with, but his fake name was John Roy Carlson. I was about to take up my interview with the press in the Statler Hotel suite when I looked over and there sitting on the window sill was this fellow Derounian (Carlson). I looked across at him and said: "You are not a newspaperman and you are not welcome in this conference." I moved threateningly toward him and he began to run like a rabbit from a dog. I pushed him out of the room and chased him down the hallway and he disappeared. This, of course, ended the press conference, because the event itself was bigger news to them than anything I might have said, and I awoke the next morning with my picture on the front page of the New York newspapers.

EPISODE 17

INVESTIGATED BY CONGRESS

Sidney Hillman was one of the most powerful men in Roosevelt's government. He had been a part of the first Communist revolution in Russia. He was an obnoxious, atheistic, Communist Jew. He wormed his way into the CIO and was one of the most important left wing labor leaders in the United States. He hated me with a holy hate, and he had several stooges in Congress who demanded of Congress that I be investigated. So one day I received a message from the special committee headed by Congressman Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, who later became a United States Senator. Mr. Anderson was chairman of the committee. When I reached Washington, D.C., I went with members of my staff, including Mrs. Smith, to the committee room to find it packed with people and surrounded with police. I introduced myself to Congressman Anderson, and said: "Why the police?" He answered by saying: "Mr. Smith, we have been told that you are a violent man, and if a member of the committee said something that you might not like, you might leap at him from the witness chair." I said: "How did you ever get that idea into your head?" He said: "We read the newspapers concerning the way you threw Derounian out of your press conference in New York City, and we thought we had better take precautions."

The committee opened. The general purpose of the committee was to run me through a kangaroo court that would represent me as a dangerous man and a subversive individual because of the things that I had said concerning the Jews and the New Dealers and the threat of the war.

The chairman said in opening: "Mr. Smith do you have anything to say?" I said: "No, I would rather sit here and answer any questions that any member of the committee has to put to me." So they began to bombard me with smear questions which had been furnished to them by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League and other organizations designed to assassinate the character of anyone who doesn't want the country to be run by Jews. Finally I said to the chairman: "Mr. Chairman, I see that one member of the committee has a stack of papers. He is getting his questions from these papers, and I know who furnished him with the papers. The papers were furnished by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League and I know exactly what is in them, and if you will give me a few moments to make a statement, I can answer all those questions without wasting his time to put them to me."

The chairman granted my request and I made quite a lengthy statement. Then one of the members of the committee spoke up and said in a surly manner: "You were a member of the Huey Long gang, weren't you?" I answered by saying: "Mr. Chairman, do we want to discuss that subject? If we do, I'll be only too happy to discuss it, because I believe that one of the chief conspirators behind the assassination of the late Senator Huey P. Long is now sitting in the White House, and his name is Franklin D. Roosevelt, and if you want to go into that subject in this committee I'm ready to go into it." The chairman responded by saying that this subject was beyond the responsibility of this committee. My statement chilled the committee and everyone who was in the room.

When noon came, we were given a recess for lunch. When we returned the chairman of the committee said: "Mr. Smith, aren't you going to made a statement in defense of yourself?" I said: "I don't need to make a statement in defense of myself. All I need to do is answer the questions you put to me." "Well," he said, "if you don't, I won't dare go home for supper." And I said: "Why?" He said: "Because you took over my wife this morning and she's on your side."

EPISODE 18

SENSATIONAL DOCUMENT UNCOVERED

Years ago I learned that there was a secret classified document in the Archives of the Government of the United States in Washington, which identified the people who organized and set up the Soviet Union. In fact, there were three documents. One was a report from the Military Intelligence Department of the U. S. Army. The other was a report from Scotland Yard. And the third was a White Paper prepared by the Government of Holland. Jewish influence had kept these documents in the Archives as Classified, meaning that anyone who dared to republish them, or copy them and print an accurate report of what they contained could be imprisoned. The professional Jews who make a business of misinforming the public through their control of the press, television and radio, didn't want the American people to know what was in these documents.

I made the friendship of a very determined and meticulous gentleman who lived much of the time in Washington, D.C. He had influence and money, and he accepted the responsibility of trying to persuade someone in authority to declassify these documents. He worked on it for almost years, and finally they were officially declassified. These documents are available in photostatic form and constitute some of the most shocking information ever to appear in print, and it is easy to understand why the organized Jews did not want these documents to be published.

The White Paper put out by the Dutch Government is a bit wordy, and I shall not quote it here, but I quote briefly from the other two.

In the first paragraph of the report by Scotland Yard, we read the following sentence: "There is now definite evidence that Boshevism is an international movement controlled by Jews."

In the second page of the report from Military Intelligence, we read the following: "These hopes were frustrated by the gradual gains in power of the more irresponsible and socialistic elements of the population guided by the Jews and other anti-Russian races. A table made in April, 1918, by Robert Wilton, the correspondent of the London Times in Russia, shows that at that time there were 384 'commissars' including 2 Negroes, 13 Russians, 15 Chinamen, 22 Armenians and more than 300 Jews. Of the latter number 264 had come to Russia from the United States since the downfall of the Imperial Government."

So the reader can understand why I have been fought so bitterly and why I am hated so by the professional, international, organized Jewish machine. Military Intelligence cannot be defined as a bigoted, hatemongering organization, and when Military Intelligence tells the world that the Soviet Government was virtually set up by nearly 300 Jews from America, it has to be taken seriously, but the fact is catastrophic.

Note: In later years the Jews in Russia 'fouled their own brood,' and because of their attempt to abuse the people with their authority, a terrific reaction has developed in the Soviet Union against the Jews even among the higher officials.

EPISODE 19

FIRST UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE — DUMBARTON OAKS ALGER HISS IN COMMAND

The original idea of the United Nations was the formation of a World Government. The formula for this plan was worked out in a number of secret conferences all over the world and was consummated in the Washington, D.C. mansion known as the Dumbarton Oaks estate. I journeyed with members of my staff to Washington, D.C., and protested this secret conference on the grounds that our sovereignty was being imperiled by secret agreements secretly arrived at.

The dominant personalities in these conferences were mostly extreme liberals and pro-Communist intellectuals. The most outstanding individual in this enterprise was Alger Hiss, later convicted and sent to the Federal Penitentiary for perjuring himself, being investigated by a young Congressman by the name of Richard Nixon, for his association and collaboration with agents of the Soviet Union. Believe it or not, this man Hiss was one of President Roosevelt's chief advisors. When the first session of the United Nations was held in San Francisco in 1945, Alger Hiss was the Secretary-General.

EPISODE 20

TO CROSS THE LINE MEANT DEATH

Alger Hiss and other traitors cooked up the United Nations idea in a secret meeting in Washington, D.C., at an old, historic estate known as Dumbarton Oaks. The meetings were announced as being secret, and it was generally known that the top braintruster in the State Department was Alger Hiss, later exposed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Moscow agent.

We journeyed to Washington to inaugurate a protest against this secret gathering, designed to give away American sovereignty, organize a world government and give the Soviet Union too much influence over the destiny of America and other nations in the world. Of course, I was ridiculed by the mindwashers, smeared by the press, laughed at by the smart-alecks. But I went out with Mrs. Smith to Dumbarton Oaks, and proceeded to walk into the place as though I were a qualified delegate. I was finally stopped by two soldiers who crossed their guns in front of me and served notice on me that if I went any further I could be shot.

In fact, I said to one of the soldiers: "Suppose I ignored your orders and started walking into this secret meeting where they are plotting against America, anyway?" The soldier answered by saying, "Mr. Smith, I would have to shoot you."

Can you imagine the screams that would go up from the revolutionary and radical elements in America today if they were hindered in their operations by such an order? It would be on Page One of the newspapers, and a campaign would be started to court-martial the soldiers.

EPISODE 21

ON TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR FIRST U.N. SESSIONS

My company of supporters, including my secretary Renata Legant and Mrs. Smith, and others, arrived in San Francisco to oppose the formation of the United Nations at its first session, I could not have been covered more completely by Intelligence Agencies if I had been coming to organize a campaign to blow up the town. I was not allowed to register legitimately in any hotel, becuase the Secretary-General of the whole United Nations Conference was Alger Hiss, later exposed as our number one traitor and a chief advisor to Franklin D. Roosevelt at Yalta; so when I arrived in San Francisco, I had no place to go. The hotels were all closed to me because I had to have a signed permit from Mr. Hiss in order to be received in an hotel. Of course, the town was full of Communists and radicals. The Communist Party officials had no difficulty getting reservations, and, of course, people from the Soviet Union had no trouble filling up our hotels, but not Gerald L. K. Smith and his staff.

For years I have been so covered up with work that it was necessary for me to dictate to my secretary while riding in the car, and then get out correspondence as soon as we came to a stopping place. When we came into San Francisco, I didn't know what to do. I finally decided that I would go to the mezzanine floor of the St. Francis Hotel and use one of those desks and I put a typewriter on it for my secretary to get out my mail and take care of certain clerical details. This I did while a member of my staff visited another hotel and agreed to give the clerk as much money under the table as the hotel charged above the table if they would provide rooms for me and my staff. The deal was made. I paid the blackmail, and we had a place to stay during the U. N. Conference.

I was served notice by the authorities that I could not come closer than two blocks to the great auditorium where the United Nations sessions were being organized. I was given to understand by knowledgeable men that if I attempted to cross a certain line I could be shot. The average citizen can scarecely realize the ruthless determination at that time on the part of the world manipulators and the hidden handed machine to form a world government that would paralyze the sovereignty of the United States and make us just another state in a world government, subject to the vote of people whose ideas of government were in contradiction to ours. The fact of the case is that I led practically the only committee that appeared in San Francisco in opposition to this attempt to destroy our national sovereignty.

I permitted no grass to grow under my feet. One of the first individuals on whom I called was U. S. Senator Arthur Vandenburg from Michigan, who was the leader of the minority in the United States Senate, and although the Roosevelt-Truman Democrats were in the majority, it required two-thirds of the Senate to approve a treaty, and it required the approval of the treaty for the United States to join the United Nations. Being a personal friend of Henry Ford, who was very powerful at that time in the State of Michigan, I was able to speak with considerable authority when I called on Mr. Vandenberg. I happened to know that Mr. Vandenberg was working under great pressure and was very vulnerable in some of the facts concerning his personal life. These facts involved pictures and documented evidence which had been assembled by his political enemies so that he could be manipulated by Roosevelt and his gang of manipulators. When I called on Mr. Vandenberg I reminded him that we in Michigan were aware of the fact that he was coming up for re-election that fall and that although we were not optimistic in being able to prevent the formation of the United Nations, we did insist that it be qualified in its formation in such a way as to protect the sovereignty of the United States. I reminded Mr. Vandenberg that he was the keystone in the arch and that his veto could stop anything, because he represented the minority necessary to get a two-thirds vote in the Senate; so I reminded him that we wanted a section in the Charter that would make it impossible for the United Nations ever to pass a resolution or a law or a regulation that could be imposed upon the American people without the consent of the Congress of the United States.

I made it clear to Mr. Vandenberg that the people who were in the confidence of Mr. Henry Ford Sr. and myself and others would ask for his defeat if he did not give us such a resolution. He promised faithfully that he would do it. The man who was in charge of that phase of the organization was U. S. Senator Tom Connally from Texas. The Michigan Senator said to me: "Mr. Smith, I believe that I can get Senator Connally to prepare the resolution." He did, and I can truthfully say that this is the resolution that defeated the world government idea, although the promoters of world government have never given up. As it now stands, the United Nations cannot impose any rule or regulation upon the American people without the consent of the Congress of the United States, the elected representatives of the American people. If I had dropped dead after the passing of that resolution, I would have considered this one function in my life worth my whole life. At the risk even of being accused of boasting, I will say that without the general public realizing it at the time, this strategic effort on the part of two or three of us saved the independence of the United States of America from the threat of a world government. This doesn't mean that the battle is over, and we must take nothing for granted. You must remember that the aggressiveness of this campaign for world government came from the international Zionists, who wanted to make the United Nations their tool so that they could graduate it into an imperial world government controlled by Jews with headquarters in Jerusalem. Since that time they have completely lost the United Nations, and the world is voting against them on everything because of their barbaric invasion of land that was not theirs and their slaughter of the innocent and their enslavement of the Arabs, both Moslems and Christians. Only recently their acts were condemned unanimously by the United Nations as well as the Security Council. (See elsewhere where I discuss a dramatic press conference having to do with this matter.)

I hadn't been in San Francisco long until I realized that I was being covered by a wide variety of intelligence agencies including the San Francisco Police Department, the Russian Secret Police, the FBI, Military Intelligence, Navy Intelligence and the investigating organizations of Jewry, such as the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Congress.

Years later I visited San Francisco and while Mrs. Smith and I were eating in the grill of the St. Francis Hotel a man walked up to me and said: "Are you Gerald L. K. Smith?" I said: "Yes, I am." He said: "I am a member of the San Francisco Police force and I was here during the first United Nations Conference, and you would be amazed at how many people were tapping your wires and bugging your suite of rooms and following you wherever you went." He said: "One time when you left the St. Francis Hotel to go up to the Mark Hopkins, you were followed, to my knowledge, by at least seven investigative outfits."

This serves to remind the reader of the terrific effort which was made to handicap anyone who was opposed to this conspiracy to organize a world government which was under the domination of the most ruthless powers on the face of the earth, the Zionist Jews and Communists.

EPISODE 22

GUNS ON THE ROOF

The first sessions of the United Nations were held in the Opera House of San Francisco. Any Communist or left winger or Jew Zionist could come and go, but I was among those who were forbidden to come even near the Opera House. The place was completely guarded and men with rifles walked forth and back on the roof of the Opera House.

Sequel: During our visit to San Francisco in an attempt to prevent the United Nations, when the news media was mobilized completely against me, it became popular for people to boast of their venomous attitude toward me. An interview with a Jewish tailor appeared in the local paper, believe it or not, in which the tailor boasted of the fact that I sent him a suit to be cleaned and pressed, and because of his contempt for me, he burned a hole in it purposely.

EPISODE 23

KICKED OUT BY HISS

As suggested elsewhere, Alger Hiss, later exposed as one of the top traitors and sentenced to Federal prison, was the Secretary-General of the first United Nations Conference which met in San Francisco in 1945 and held its sessions in the Opera House. Mr. Hiss lived in the Penthouse on top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, one of the most sophisticated and atmospheric hotels in the United States. Tourists visit it from all over the world merely to go to the top floor which overlooks the bay and the city and the mountains. I had organized the only effective opposition to the United Nations, and I was under constant observation. I was the victim of constant smear, persecution, abuse and ridicule, but even so, I made headway, and as indicated elsewhere I was one of two or three who effected an accomplishment that changed the whole course of the event.

I rented the ballroom in the Mark Hopkins Hotel under another name, so that the management could not anticipate that it was me, and then sent an invitation to the press that I was holding a press conference in the Ballroom at a certain time in the evening. There were nearly 2,000 newspapermen in town and to invite the press was to invite a large number of people, and although I had been the object of their abuse and ridicule, they were all interested in what I was doing and what I was going to say. The time of the press conference approached and I took a taxicab from the hotel where I was staying, the Maurice, which incidentally was the same hotel which was occupied by Harry Bridges, the notorious left wing labor leader and the same hotel where I had to register under a black market formula, because Alger Hiss refused to allow me to be qualified for registering in any of the leading hotels in the city. I paid the clerk, as suggested elsewhere, as much as I paid the hotel in order to cover my "illegal" registration. Imagine a situation where an old time Christian American, who comes from generations of good citizens, can be denied the right to visit an American city because of the authority of a traitor and because of the influence of the international Jewish and Communist complex.

When we reached the Mark Hopkins Hotel, we went around to take a look at the ballroom for which we had already paid in cash and observed a bit amusingly that the management had brought in numerous pieces of big overstuffed furniture and had stacked chairs and settees on top of each other so that no one could enter the ballroom, which indicated that they were ready to shut me out. I invited my staff to go with me to the dining room and have supper, because it was still some time before the press conference. Shortly after we had given our order to the waiter, our attention was directed toward the entrance. Here came a tall, white-haired, handsome man followed by a number of plainclothes policemen bearing guns. He approached our table and said: "Are you Gerald L. K. Smith?" I said: "I certainly am." He said: "I came in to notify you that you cannot hold your press conference in my hotel tonight." (It so happened that his name was Smith.) I said: "Well, Mr. Smith, under the law this table is mine. I have placed an order. The food that is coming is mine, and I have the right to ask you not to interfere with me while I am eating my dinner. And as to what I am going to do, that is your worry."

We went ahead and ate our dinner, and when we had finished we walked out into the lobby, and because of the fact that the ballroom was closed, the lobby was literally packed with newspapermen and curious observers. There were at least hundreds of people and there might have been thousands, but whatever the case was, there was a sea of faces. I jumped up on a table and started to talk. I told the people that I represented the real American population who didn't want our country turned over to a world government to be run by international elements opposed to our way of life. I continued to speak.

In a few moments two policemen came up. Each one took me by the arm and said: "Mr. Smith, we're under orders to lead you out of this hotel." One of the policeman, an Irishman speaking out of the corner of his mouth said: "Mr. Smith, I'm for you 100%, but I'm under orders." It was a nice day and I walked out into the street and walked over to another big hotel, immediately across the street, known as the Fairmount. The crowd followed me, and by the time I got over there, that hotel lobby was just as full as the Mark Hopkins had been. It had a long, regal stairway, so I ran up the stairway, used it as a platform, and began to speak again. Again I was approached by the police and given orders to leave. They led me out the front door. With Mrs. Smith and members of my staff, we boarded a taxicab and returned to our hotel. I had demonstrated that my freedom had been destroyed by alien invaders, by Jewish conspirators, by Communist revolutionists and by political demagogues acting under the orders of a traitor, who occupied the Penthouse on top of the Mark Hopkins.

An interesting sequel: Years passed and Mrs. Smith and I returned to San Francisco. I had a special mission. In fact, I was making an address at the Marines Memorial Auditorium. We were staying at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. The first morning I said to Mrs. Smith: "Instead of eating breakfast here, let's go up and have breakfast at the Mark Hopkins where we were thrown out." This we did, and after breakfast we were standing in the lobby. I looked across the lobby and here came the same man who had walked into the dining room and ordered me to leave the hotel when I was attempting to hold a press conference during the United Nations Conference. It was the tall, handsome Mr. Smith, the owner. I turned to Mrs. Smith and said: "There he comes again." As he approached me, he said: "Are you Gerald L. K. Smith?" I said: "Yes." He said: "Well, I want to shake your hand. I want to apologize. I can't believe that there was a time when I threw you, a good patriot, out of my hotel and entertained a traitor in my penthouse on the top of the hotel." We had a pleasant exchange of comment. He assured us that we were completely welcome, and then said: "I have a favor to ask of you. The Governor of an important State is upstairs in one of the rooms, and he and I were discussing you this morning, not dreaming that you would be in the hotel, and he said: 'I certainly would like to meet that man.' Would you do me the favor of going up and shaking hands with this distinguished gentleman?" I responded by saying: "Yes, I will be glad to do it."

After we came downstairs and walked out into the street to take a taxicab I said to Mrs. Smith: "Well, chickens do come home to roost."

I have been engaged in some terrific controversies. Attempts have been made to lynch me, imprison me and kill me. Although I have been locked up and sentenced on certain occasions, I have always won my victory in the higher courts, but the best victory that I have won during these years has been with my conscience in the knowledge that I have never evaded or avoided truth regardless of the hazard or the danger.

EPISODE 24

PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE STREET

Elsewhere I have told you about attempting to hold a press conference in the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. The next day I wrote a letter to the press saying that if any one of them wanted to ask me a question, because of the cancellation of the press conference at the Mark Hopkins, I would be eating lunch at one o'clock on a certain day in the Palace Hotel, another exquisite, extravagant and magnificent hotel in San Francisco. There was mischief in my method, because I sent the letter to nearly 2,000 newspapermen. Thus, when one o'clock came on the stated day the dining room was paralyzed, nobody could be served. It was full of newspapermen anxious to know what I was going to say. The police came in and led me out a side door, and in front of the side door was a very nice street with very little traffic, and I figured that would be a good place to complete my press conference. So the press stood out in the street, and I stood on the steps, and gave my reasons for being in San Francisco. I told them, of course, that I was opposed to the United Nations because I believed that it was being formed by Communists and Jews, enemies of America, and I believed that the man who was living in the penthouse of the Mark Hopkins as the Secretary-General was a traitor, even though he had been one of the chief advisors of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In fact, I was the first person to publicize this accusation concerning Alger Hiss. Later he was officially exposed by an investigation carried on by a young Congressman by the name of Richard Nixon, as referred to elsewhere in this account. His exposure of Alger Hiss had much to do with conditioning him to win the election to the United States Senate later.

The question came up at the press conference: "What are your purposes here?" I said that I had two purposes: One which I doubt that I can carry out, and one which I believe that I can carry out. The first purpose, of course, was to prevent the formation of the United Nations in such a way that the Senate of the United States will not approve the Charter. I confessed that I did not have much hope of victory along this line, but I did insist that I believed we could persuade those in positions of strategic power that they must not approve anything that would permit the United Nations, as such, to impose its will upon the American people without the consent of the Congress of the United States. I told the press conference that if we did not win this victory, we would lose our sovereignty and we would be governed by a world government. The press guffawed, ridiculed and snarled at what I had to say, and one spoke up and said: "Who do you think you can get to accomplish that purpose?" And then I gave him the punch line. I said: "I have been promised the cooperation from the most important man in this Conference, the man who has the veto power over the Charter, the leader of the minority, U. S. Senator Arthur Vandenberg."

This ended the press conference, because these newspapermen, hypnotized by their own brainwashed attitudes, couldn't believe that I was telling the truth. They rushed into taxicabs and hurried to the Fairmount Hotel where Senator Vandenberg was staying and reported what I had said. The shock of their lives came when Mr. Vandenberg announced that he proposed to work with Senator Connally in producing a resolution that would make it impossible for the United Nations to pass any kind of law which could be imposed upon the American people without the consent of their elected representatives in the Congress of the United States. This was a big let-down for the world government gang who didn't realize that this influence had come from the man they hated and despised and had held up as a demagogue, a rabble rouser and a bigot. Those are the kind of names you are called when you resist the antichrist, the mongrelizers and the Marxists.

If anyone planning a future in public life would like to know the formula for being fought every minute of your life, I challenge you to resist the antichrist, the Communist complex and the Zionist Jew conspiracy for world power. One of those is enough to get you in trouble. Three of them are enough to get you killed or imprisoned, but for the grace of God.

Sequel: Why did I have such influence with Arthur Vandenberg? The last time that he had come up for re-election in Michigan, I received a call from his campaign manager in the very heart of the campaign. He revealed that a personality who was in the confidence of Henry Ford had absconded with his campaign funds, had fled to Florida and was out on a yacht in a drunken charade. The campaign manager was desperate. He said: "Mr. Smith, here we are up against this campaign and out of money. Can you do anything for me?" I was one of the few men who had lived in Detroit in a position of influence and activity who enjoyed the confidence of both Fords and the Dodges. I said that I would go to see Horace Dodge and his mother, Mrs. Dillman. At that time, Mrs. Dillman was considered one of the two richest women in the world. Her palatial home in Grosse Pointe, a suburb of Detroit, was so mammoth that in the servants' quarters there were 22 rooms with baths. Mrs. Dillman was in New York City. I was a friend of a very close friend of the family. I appealed to him. We journeyed to New York City together. We called on Mrs. Dillman. She gave the O.K. We returned to Detroit, and the money necessary to finish out the Vandenberg campaign was turned over to the desperate campaign manager. In the meantime, he had dug up some other money, but this was the money that saved the day, and no one knew it better than Arthur Vandenberg. Mr. Vandenberg also knew that I knew that he had been blackmailed, because of some of his infidelities involving the wife of a foreign diplomat. This information was being used by the Roosevelt gang to control his decisions, but he knew he was coming up for election in the fall, he knew I was on the radio, he knew his obligation to me and he knew his obligation to Mr. Ford as well as the Dodges, and he was in a mood to please us although the world didn't know why. I am not saying that the Connally Resolution would not have come into being if it hadn't been for these circumstances, but he knew that my influence with him was much greater than the mindwashed press realized. I never betrayed that confidence. The resolution was worked out by Mr. Vandenberg and Mr. Connally, and later became known as the Connally Resolution, and as suggested elsewhere, it decreed that no law could be passed by the United Nations to apply to the American people without the consent of the Congress, our elected representatives.

EPISODE 25

HUMPHREY ALMOST GETS ME KILLED

A meeting had been arranged for me to address at one of the important hotel ballrooms in Minneapolis. At that time Hubert Humphrey was the Mayor of the City. He had been elected Mayor of the City largely because he had led opposition to me at an earlier time. This so pleased the Jews that they got behind him and furnished him all the money that he needed and elected him the Mayor of the City. Mrs. Smith and I were registered in the hotel immediately across the street from the hotel where I was to speak. About 7:30 in the evening I received a telephone call from my secretary, Miss Legant, saying that a mob was coming down the street and numbered about 1,000 people and was led by vicious revolutionists, grubby looking bums, blacks, Jews, what have you, screaming and yelling like a lynch mob. They entered the hotel, began to damage the lobby, broke down the doors into the ballroom and began to accost, abuse and throw things at my friends who had gathered and were waiting for me to come in to speak. I have newspaper pictures of elderly people crawling out of windows while being threatened with uplifted chairs in the hands of revolutionary blacks. A big, tall, white rioter grabbed the microphone, took over the hall and began to speak while the mob began to fill up the seats. One would have expected the police to restore order, but instead of that, the Minneapolis Chief of Police appointed by Hubert Humphrey, came to the microphone and said: "If you people will retire from this hotel and come down to the Mayor's reception office, you can finish your meeting there." They knew who their friend was and they knew that they had the cooperation of Hubert Humphrey, so they obeyed the suggestion of the Chief of Police and went down to the Mayor's office.

It will be recalled that the demagogue, Hubert Humphrey, always posed as a great lover of freedom and civil rights, but he didn't want free speech for Gerald L. K. Smith. I had known from the beginning who owned him and possessed him.

Later I was appearing before the Platform Committee of the Democratic Party. The chairman of this particular committee was a great patriot by the name of U. S. Senator Pat McCarran from Nevada. As I boarded the elevator to go up to the committee hearings in the Stevens Hotel, I was joined by Hubert Humphrey. I turned to a friend of mine who was standing with me on the elevator and I said: "You have met Mr. Humphrey, haven't you. He is the great 'lover' of free speech." This embarrassed Mr. Humphrey and he blushed up to his hair, because he knew that he had used his revolutionary followers to break up my meeting in Minneapolis when he was the Mayor.

At another place in this book is a summary of an experience that I had earlier with this mouthy demagogue. It should be noted that after the mob had left the hotel, they assigned certain people to come over to my hotel and hunt for Mrs. Smith and me with clubs and blunt instruments, hoping that they could do me bodily injury. The police department was so under the control of Humphrey that even the police made no attempt to protect us in the hotel where we were registered. It was merely our good luck that they did not find us, and we were not hiding under a bed nor conducting ourselves as cowards. We merely turned off the lights in our room and locked the door, and it was a little too much to find out exactly where we were, because we were not in the room in which we were registered. We were in the room for which our secretary had registered.

The next morning we departed for Omaha. I was not planning to speak in Omaha and did not speak in Omaha, but the Jews and the Communists heard that I was coming and knew that I was planning to stay all night at Omaha's leading hotel. They picketed the hotel and cried out against the management for even permitting us to sleep in this place.

This gives the reader some idea of some of the psychology of intolerance which had been developed against anyone in America who resisted the tyranny of the organized Jew and the organized Communists, and in those days they were working hand in glove with each other.

EPISODE 26

THE LOADED GUN

In the days before the late Senator Huey P. Long was assassinated at my side, I was scheduled to speak in the communities around Lake Charles, Louisiana, in support of a candidate for the State Supreme Court whose name was John Fournet. At one time Mr. Fournet was the Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana. I spoke in all the little towns and crossroads and storefronts and when the campaign was over, the result was the election of Mr. Fournet to the high court of Louisiana.

Senator Long, who was the political leader at that time, gave me credit for Mr. Fournet's victory because his opposition was being supported by the Roosevelt machine and the entrenched political gangsters of the State of Louisiana who also were supported by the 'feudal lords' and the great international trading interests that had been hindered in their exploitation of the State of Louisiana by the courageous Mr. Long.

At the end of a hard day, I returned to the Charleston Hotel to stay all night. After I had bathed and put on some fresh clothing, I came down and had my supper at a lunch counter. I then walked out on the street to breathe some fresh air, filled with the aroma of magnolias and semi-tropical vegetation. As I stood on the corner, a man about 45 years of age walked up to me and in a surly manner said: "Are you that 'so-and-so' Gerald Smith associated with Huey Long?" I answered by saying: "I was this morning — and I still am."

"Well," said the man, "I'm going to shorten your career," and he pulled from his pocket a black automatic pistol and stuck it right in the center of my stomach.

I will never be able to explain the speed of my reflexes as I grabbed the gun and turned it on my attacker. By this time, even though it was about nine o'clock in the evening, a crowd began to gather and as I held the gun on the man, I explained to the people what had happened, and I had witnesses to prove it. Then I said to the crowd: "Does anybody know who this man is?" They said: "Yes, he is the Assistant United States District Attorney."

Later investigation revealed that he was a wheelhorse in the Roosevelt machine which later was instrumental in the assassination of the late Huey P. Long.

After the man was identified, I removed the bullets from the gun and a younger man came out of the crowd saying: "This is my father." I handed the gun to the young man, keeping the bullets, and said: "Take your father home." As he left, I said to the man: "I'm going to be around here for several days, speaking in and out of this city, and when you see me coming down the street, you cross over and go the other direction."

This experience gave me a reputation that I didn't deserve; namely, that I wasn't afraid of anything, and I must confess that as I continued to speak in the area I was given a wide berth and shown great respect by people who had concluded that nothing could intimidate me.

After the campaign was over, I loaded Judge Fournet into a car and we drove back to New Orleans and I said to Senator Long: "Here is our new Supreme Court Justice."

EPISODE 27

LYNCHED 'ALMOST' IN GEORGIA

I had agreed to make a hundred speeches in Georgia. This was in the days when Franklin Roosevelt was President. In those days it was considered political treason for anyone to criticize a Democratic President in a Southern state. Roosevelt had come in and was surrounded by Moscovites, Socialists and downright Communists, and they were all encouraged by his pro-Communist wife Eleanor. It will be recalled that during the days of Congressman Martin Dies, who was Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Mrs. Roosevelt entertained Communists in the White House and then following a White House breakfast, journeyed over to Capitol Hill to sit in on the Dies Committee hearings and ridicule and scoff at this great patriot as he exposed the treason machine being developed inside our borders.

Most of the Democrats in the South in those days were naive and innocent. They thought a Democrat was a Democrat and they didn't realize what was being cooked up for them by the mongrelizers and the Moscovites who constituted the Roosevelt brain trust, later to be headed in international affairs by the number one exposed traitor Alger Hiss.

I was young and strong and didn't know what fatigue was. I spoke from six to ten times a day at pre-arranged meetings from a platform of a specially constructed sound truck. My good friend Senator Long was then alive and active. He was receiving more mail than the entire United States Senate, and he was receiving more mail than the President of the United States.

I went into a county seat town called Swainsboro. We set up the sound truck and turned on the lights in preparation for my address. A substantial number of people had assembled, because I had announced that I was going to expose the graft inside the Agriculture Department which was paying millions and millions of dollars to traitors and bureaucratic racketeers for not raising cotton on land that had never grown cotton. It seemed that my threat to expose this graft created a lethal alarm.

I hadn't any more than started my address when across the square came a yelling, screaming, howling, murderous lynch mob crying out all the profanities and yelling, "Hang him, kill the so-and-so, run him out of town, lynch him." When the mob reached us they jerked our cable from its lighting plug. They released the brake on our sound truck, which was a heavy machine (sound equipment was not as simple then as it is now), and rolled it down the hill. It was a miracle that it was not tipped over and wrecked. The hired workmen who had been operating the sound equipment all fled. There I stood alone under the canopy of the store. Because they pulled out the lighting cable, it was dark and they could not see me and they began to yell and scream, "Where is he? Where is he? Lynch the so-and-so." I leaped in front of the court house and mounted a high cement landing. I could be seen under the court house light and at the top of my voice I yelled: "Come and get me. Who will be the first to lay hands on me? But remember, he who lays hands on me lays hands on a man dedicated to the will of God."

Somehow this sentence quieted the mob. The screaming ended and they evaporated. They had already thrown the cable over a limb, threatening to hang me.

A few nights later I was awakened where I was sleeping in the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, Georgia. I answered the telephone and the voice said: "Are you Gerald Smith?" I said: "Yes." He gave his name, but I will not use the name here. He said: "I am —, a member of the State Legislature. I led the mob against you, but I will never have a good night's sleep again unless I have your forgiveness. I helped organize the mob, but when I came where I could see you, I realized that I was attacking a good man. Please forgive me."

I said: "Of course, I will forgive you."

EPISODE 28

MOBBED AT OLD SOUTH CHURCH

When I went to Boston some years ago, I concluded that the best place to speak would be in Old South Church, which had become a public building and an historic marker because it was there that Samuel Adams helped to organize the Boston Tea Party.

The civic leaders of Boston had always boasted that free speech would never be denied anyone who wanted to rent the Old South Church. In those days the Jews and the Communists and the bureaucrats were determined that I should be liquidated by prison or death or ridicule or by being denied the use of radio or public meeting halls.

My friends had arranged for me to speak in Old South Church on a Sunday afternoon. We had arranged for devotions to be followed by my address. The meeting was advertised to begin at 3 o'clock, but when we got to the church it was packed full of Jews and Communists. They threatened my life and it took a big squad of police to keep them from killing me and mobbing me, but I was protected long enough to come into the pulpit. I found that Jews and Communists had come an hour and a half early and had packed the church, and every seat in the church was filled with an enemy, and all my friends who had come to attend the meeting were shut out for lack of a place to sit. The moment I opened my mouth they started to scream and boo. The minister rose to read the Scripture, and they screamed and booed. The minister asked them to stand for prayer, and they screamed and booed and ridiculed. Finally we got the word around that I would address my friends in a meeting room in one of the historic hotels, (The Parker House), but, of course, we had no way of telling them because our sound equipment could not reach out into the yard, but it was passed around by word of mouth and a limited number of my friends were able to come and hear me.

EPISODE 29

DEAD MAN'S CORNER

In the early days when I started going to California, we leased a house near Sunset Boulevard on the mountain slope. In those days, mobs and campaigns were being organized against me almost daily and my enemies were desperate. They were determined beyond imagination that I should not be allowed to get a foothold on the West Coast.

One day I was sitting in this house, located on Fareholm Drive, and a knock came on the door. Mrs. Smith and my secretary, Renata Legant, were in the house with me. When the door was opened, a man that we had never seen stood there. It turned out that he was the head of the Subversive Squad of the Police Department of Los Angeles. He had observed the riots and the mobs that had been mobilized against me in my Los Angeles meetings. For instance, in one meeting I was picketed by 22,000 people. It is a wonder I wasn't killed on that occasion.

I invited him in. I will not use his name. By now he may have retired. He said: "Mr. Smith, how long are you going to be in this house?" I said: "We are going back East in about two weeks." He said: "You should never have moved into it. You will observe as you go down the mountain slope toward Sunset Boulevard, there is a little indent in the road. Representatives of the Mickey Cohen gang have been instructed to hide in the bushes and machine gun you as you go by. We will guard you until you leave the city. But, please, never live in a house again when you come back to Los Angeles. Live only in an apartment or a hotel where you are surrounded by other people."

EPISODE 30

POTENTIAL MURDER

During my early days in California we applied for the use of a high school auditorium for our meeting. The Communists and the Jews had caused to be passed legislation that would give anyone the right to hold a meeting in a school building — a plan to open the schools to Communist rallies. When it was announced that Gerald L. K. Smith was going to speak in a high school building (Polytechnic High) all hell broke loose.!

The Jews, the Communists, the New Dealers, the stupid leaders who had been mindwashed by my enemies, moved in on the Board of Education. A hearing was held at the headquarters of the Board. The late Eddie Cantor, the much publicized and multi-millionaire comedian, led the campaign to deny me the right of free speech in a school house. He brought with him a procession of excited, vicious, lying, character-assassinating enemies.

These witnesses all testified, and by the time they got through testifying even Mrs. Smith couldn't figure out who they were talking about, although they said it was Gerald L. K. Smith. The matter was taken under short advisement and the Board voted by a handsome majority that I could not be denied the privilege that had been granted to all citizens by the State of California.

This created a violent reaction. As Mrs. Smith and I went out, we boarded the elevator and as we stood on the elevator, a Jew woman with a satanic expression on her face walked up to me and put her face within twelve inches of mine and said: "If I had a dagger right this minute, I would cut out your guts."

EPISODE 31

SCHOOLHOUSE BECOMES COURT HOUSE

When I first went to Los Angeles to set up a permanent program of activity, I spoke in the auditorium of one of the large downtown schoolhouses. The Jews and their ilk tried their best to force the school board to cancel the lease on the building, and we had to go to the Supreme Court of the State of California to get a decision that we had a right to meet in the building. The court was on the spot because they had already ruled that the Communist Party had the right to rent a schoolhouse. It would have been quite a blight on their reputation if they had to admit that they gave the local schoolhouses to the Communists, but wouldn't open the schoolhouses to Gerald L. K. Smith. The announced meeting created such a sensation that thousands of dollars were raised and thousands of people were mobilized in an attempt to prevent the meeting, or break up the meeting, and to run me out of town after the meeting. They failed in all their efforts, although it took some 700 policemen to protect me, and in this first meeting the picketers injured several people, including one of the most prominent clergymen in the town, Rev. Bob Shuler, Pastor of Trinity Methodist Church in Los Angeles. It angered the important preacher, and he went to the Mayor, who was his friend, and insisted that he apologize for what he had permitted to happen. The Mayor, who was then Mayor Bowron, said that the best way he could apologize would be for us to set up another meeting, and he would guarantee airtight protection. We did that, and the picket line outside numbered something like 22,000. The promoters of violence infiltrated into the building and it was necessary for the police to carry out by physical strength something like 69 troublemakers inside the auditorium. They anticipated the trouble, and they set up a complete night court in one of the associated school buildings next to the auditorium. I may be wrong, but I think that I am the only man who ever created enough excitement in a school auditorium to require the police department to set up a special night court with judges and prosecuting attorneys, etc., to deal with criminal action during the meeting. Some time after the meeting, the people who were arrested sued the Chief of Police and those who participated in protecting me. Since I had taken the names and addresses of everyone who had attended the meeting, I turned these names over to the City of Los Angeles, and the people were called in as witnesses in defense of the action made necessary by the Police Department. The enemy lost, and the Chief of Police was honored. Of course, times have changed. The City of Los Angeles now has a black left wing Mayor, and it is no longer safe for patriots speaking the things that I speak even to hold a meeting in Los Angeles.

The Jewish Defense League has organized a sort of a lynch mob which threatens to kill, main, and wound any man who holds a public meeting and speaks critically of the counterfeit State of Israel and the Zionist Jew plot for world power.

EPISODE 32

CHICAGO VIOLENCE

I had been scheduled to speak in Chicago. The Jews had announced in their official organ: "We will drive Gerald Smith and his followers into the sewers. We will not permit them to assemble where decent people gather."

I was registered, together with my staff, including Mrs. Smith and my secretary and some other associates, at the historic Morrison Hotel in the heart of the loop.

We were scheduled to speak in one of the ballrooms of this hotel. Shortly before the meeting, the Jews and the Communists moved in and they began to search for me. They carried blunt instruments and baseball bats. They ran up and down the lobby, and then they began to take the hotel, one floor at a time, in search of our room. They finally found our room and, but for loyal friends who fought them off, I could have been killed that night. Instead of arresting the culprits who were trying to murder me, the Jew-controlled government of Chicago arrested the young men who defended me, and it required some time and some legal activity to settle the matter and establish their innocence in the Chicago courts — of those who had fought on the right side.

This experience, together with scores of other similar experiences, convinced me that I was being protected for a great purpose.

EPISODE 33

'NICODEMUS' FOLLOWER

Mrs. Smith and I were on the Santa Fe Chief going from Los Angeles to Chicago. We were sitting in the Club car when I was tapped on the shoulder. I looked up and it was General Robert E. Wood, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., considered the greatest merchant prince of this generation. General Wood had been an admirer of mine for some years. It will be recalled that he was the head of the America First Committee, which had attempted to avoid World War II on the grounds that we should have refereed a conflict between Hitler and Stalin which would have weakened both of them and saved America's strength and money for the development of our own American purposes.

Because of this attitude, we were all smeared and persecuted and misrepresented. The chief targets of the Jews during those days were General Wood, Charles Lindbergh, Henry Ford, Father Charles E. Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith.

In the meantime, the war had come on. I remained very loyal to our country and frequently said: "No matter who starts a war, there is only one way to end it and that is to win it." But I stood out in the open and spoke so fearlessly and courageously that even some of my old friends were almost afraid to be seen with me.

When I looked up and saw that it was General Wood, I said: "How are you, General?" Believe it or not, the first sentence he said to me was: "Gerald, you will be happy to know that I got Sears, Roebuck away from the Jews." This was the truth. Sears, Roebuck had been owned and dominated by the Rosenwald family. It was their family that financed and ran from behind the scenes, for years, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. General Wood had so manipulated the matter that the controlling stock had shifted into his hands.

I replied by saying: "General Wood, why don't you use some of that money to help me carry on my fight?" In those days, Roosevelt watched everybody and threatened lethal reprisals against anyone caught supporting me.

Henry Ford had encouraged many people to support me in the early days, but one day I was called on by my good friend Ernest Liebold, Mr. Ford's private secretary, who said: "I have bad news for you, Mr. Smith. We had a visitor from the White House today and he has threatened us. He says that if we do not quit supporting Gerald Smith, they will seize the Ford factory and operate it from Washington in the name of the war emergency."

EPISODE 34

PROMINENT ENEMY BECOMES PERSONAL FRIEND

State Senator Jack B. Tenney of California, was a brilliant, knowledgeable man. He started out so liberal when he was first elected to the State Legislature of California that he was supported by the Communist elements in Hollywood. Then, as he grew into an understanding of affairs, he became sensitive to the subversive influences, but he was the victim of mindwashing propaganda to the point where he did not hesitate to say the he was opposed to all subversive influences led by such men as Earl Browder and Gerald L. K. Smith—whether they were on the right or on the left.

He was encouraged in his activities by the Anti-Defamation League, because they hoped to use Mr.Tenney to destroy and persecute the real patriots who were fighting the rise of Communism.

One day Mr. Tenney announced in the press that he was going to investigate thoroughly the activities and the affairs of Gerald L. K. Smith. Mrs. Smith and I called Mr. Tenney's secretary and asked for an appointment. We journeyed to his offices and told him that we would be pleased to have him inquire into our activities—the deeper the better.

At this time Mr. Tenney was quite naive concerning the Jewish issue and concerning the deeper issues involving the affairs of the world. His understanding of Communism was a bit superficial. Later he developed into a deep student. After I had testified all day before a Congressional Committee and my testimony was so long that it took a special government book to publish my testimony, Mr. Tenney saw this book and read it. He later told a meeting of my followers that in the middle of the night, he rose up in bed, after reading my testimony, and said: "Gerald L. K. Smith is right."

Later he became my disciple, my follower, and my friend. As he deepened in his understanding of the Jewish question, he produced some of the finest literature concerning this subject. He was kind enough to appear at one of my big meetings in the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles and say: "I consider Gerald L. K. Smith one of the greatest patriots in America."

I hope this does not sound boastful, but since the great Senator has gone, having been taken in death, I have to confess that since he is not here to say it, I am proud to quote what he said.

EPISODE 35

AN INVITATION FROM FATHER COUGHLIN

In the late 1930's and early 1940's, Father Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Michigan (a suburb of Detroit), was perhaps the most listened to radio broadcaster in America. He was eloquent, fearless and controversial. He was the first man ever to appear on radio with a discussion of the Jewish question, including "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" and "The International Jew," as originally published by Henry Ford. He usually spoke at about one o'clock on Sunday, and even millions of Protestants hurried home from church to be able to hear his dynamic addresses. He attracted a following that ran into the millions.

One day while visiting New York City in connection with my nationwide speaking tour, following the death of the late Senator Huey P. Long, I was approached by an important New York businessman who was a personal and intimate friend of Father Coughlin. He said the purpose of his visit was to invite me to address the convention, the summer of 1936, which Father Coughlin was holding for the edification of his followers in Cleveland, Ohio. I accepted this invitation, and it was the beginning of a very interesting friendship. Reference is made to my speaking in Cleveland elsewhere in this book.

It was generally believed that the following I had developed and inherited from the late Senator Huey P. Long, plus the following of Father Charles E. Coughlin, constituted a tremendous segment of the population of the United States. The day came when, by arrangement, I went out to Royal Oak, Michigan, for a personal visit with the noted Priest. Those who are too young to know the subject matter of his addresses should be reminded that he made vigorous and fearless attacks on Franklin Roosevelt for his pro-Communist activities and for his conspiratorial attempt to take us into World War II which the American people didn't want. His discussion of the Jewish issue caused the Jews to mobilize powerful forces against him that can scarcely be estimated or imagined by people not familiar with the details of this matter.

I was sitting in the rectory of the Church of the Little Flower, of which Father Coughlin was the Pastor, and we were discussing the practical problems of reaching the American people with truth that they needed which most men didn't have the courage to speak.

Right in the midst of the conversation, the door into the sitting room where we were sitting opened, and there stood Bishop Gallagher, the Bishop of the local diocese, and with him was a tall, proverbial prelate wearing a wide black hat and carrying in his face the pallidness of intense seriousness. Bishop Gallagher was a man among men. He had a broad smile and was pink of cheek and one felt perfectly at ease with him. But the preacher who came with him did not radiate that impression.

Without comment Bishop Gallagher walked over to Father Coughlin, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Charlie, come with me." In my presence they walked out of the room into the bedroom. They remained for some few minutes. After they had finished their conversation, and the Bishop and his associate had left, Father Coughlin turned to me and said: "The hand of Jim Farley is long."

I said: "How do you interpret that?" Father Coughlin said: "The Pope in Rome has been wanting the President to appoint a Fraternal Delegate for diplomatic purposes, but no President has ever been willing to do it because of the strong pressure coming from Protestant organizations against it. But now Mr. Roosevelt, who is burning under the pressure of my broadcasts, has served notice on the Pope that if he will silence me that he will appoint a Fraternal Delegate to the Vatican. This means that I will never broadcast again except strictly religious comment."

In some respects, this was one of the most dramatic experiences of my life. When I left that day to return to my home in Detroit, I said within my soul: "Thank God, there is no superior authority on this earth who can veto my right to speak the truth."

From that time on Father Coughlin desended into a state of semi-retirement and frustration, and I always had the feeling that he suffered from a broken heart. He was the victim of political tyranny and Jewish pressure.

EPISODE 36

ATTEMPTED BLACKMAIL

When Father Coughlin was compelled to give up his radio network, I began to call on some of my friends and acquaintances to give me the money to contract for this network. I had spent considerable time in New York City and had come into the confidence of some of the most important business leaders in the Nation, including the President of the American Petroleum Institute, the President of Johns-Manville Co., the President of the Sun Oil Co., and a wide variety of very important businessmen who had become convinced that I had the message it took to turn back the tide of New Deal Communism and Marxist political strategy being imposed upon the American people. It was being done in the name of the New Deal, but it was a deceptive and treasonable formula.

I proceeded to contact men of importance, wealth and patriotic character and assembled many thousands of dollars which were deposited and kept in escrow. A young man was introduced to me by one of the important businessmen of New York City. I will not use the name of the young man, but I was told that he was trustworthy and intelligent. I later discovered that he was treacherous and satanically cunning. He was aware of the thousands of dollars which I had accumulated in escrow for the purchase of the time on this radio network for a whole season.

One evening Mrs. Smith and I were sitting in our hotel suite in New York City. A knock came on the door, and there stood this young man who had been helping to keep the records of the money which we had accumulated, which was not our money. It was merely put in escrow with the understanding that it could not be spent until the purpose of the accumulation had been consummated. I opened the door and as the young man walked in I realized that he was in a confused and desperate mood. I said to him: "What can I do for you? What do you want?" He answered with the crude words: "I have come by to get my cut." I said:

"What do you mean, your cut?" He said? "I want part of the money that has been raised for this radio network." I responded by saying: "That money is not ours. It is being held in trust, and we have told the people who have given it and have committed it that it would be spent for only one thing, and that was to consummate the great radio network which has been used by Father Charles Coughlin who had been put off the air under pressure from the Pope and the Jews."

He responded by saying: "I don't care what you call it, but I want $3,000.00 tonight, and I want more later on." I realized that I was being blackmailed, and I said: "I'm not going to give it to you and I am not going to respond to blackmail, and since I'm not going to do it, what are you going to do?" He said: "I am going to the newspapers tonight, and I will go the New York Times first, and I'll give the names of the men who are putting up this money." I realized that this was the end of my network, because I had pledged complete confidence to the men who had agreed to help.

The next morning I was to read the whole story in the New York Times, but I still had my soul. I had not yielded to the blackmail pressure. I returned the money which was in escrow and proceeded to figure out what would be my next step in my desperate determination to warn America that her traditions were not only being threatened, but they were being conspired against.

EPISODE 37

INVITATION FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

In the 1930's and 1940's the executive head of the New York Times was Arthur Sulzberger. One day I was contacted by Mr. Sulzberger, who invited me to come and address his editorial board and the heads of the departments of the New York Times. In those days it was the custom for a certain season during the winter to invite highly publicized individuals to address the executive staff and the editorial staff of the New York Times.

I was taken to a private dining room in the New York Times Building for lunch, and upon arrival was introduced to the executives and editorial chiefs one at a time. Following the lunch, Mr. Sulzberger arose and said: "We have as our guest today a man that I consider to be one of the two most dangerous men in America." This was rather an ominous introduction, but I proceeded to state my convictions concerning the whole situation involving the trend toward Socialism by way of the New Deal. The ultimate trend toward Communism and the establishment of a dictatorial bureaucracy which approached a cross between Fascism and Communism. Those present listened with intense and sympathetic interest, and when I had finished Mr. Sulzberger said: "Didn't I tell you he was dangerous? He has taken over my own staff."

The New York Times, while posing as a self-respecting journal under the false slogan: "All the news that's fit to print" has been perhaps the most effective mindwashing mechanism in the United States of America. Owned by a family of Jews, it has represented itself as the acme of journalistic sophistication, and there are many superficial people in the intellectual and religious and political and business world who allow the New York Times to establish their guidelines. If they had their way, they would determine all policy for the Government of the United States.

During the campaign of 1973 when the treason machine was attempting to destroy our Executive Department, by way of President Nixon, no journal or organizations was more destructive, dishonest and violent than the New York Times, working in cooperation with its political and journalistic bedmate, the Washington Post, and the television networks which I frequently refer to as the "treason machine."

Sequel: It is interesting to note that the Tuesday before I appeared before the board of editors and executives of the New York Times, their guest was the famous Charles A. Lindbergh.

EPISODE 38

AN AMERICAN HITLER

During the 1930's and 1940's one of the most outstanding and highly publicized news documentaries was a feature film put out by Time, Inc., called "March of Time." They put out special news broadcasts and then every so often they would feature an individual. One day I was called upon by a representative of Time, Inc., who said that they wanted to do the story of my life and make it a March of Time feature. I was young and new and more naive than I was later to become and I accepted their invitation and cooperated with them. I permitted them to take my picture addressing big meetings. They took pictures of me in my hotel room. They followed me around over the country, and the casual politeness of the film editor and photographer was such that I got the impression that I was to be given an honest portrayal of my activities. Without boasting, it is well to remind the reader that I was attracting almost the largest crowds of any individual in America. I addressed these crowds in football stadiums, baseball parks, and largest auditoriums, and almost without exception the crowds went away convinced of the correctness of my position.

The Jews, who could talk about nothing but Hitler and Nazism and Fascism, were frightened at any young, vigorous public figure who could attract great crowds and hold them spellbound. They imagined that any such individual had Hitlerian potentialities. Of course, with me that was as false as anything could be, because I have never advocated any principle inconsistent with my Christian faith, our Constitutional traditions and our American way of life. All through the years I have contended that subtle forces were plotting to destroy our traditions, including Christian faith, private enterprise, racial self-respect and Constitutional tradition.

Following the appearances before the cameras of the March of Time organization, I went on with my public speaking and came into New York City for a speech: Imagine the shock which came to Mrs. Smith and me when we rode up Broadway and saw a canvas sign across the street, about 15 feet deep and about 100 feet long, with the following words on it: "Gerald Smith—The American Hitler."

We checked into our hotel and went to the theatre which had been built by the Rockefellers, known as Radio City Music Hall. We saw the film, which was a complete abortion. It would portray me addressing a great enthusiastic crowd, and then the next shot would be a picture of Hitler addressing a great enthusiastic crowd, and the trick was to put into the minds of the people that I was trying to organize a movement in America like Hitler organized in Germany, which was as false as if they had said I was a Chinaman. The film was so vicious, so filled with bias and satanic propaganda that when we walked out into the vestibule a Jew woman saw me, recognized me and screamed. This gives the reader some idea of the 'Gethsemanes' of persecution through which we have passed in contending for the high principles to which I have given my life.

Later I sued Time, Inc., and collected cash, won vindication. I have also collected cash from Newsweek Magazine and numerous newspapers.

EPISODE 39

COMMITTEE FORMED

Time passed. I had developed the confidence of some of the most important people in America. I had made friends with intelligent patriots in almost every major city in the United States. As indicated elsewhere in this book, I crisscrossed and traveled nearly three million miles in the United States and addressed large audiences in practically every major city.

One day I met with some very important gentlemen in New York City, who like myself were concerned with the fact that committees were developing in Congress organized for the specific purpose of persecuting right wing patriots who were holding out against the subtle treason that was being imposed upon America by the New Deal Socialists and their Moscovite friends, feeding on the treasonable intellectualism of certain great universities, mainly Harvard. It will be recalled that Felix Frankfurter, who later became a Supreme Court Justice, originally was engaged in active Communist propaganda. Justice Frankfurter admitted that he had placed over 300 men in the Government of the United States that were subject to the appointment of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When our committee met in New York, the name of a young Congressman from Texas came up known as Martin Dies. I had known Martin Dies as a younger man when I was still a Pastor. I had gone down to visit an old friend of mine, Dr. Armistead, who was Pastor of the University Christian Church in Beaumont, Texas. The first Sunday there, he said to me: "I want you to meet a very fine, brilliant young man who comes over from Orange, Texas, to teach our Men's Class. His name is Martin Dies."

I was impressed by Martin Dies. He was wholesome, intelligent and seemed to have all the bearing of a sincere Christian. Later he was elected to Congress.

So when the name of Martin Dies was suggested by my friends in New York, I said: "He would make a fine chairman of a special committee." To make a long story short, my friends journeyed to Washington, D.C., interviewed certain members of Congress, and brought about the formation of what became known as the House Committee on Un-American Activities, to be headed by Congressman Martin Dies of Texas. He became so prominent in exposing Communism and treason trickery inside the Government of the United States and inside the whole complex of our Nation that the Committee was referred to as the Dies Committee.

He was persecuted and abused by the Roosevelt family, the Roosevelt gang and the treason machine which had wormed its way inside the Government of the United States. Hidden forces threatened to kidnap his children. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt would entertain Communists in the White House at a meal, and then as an exercise they would go over to Capitol Hill, sit in the hearing room where Mr. Dies was cross-questioning people suspected of spreading Communist propaganda.

While they sat in the room, they would guffaw and hiss and ridicule, encouraged and led by Eleanor Roosevelt.

Later the Dies Committee became such a threat to the Roosevelt regime that Mr. Roosevelt caused his district to be gerrymandered—abolished in such a way that he could not be re-elected to the Congress.

The Dies Committee Hearings, which can be seen in the Congressional Library, constitute one of the greatest resumes of treasonable organizations inside the United States ever to be produced.

At the apex of the persecution of Mr. Dies, I was living in Detroit. Being a friend of Henry Ford and other prominent citizens, my name was recognized as the name of a man to be respected. I circulated a petition and secured something like a million signatures calling on the Congress of the United States to stand by Martin Dies. Some believe that this petition was very influential in not only continuing the appropriations to the Dies Committee, but increasing the appropriations. It later became a permanent committee in the Congress, and later my friend Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi became head of the Committee. He, too, became the victim of Roosevelt persecution and his Congressional District was abolished so that someone else could be elected. The tyranny, rascality and hypocrisy of Franklin Roosevelt is one of the black marks of American history. Shortly before this was written his own son, Elliott, who seems to have suffered years of frustration due to the hypocrisy of his father, revealed that his father was in fact a conscienceless whoremonger, who slept with his secretary in the front bedroom while his wife Eleanor, by arrangement, slept in the back bedroom. It seemed that her sex interests did not run in that direction. A further development of that theory might be too obscene for this book. Then he had a special girlfriend whom he had maintained and kept through the years who lived in Maryland, and he would even arrange for special trains, under Secret Service confidence, in order that he might fulfill his paramouric ambitions. It is believed by some that this third woman was with him when he died, and the way he died is still an unsolved mystery, so much so that I wrote a special book one time entitled "The Mysterious Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

It might refresh the memory of some people to be reminded that the last time that Franklin D. Roosevelt addressed a great audience was at Soldiers Field in Chicago, and during that address he made a personal attack on me. He dreaded and hated me. He wanted me in prison. He knew that I knew the story of the assassination of his number one enemy, the late Senator Huey P. Long, and he knew that I was one man in America who had his number and was not afraid to speak.

EPISODE 40

ROOSEVELT WANTED ME IMPRISONED

While living in Detroit, Michigan, Mrs. Smith and I would occasionally go down into the city and have dinner at a pleasant place. We had just finished our dinner in a well known restaurant and walked out on the street when my eyes fell upon the early edition of the Detroit Free Press. I was shocked when I noticed that the banner headline of Michigan's leading morning newspaper said: "Roosevelt Wants Smith Imprisoned." I immediately read the story, and it was a story written by one of the most notorious character assassins and rumormongers who ever lived, the late Drew Pearson. He revealed that he had visited with the President, and that the President had confided in him that one of the men he wanted to see put away during the war was Gerald L. K. Smith. He was determined that people who had effectively fought his pro-war fakery would be put away. The story was filled with falsehoods, libelous statements and imagined fantasies concerning my activities

It so happened that where I bought the paper was immediately across the street from the Detroit Free Press building. I walked to the Free Press building, took the elevator to the editorial department, walked up to the desk in a fighting mood and struck the top of the editor's desk with both hands until it seemed that the table almost jumped off the floor. The editor wore a toupee and I thought I saw the toupee jump off his head. I won't go into detail as to what happened, but by the time I got through with this editor, he ordered that the presses be stopped, that the headline be changed, and that a correction be published by me personally.

I then immediately returned to my home and dictated a letter to the Attorney General of the United States, and in this letter I suggested that he proceed to indict me, and in my court defense I would expose the treason inside the Government of the United States, facts concerning the assassination of Huey Long, closely related to the personality of Franklin Roosevelt, and we would bring the whole issue of my life out into the open as it related to the destiny of America.

I was never called before a Grand Jury, I was never indicted, but I later discovered that I had been put on a list by the Attorney General to be indicted.

About this time, between 30 and 40 patriots mixed in with two or three traitors, were indicted. It was the hope of Mr. Roosevelt that he could send a group of second and third string leaders to the penitentiary, and then when he had done that he would begin on Charles Lindbergh, Father Coughlin, Henry Ford, General Wood, President of Sears Roebuck, and myself.

The result of indicting these 30 some odd patriots developed into what was known as the Sedition Trial. It became so ridiculous that even the people who had campaigned for their conviction in the beginning sickened of the whole matter somewhat as the public sickened of the Watergate Committee. It was rumored that the Judge had been promised by the President, that if he succeeded in sending these people to the Federal Penitentiary for seditious treason he would be named to the Supreme Court. But the hypocritical bias required by him in the abuse of these people was so terrific that he couldn't take it, and one day he dropped dead in court. That was the end of the trial. It was never completed. The people were all released.

Remember, that the only 'crime' these people had committed was to oppose our entrance into World War II, not because they were pro-Nazis, but because they believed that we should referree the conflict between Hitler and Stalin and maintain our own strength without building either of the conflicting parties into a Frankenstein, as we later did for Soviet Russia. Many people do not realize that we gave hundreds of ships to Russia which were never returned; that we sent whole railroad yards over to Russia. They don't realize that Mr. Ford had the most modern rubber plant in America. It was completely dismantled and donated to the Soviet Union by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Many people do not realize that Communists inside the Treasury Department took money to the Soviet Union, and they printed money in Russia in the name of the war emergency. They printed such quantities that after the war Russian soldiers came down to the European borders and paid as high as $15,000.00 to $20,000.00 for $50.00 American watches and $25.00 bracelets. This money was quickly changed into permanent money by 'you know who' and brought back by refugees to the United States, and with this money that they got for nothing they purchased millions of dollars' worth of American metropolitan real estate. That in itself is an unwritten book. I was one of the first to publish this, which helps the reader to understand why I have been so opposed through the years

A few years ago Attorney General Francis Biddle decided that he would write his memoirs. Evidently he used a ghost writer who was careless with his files, because when the book came out it listed the people who Mr. Biddle, as Attorney General of the United States, had indicted for sedition, listing the 30 some odd people referred to above, and, believe it or not, my name was on the list. Of course, it was complete, coldblooded libel, because I have never been indicted and never been convicted. It was a complete fabrication. This confirmed my theory that I was on the list to be put away, as indicated in the big headline story written by Drew Pearson; but after Mr. Biddle got my letter he evidently pulled my name off of the list, but when the ghost writer wrote the book, he failed to delete my name among those whom Mr. Roosevelt wanted to put away.

It became rather simple for my attorney to collect a substantial sum of money from Mr. Biddle's publishers, which undoubtedly came out of Mr. Biddle's royalties. I took the money and used it to help buy the home in which we have lived half the time in Eureka Springs where we established the sacred projects, the Christ of the Ozarks statue, the Great Passion Play, the Christ Only Art Gallery, the Bible Museum, and the New Holy Land. Elsewhere in this book is the complete briefing concerning the development of this sacred enterprise.

EPISODE 41

I DEFIED NEW YORK CITY

As a young crusader dedicated to the task of alerting America to the treasonable practices which threatened our Christian and patriotic traditions, I was convinced that New York City was not only the center of American intrigue, but the center of world intrigue. It may surprise the reader to be told that New York City was also the center of world Communism. As referred to elsewhere in this book, I dug up the documented facts out of the Archives of the U. S. Government in Washington, which contained the reports of Military Intelligence, to discover that the Soviet Government was really established by Jews from the lower Eastside of New York.

When I went to New York I did a bold thing. I began to rent ballrooms in all of the leading hotels, including the Statler, the Pennsylvania, the McAlpin, the New Yorker, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, etc. People were intrigued by what I had to say and invariably the ballrooms were packed. There seemed to be no way to stop me. My following was growing geometrically, and I was winning the confidence of some of the most important men in America. The Jews were determined to stop me, and finally they persuaded the hotels not to rent me a ballroom. They were determined to dry up my forum and deny me the right of free speech. Theoretically they were successful, but when they did this and denied me the use of the radio and later denied me the use of television, it drove me into a solution which has been providential.

Most public speakers dread to write. They only want to talk. I was inclined that way, but when I realized that I was not to be permitted to be on radio, and later I realized that I couldn't be on television, and the Jews decided to give me silence in the press and deny me public meeting halls, I began to write. Today my accumulated writings would create a bookshelf twice as long as a set of Encyclopedia Britannica. Over 500 tracts, pamphlets and brochures that I have written were available for distribution as I wrote these lines, not counting the fact that since 1942 I have edited and published the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, a national political committee, known as The Cross and The Flag, and 90% of everything in this magazine has been written by me personally. To relieve the monotony I sometimes used other names. In fact, as a controversial figure I realized that some people would not read my material because they had been prejudiced against me by the news media and the mindwashing propagandists, so I began to write under other names. It is estimated that over 200 periodicals use my material without using my name. A conservative estimate suggests that I have started, financed, encouraged and aided over 2,000 right wing organizations in America. There are many people promoting organizations in America who do not realize that I was the 'midwife' when their organization was born. Whenever I spoke in these ballrooms in New York City, I opened the meeting to questions, and the meanest and most vicious hecklers that could be imagined came in and tried to stop me, and I don't say it to boast, but I could answer their questions and I was unafraid of them. It gave me a terrific mental and spiritual exercise to look the forces of anti-Americanism and the forces of anti-Christ in the face and give them the right answers.

Sequel: I came to New York City from Louisiana after the death of Huey Long. His passing created a situation in Louisiana. Following his death the underworld moved in. Under the leadership of the most vicious and the most powerful forces in America, led by Frank Costello, who had been written up in the Reader's Digest about that time as "America's No. 1 Dealer of Death." It was revealed that he could cause to be killed anyone who stood in his way if he so desired. Costello had moved into Louisiana, and I had announced that I would return to Louisiana to reveal that the people who had been elected to office on the blood of the late Huey P. Long had sold out to his enemies and had sold them out to the underworld.

One day a knock came on the door of our New York Hotel, and, believe it or not, there stood Frank Costello, and his right-hand man, Mr. Kastel. Mrs. Smith and I were confronted by the man who was considered the greatest killer in America. Furthermore, New York City was controlled by a political machine which was under the complete dominance of Frank Costello so I was not only talking to the leading underground gangster—I was talking to the government of New York City. The two men were dressed as conservatively as a pair of undertakers. They effected cordiality, and then said: "We understand that you are planning to return to Louisiana to make a speech." And I said: "Yes." They said: "We don't want you to make that speech." There is no need of completing the dialogue, but suffice it to say, I defied them, returned to Louisiana, made the speech, and I am still alive. That puts me in an exclusive fraternity as one of the few men still living who defied the authority of America's number one gangster, Frank Costello.

EPISODE 42

PITTSBURGH CROWDS

In the early 1940's, while living in Detroit, Michigan, I followed a speaking route which took me into the major cities of the Northeast including Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Washington, D.C., Cincinnati, etc. Wherever I went the halls and the public meeting places were packed. The dramatic relationship between my activities and those of Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and the assassinated Huey P. Long made my name of dramatic interest even though I was hated by President Roosevelt and smeared by the Jew-controlled media.

I had refused to express my patriotism by approving Russian Communism, just because we were allied with Russia in the war. I was on the air every Sunday night on Radio Station WJR and affiliates speaking out of Detroit, but the time came when Mr. Roosevelt and his gang of beaureacratic tyrants decreed that I should not be on the air, because I insisted on relfecting on Communism and attacking Communism. It was my contention that I didn't need to be pro-Communist in order to be a good American any more than I had needed to be a Buddhist in order to be loyal at the time we were allied with Japan in a world war. Power prevailed, however, and I was taken off the air at a time when my mail was the heaviest of any program personality that had ever appeared on this station. The drama of the situation and the publicity involved in my activities made me not only a personality of interest, but caused me to be admired by millions of regular people.

After World War II was declared, I was scheduled to speak in Pittsburgh at Carnegie Hall. This was at a time when it was generally believed by some people that everyone who had opposed entering World War II would be imprisoned. Therefore, the character assassins and the witch hunters were out not only to imprison some of us, but persecute the people associated with us. I resolved that I would not involve anyone else at this Pittsburgh meeting, so I asked Mrs. Smith to stand at the door and take the tickets and handle the literature, while I went to the platform and introduced myself. The crowd was wild and excited and sympathetic. We did not charge for the tickets, but we gave out complimentary tickets to trusted people, because the technique in those days was for the Communists, the Jews and their associates to pack the meeting in advance so that the real people who wanted to hear me speak couldn't get in. When I arose to speak I said: "The press would like to announce that there is no one here willing to introduce me, therefore, I introduced myself. So I would like to ask how many people here would be willing to introduce me if I would call on them." There must have been a hundred hands that went up, so that settled the matter.

The people were so hungry for my literature that they almost tore Mrs. Smith to pieces.

Before the program started and I began to speak, some individuals came up to the front porch of Carnegie Hall and Mrs. Smith instictively sensed that they were troublemakers. She beckoned to a policeman who was on guard and he came over and said: "How do you know that those people are troublemakers?" Mrs. Smith answered by saying: "I have been in so many meetings with my husband that I have learned how to smell them." He took her seriously and when the trouble started, his staff was ready and the meeting was not broken up.

Some of the dearest and greatest friends that I have ever had lived and still live in Pittsburgh. Recently I was visited by a very prominent doctor whom I met in those early days, and we reflected on the time when we were passing through these dramatic and dangerous times.

EPISODE 43

THREE MEETINGS IN ONE NIGHT

I was scheduled to speak in Birmingham, Alabama, the summer of 1936. The meeting had not been properly publicized, and when I went over to the park there was a mere handful of 200 or 300 people. I spoke to them for 30 minutes and dismissed them, instructing them to go out and tell their friends to come back for another meeting in 45 minutes. The next meeting was doubled, if not tripled, and I spoke to this meeting for about 45 minutes and asked them to recruit for a third meeting, which would begin about 11 o'clock. By 11 o'clock we had something like 5,000 people. This indicates to the reader some of the techniques which were employed in order to overcome bad publicity or no publicity.

The South was slow to discover the tyranny which was upon it. They had been voting the solid Democratic ticket for so many generations that it couldn't believe that treason could be committed in the name of this old party which had been founded by the great patriot Thomas Jefferson. In later years I was to journey through the South warning Governors, Congressmen and Senators that a complex was being developed in Washington, D.C., designed to mongrelize the race, destroy the autonomy of local government and make the South a victim of a new era of carpetbagging. I shall never forget the back-breaking experience of this journey. I drove the car and with me was Mrs. Smith. She was always with me. I never travelled alone. One of the quickest and most vicious ways that the enemy has used to destroy good men has been to concoct schemes that would make it appear that they were travelling with another woman. The presence of Mrs. Smith always protected me against this technique used so frequently in assassinating the character of good men. Along with Mrs. Smith and me was my faithful secretary, Renata Legant, who has been with me nearly 30 years and has been instrumental in typing the original copy of this record. Along with the three of us was a man who was sort of a newcomer. We had picked him up in California, and he seemed to be faithful and useful, but in a pinch he couldn't stand up; so in the midst of the tough journey in the South which involved rain; mud, storm and hostility, he lost his nerve and asked me to give him bus fare to go home, which I did. Because of his insipid and cowardly behaviour, I protect his family by not using his name.

In Jacksonville, Florida, I developed a nose bleed, and I presume that if I had been doctor prone and hospital prone, I would have been rushed to the hospital, but instead of accepting that treatment I just stuffed Kleenex in my nose until it dried up and went ahead.

We came into Alabama where we had torrential rains and came to a stream that was so high that it covered the road. Policemen were in charge, and a policeman came over to the car and said: "Come ahead, you'll be all right." I went ahead and the depth of the water drowned the motor, and it was necessary for us to wade in this muddy water and be pulled out. When we got to Mobile, the old historic hotel was all torn up with repairs, and it was very inconvenient getting in and getting out and getting unloaded and getting dried off. When we got up to the room, I sat down in my chair, and although my wife could tell the reader that she has never heard me express discouragement or defeat, I think my spirits were as low as they had ever been. In warning the Southern statesmen of the tranny that was to be imposed upon them by the Washington demagogues, I was in many instances ridiculed for being an alarmist. The answer frequently was: "Don't worry about the South. We know how to handle ourselves." Later one of these blind boasters was honest enough to confess to me that if the South had taken my warnings, they might have protected themselves against the tyrannies of the Roosevelts, the Johnsons, the Kennedys, the Eisenhowers and the rest. Forced busing in great Southern cities where little children are kidnapped from their home districts and delivered and dumped into black schools miles away helps to illustrate the hazards that I foretold in that wet, hard, soggy trip through the South.

I went to my writing desk in the hotel room in Mobile and addressed a letter to a man who was a part-time employee of mine in Washington. He was a research specialist for a prominent Senator, but without the knowledge of the Senator he took pay from me to do special research. I wrote him a letter saying: "Did anyone fighting and working alone in history ever get any place? If you can find the answer to that question, please write me air mail special delivery so that I will get the letter by the time I reach New Orleans."

This man was a very faithful and meticulous man, and when I reached New Orleans the letter was there. It had in it the story of Samuel Adams, who according to history, was perhaps the most successful agent-provocateur ever known. He fought for American independence when even the men who later signed the Declaration of Independence were afraid to be seen with him. He mastered twelve styles of handwriting, and he assumed twelve different names. He wrote over 44,000 letters by hand; and these letters gave the objects of his pressure and feeling that popular sentiment was developing.

It is believed by some that Samuel Adams was the most influential individual in the promotion and development of the Revolution, but when the Continental Congress was held, he was too poor to attend. He couldn't even afford a suit of clothes.

The study of history which reveals the fickleness and ingratitude of people can be quite disenchanting. To illustrate: One of the three greatest men among the founders of our American Republic was Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was the third President of the United States, and was the founder of the Democratic Party. When he became old he could not pay for his groceries, and he made up lottery tickets at $10.00 each with the understanding that the winner would be able to take his homestead, Monticello. He could'nt even sell the tickets, and he died penniless with unpaid grocery bills.

I have told many a young man who started out with crusading zeal: "Do not expect your reward to come from the people you bless. They soon forget. There are two places to find reward for a noble servant: One is in the satisfaction of the soul; and the other in the blessings which come from on high from God Almighty. Anyone who expects to be rewarded by credit, citation and glorification is due for a great surprise. These awards usually go to people who perform the superficial functions demanded by conventional society. But those who challenge the lethal forces of tyranny, greed and paganism frequently go to their graves unrecognized until they have been long dead."

Many people forget that the greatest leadership mankind has ever known, the personality of Jesus Christ, had only 120 followers when he left the earth, and they were so intimidated, abused, chased, pursued and threatened by the Jews that they met in an upper room, the Scripture says, "for fear of the Jews." Whoever dreamed that a following of 120 people would grow into a multi-billion discipleship across the face of the earth?

Christianity cannot be killed. It flowers with miraculous strength. If it is crushed by an unbelieving clergyman, monopolizing a pulpit, then faith in Jesus Christ springs up like volunteer stocks of wheat in the backyard of society, or in the front street of society, on the highways, or in the meadows. I wrote a man some time ago and said: "Don't be surprised if the day comes when certain cathedrals become museums and meadows become temples."

EPISODE 44

IN THE DOME

An employee of mine, who lived in Washington, D. C., and did special research for me by moonlighting on my payroll, was also employed by one of the four or five most important members of the United States Senate. His research was highly specialized and he required an office of his own, and the Senator said: "We'll put you in the dome of the Capitol." Sure enough, there is an office right in the very peak of the dome of the Capitol of the United States and it is still there. My friend, an employee, said to me: "Mr. Smith, when you are in Washington, you don't need to worry about a place to handle correspondence and carry out certain clerical details. You can just use my office." Here it was, at a time when the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, wanted to imprison me, because I had exposed his hypocrisy, his libertinism and his willing consent to the assassination of the late Huey Long. I'll never forget the strange and eccentric satisfaction which came to me as I sat in the dome of the Capitol and said to myself: "What would my enemies think if they knew that Gerald L. K. Smith had established headquarters in the dome of the United States Capitol?"

Those were dramatic days. Many Senators and Congressmen had delivered speeches, or paragraphs of speeches, that had been written by me, but because of my highly controversial personality I would frequently write under another name, and innocent friends who didn't know that it was me would send these statements to the members of Congress and they would either deliver them on the floor of Congress or insert them in the Congressional Record.

EPISODE 45

SCRIPTURAL WISDOM

I learned early in my dramatic career that one of the fundamental texts in the Scripture for a battling crusader is: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

I wrote an editorial for The Cross and The Flag some years ago the title of which was, "You Don't Have to be a Nut to be Right."

A crusader in the front line of a hard battle has numerous problems. The greatest problem is not his enemy. His greatest problems are his lunatic friends and eccentrics who seem to think that lunacy is an attribute of righteousness. When I would address public meetings, I would retire to my dressing room immediately without standing in front of the meeting shaking hands. I did this for two reasons: First, to avoid being physically attacked by fanatical enemies; and, second, the people who really wanted to meet me and I really wanted to meet could never get to me. Usually after the meeting was adjourned, I would be surrounded by five or ten fanatics who would insulate me from the people, and, of course, people of responsibility who had something to do couldn't stand around an hour waiting for someone to unload his lunatic theories. This situation brought grief to me, because as I would address a great audience I would look back and see a fine countenance, and I would say to myself: "I wish that I could shake hands with that man." But I could never reach him. He couldn't break through, and there was no way for me to get back to him. So for most of my life as a public speaker, I didn't stand around and shake hands with people at the close of the meeting. I wasn't a candidate for office. I was under no obligation to kiss babies. I didn't have to make false promises. I was and still am an uncompromising crusader who has always been polite and courteous to people, and I never became calloused enough even to be crude to a boring fanatic. My compassion and warm hearted attitude toward human beings have never hardened nor calloused. I love people.

Speaking of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove, I have put out many circulars under the names of other people. One time I received a letter from a lady in Massachusetts, who said: "Mr. Smith, I like what you write, but I think you could improve, and I enclose herewith a circular which I think is one of the finest examples of patriotic propaganda that I have ever seen." I unfolded the circular, and lo, and behold, it was one that I had written under another name.

EPISODE 46

OUT-HOLLYWOODING HOLLYWOOD IN HOLLYWOOD

Beginning of 1946, I began to spend about half of my time on the West Coast and half of my time in the Midwest. In this way I was able to spread myself across the entire Nation in my lengthy tours and still be reasonably close to a headquarters base. During these years I lived half the time in Hollywood, and half the time in Tulsa, Oklahoma, until I shifted my homestead base from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Eureka Springs, Arkansas; the location of the sacred projects which have been developed by our family and are now the most visited Christian shrines in the world. (See elsewhere in this book a complete outline of the development of these projects.)

I was in the midst of a campaign to expose the infiltration of Communism into the Hollywood film colony. I was so controversial that I did not dare announce in advance a meeting or a meeting place, because the Jews in the film colony and the Jews in general and the Communists and the revolutionists were able to organize mobs against me.

One of the most sophisticated theatres in Hollywood at that time (since torn down and replaced by a bank building) was known as the El Patio Theatre. We were living on a mountain slope above Hollywood Boulevard, and I asked my secretary, Miss Legant, and Mrs. Smith to go down to the El Patio Theatre, saying that I wanted to rent it for a certain night in another name. As the women got out of the car to go in, they turned back to me and said: "What name should we use?" From off the cuff, I said use the name "Cinema Educational Guild." At that time a prominent scenario writer had come into my confidence, and he had turned over to me a quantity of inside information, giving me the names of numerous prominent figures in the film colony who were a part of the Communist apparatus either by stupidity or cupidity.

I then began to lay the groundwork for what was perhaps one of the most dramatic and subtle projects ever attempted in Hollywood, California. I was introduced to a young actor, who was willing to appear at a meeting with a mask, which would hide his identity, and then name these left wing personalities, tell about their meetings, and pinpoint their association with Moscow and Moscovites.

I then began to advertise by direct mail that on a certain night, Mr. X would appear at the El Patio Theatre. Of course, my name was not connected with it at all. I used other names, and the community didn't know that I was associated with the enterprise.

In order to cover the identity of Mr. X, I didn't permit anyone on my staff except three or four of my closest intimates to know who Mr. X was.

The night of the meeting we located Mr. X in the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, and I sent six bodyguards to watch over him, but not one bodyguard knew who he was. He kept his mask on all the time. They led him down the elevator, put him into a limousine and drove him to the El Patio Theatre. By the time they got there the place was so jammed that there were as many people outside the theatre as there were inside the theatre. Mr. X and his six bodyguards walked to the platform and he began to speak. The revelations were sensational. People were named who had been in Communist meetings and who had sent telegrams to Joe Stalin who didn't realize that anyone else knew it. It so upset the town that it became a factor in stimulating a complete investigation of treason inside the film colony on the part of a Congressional Committee.

After Mr. X had finished his address, he said: "We have in this audience a man who perhaps has done more to expose Communism in Hollywood than any other living American, and his name is Gerald L. K. Smith." Did this give the audience a shock!! At that time one of the leading film gossip commentators on the radio was a man by the name of Jimmie Fidler, who by this time had sent in a request to permit the outside audience to come in after the inside audience had heard the program, and repeat the program, but that was denied. Mr. X invited me to come to the platform. I did so and was greeted with tumultuous applause.

During my remarks I said that I did not want to specialize on Hollywood, that I was not in the film industry, but that there was a man in the film industry who was willing to set up an organization to be known as the "Cinema Educational Guild." He did, and for years he sent out constructive information concerning the infiltration of the film colony. Later he phased off into certain eccentricities which need not be discussed here, but for a period of time he and his Guild accomplished a great good.

The result of this meeting was to change ridicule into apprehension, and the word went through Hollwood that Gerald L. K. Smith had enough secret influence inside the Congress of the United States to get anybody investigated that seemed to be an agent of Moscow.

Sequel: One man who spent much money trying to destroy me was the actor Charlie Chaplin. He never became a citizen of the United States. He became a debaucher of American young women, and even ridiculed and cursed the America which had made him a multi-millionaire. He represented himself as an English Jew and later confessed that that was false—that he represented himself as a Jew because he knew that was what it would take to get ahead in Hollywood. He and his coterie of traitors and semi-traitors were always ready to entertain and roll out the red carpet for agents of treason who would come to the United States from Moscow and elsewhere.

Then came the much publicized Congressional investigation, and there were ten scenario writers and Hollywood personalities who held themselves in contempt of the Committee. They were cited for contempt and sentenced to prison. They were called the "Hollywood Ten." Their chief defender was Charlie Chaplin. He gave thousands of dollars, and raised thousands of dollars for legal services necessary to defend these who had held themselves in contempt of Congress. They made no attempt to deny the fact that they had been writing and acting in such a way as to propagandize people in favor of Communism. The interesting fact is that Charlie Chaplin called a meeting of his left wing Hollywood friends for the expressed purpose of raising money to defend those indicted and eventually convicted left wingers. The meeting was held in the El Patio Theatre, the same theatre where we had arranged for Mr. X to deliver his sensational and historic address.

EPISODE 47

HARRY BRIDGES VERSUS GERALD SMITH

The Harry Bridges, the labor leader, who was for years considered a part of the revolutionary complex developed by the Communists, was one of my worst enemies. He was head of the Longshoremen's Union and he ruled San Francisco about as Al Capone at one time ruled Chicago. Public officials were afraid of him, school board members were afraid of him, and the public in general was afraid of him. He was violent, threatening, and ruthless.

I rented a high school auditorium in San Francisco and announced that I would hold a meeting in this auditorium. Harry Bridges threatened the school board and the city and said that if I were allowed to speak he would call a general strike and close up the whole harbor. The school board was so intimidated that they cancelled my contract. Under the laws of the State of California, I could not be denied the use of a school building, because in the earlier days the Communists, who wanted to use the school buildings for their propaganda, succeeded in getting a law passed that would make it impossible to deny anyone the use of a school building. Then through the years, I found that no matter how the law reads they usually change the rules when it involves Gerald L. K. Smith, because the one thing they can't stand is someone who exposes the tyranny of the "original Jew." That is the one forbidden subject. The one unwritten law is: "Never criticize the Jew, or you will be mugged, morgued and indexed as a bigot, an anti-Semite and as a social outcast."

We went into court, and were still denied the use of the school building. We appealed it to the Supreme Court and received a mandamus order instructing the school board to enforce the law.

Before the court action we had appeared before the school board, and they had voted against our right to use the school building and they refused to withdraw their cancellation. I was followed out into the hallway by the President of the school board who said to me: "Mr. Smith, you are right, the law is with you, but we are afraid of Harry Bridges."

After we had run the thing through the courts, the meeting was highly publicized, not by anything we did, but by the newspaper stories; and when I arose to speak in the high school auditorium in San Francisco, the place was packed, and there were hundreds, if not thousands outdoors. We had been given police guard at the hotel and all kinds of police escorts to the meeting place, and when we got to the high school it was loaded with police. They screened the audience by admitting only people with complimentary tickets to keep our revolutionary enemies from packing the school house in advance. The meeting was a grand and glorious success. We returned to the hotel with a heavy police escort and decided to stay over another day.

Being art collectors and lovers of antique beauty, we decided to go and visit some of the art shops. There are some beautiful art shops in San Francisco. We were looking over objects in one shop when the shopkeeper said: "Are you enjoying your visit to San Francisco?" She, of course, thought we were just another pair of good-natured tourists visiting the Bay City. We answered by saying, "Yes, we are having a pleasant time." Then she came back and looked us both in the face and said: "I can just look at you two nice people and know that you don't have a care in the world." Little did she realize that just the day before one of the most vicious gangs of labor union criminals had tried their best to either kill me or do me great physical injury."

EPISODE 48

RIGGED BIGOTRY

This is the story of one of the most vicious attempts to destroy patriots ever made, by what I call the treason machine, made up of the television and radio networks.

Readers will remember the day when people were answering on television what was known as the "$64,000 Question." It later developed that some of the contestants were rigged and were winning dishonestly and were dividing money with those who helped to rig the answers. It was one of the most flagrant pieces of public deception ever to be attempted on the television audiences of America. The only thing that has surpassed it is the so-called Watergate Committee, headed by a mouthy demagogue associated with a committee of weaklings willing to prostitute every Constitutional liberty guaranteed to us to flatter the networks and the enemies of the President. They were willing to do anything to destroy President Nixon. No one has been more severly critical of Mr. Nixon than I have, but I have refused to join that strange fraternity of even so-called right wingers who would rather hate Mr. Nixon than to love America. When I was faced with a situation in 1972 where I had to choose between President Nixon and George McGovern, I had to choose between the great self-respecting body of American citizens and a group of perverts, lesbians, women-Lib fakers, demagogues and downright traitors who kidnapped the Democratic Party, I had no difficulty in making a choice.

One day I received a long distance telephone call from a Midwestern city. My caller was the head of an intense patriotic group committed to ideals similar to mine, with some eccentric sidelines. He said: "Mr. Smith, we have just had an unusual experience. We have been visited by representatives of the Columbia Television Network and they have been trying to corrupt our membership, offering them cash bonuses if they would come together for a fake meeting, and then stand up in the meeting and say extreme things like 'sterlize the Jews,' 'liquidate the blacks,' 'hang the mongrelizers,' etc. At first it looked like they wanted us to call just an ordinary meeting and express our principles, but then they began to take members of our committee aside and offer them money to say these extreme things so that they could be put on the air in connection with a documentary which was being done dealing with right wing leadership. The trick was to throw these extreme statements into the film along with the pronouncements of solid citizens like Dean Manion of Notre Dame University, General Walker, the much persecuted patriot, myself, and certain right wing leaders in the Congress of the United States."

I immediately telephoned an important friend of mine in New York, who had established one of the outstanding business organizations in the nation. He later sold this great corporation and devoted his full time to patriotic endeavor; namely, fighting the conspiracy of Zionism. The influence of this man is subtle and unique. He immediately went to the headquarters of the Columbia Network and revealed to one of its officers that they had been caught in this terrible chicanery and that some of us were threatening to take this information to a special Congressional Committee, the same Committee which had investigated the rigged show "The $64,000 Question." They had already spent thousands upon thousands of dollars prowling around over the country putting this fraudulent documentary together, but it brought such a fright to the executive headquarters of the Columbia network that they abandoned its presentation.

When the objective writers of history begin to dig into the catacombs of truth concerning this generation, they will find that this period did not produce any villains which could surpass the villainy of the great television networks.

It is a matter of common knowledge that during the days of violence when blacks were threatening to burn down cities, were rioting in front of city halls and state capitols, and marching to Washington under the leadership of one of the greatest frauds of the century, Martin Luther King, that the television networks would set up false riots, and false demonstrations, and encourage weaklings to demonstrate and say radical things so that they could have a story. In most instances, these revolutionary blacks would march, yell, scream and picket as long as the television cameras were around, and when the television cameras left, they would sit on the sidewalk or go home.

Through the years I have gotten the impression, and I believe my impression is logical, that these networks specialized in creating trouble, exaggerating trouble, and in emphasizing the negative concerning the affairs of government, our social structure, our economy and our military. All through the Vietnam War they couldn't have been any more on the side of the enemy than if their comment had been edited in Hanoi or Moscow or Peking.

EPISODE 49

MRS. SMITH SHOCKS ME

People who have known Mrs. Smith, who at this writing has been my sweet and beautiful companion for 52 years, know her as a refined lady in every sense. She is cultured, intelligent, beautiful, modest, faithful and righteous.

We scheduled a meeting in Sacramento, California. I was to speak in the Little Theatre. The place was surrounded by pickets and packed with friends. These were the days of risk and violence when there was somebody at every meeting, in small or large numbers, who actually wanted to murder me. A rather realistic masculine friend of mine had said to Mrs. Smith one day: "If someone were to attack you, do you have any protection? She answered by saying, "No." He put into her hand what the man of the street calls a "slapper," a leather covered, flat, hard piece of metal. You could almost knock a man out by tapping him on the head with it. I didn't realize that Mrs. Smith had this. I was in the midst of my speech in the Little Theatre, and every time I would start out on a new paragraph, a Jewish woman standing at the entrance would scream, yell, annoy and heckle. After she had done this about six times, evidently Mrs. Smith couldn't take it any longer. She walked down off the platform, went to the door and threatened this woman with her slapper, so much so she was able to run off the lot.

I have never been so shocked in my life. I never dreamed that Mrs. Smith would do such a thing, and, strange enough, she has never done it since.

This is a good place for me to say that next to my Christian faith and the deep convictions of my soul, the most important factor in my life has been the faithful, loyal, intelligent, valuable support of my wife, Elna. That is why when we decided to use our inheritances to memorialize our faith in Jesus Christ in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, that I suggested that we name the organization The Elna M. Smith Foundation, to immortalize the name of this beautiful person.

EPISODE 50

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR A HECKLER

It was in the days of Huey Long, and it is difficult for the reader to realize how tense the spirit was in Louisiana in those days. Huey Long was the most outstanding political enemy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was generally believed by many that Mr. Roosevelt either precipitated his assassination, or consented to it, and at least rejoiced over it. Every big meeting had in it bad blood. It had in it the wild enthusiastic followers of Senator Long and myself, and it had in it an element of murderous hate.

I was speaking in a little village along the Mississippi River (population approximately 2,000). It appeared that the whole village had come out to hear me speak. At least, the crowd was larger and enthusiastic, because the overwhelming population was for Huey Long. He was fought by the paid agents of feudalism and a handful of self-righteous stuffed shirts who couldn't realize what it would take to defeat the feudal tyrants who had ruled the people of Louisiana since the Louisiana Purchase.

I started to speak and a heckler approached the platform. Every time I spoke he yelled a profane ridicule. I was strong in muscle and nerve. I didn't know what fear was. In fact, I never have known what fear was. The man drew closer and closer and walked right into my trap. I reached out and grabbed him by the nape of the neck and put my hand inside the collar and twisted it and held him. Every time I gestured and made a point I'd shake him. This drove the audience wild with enthusiasm and only served to illustrate some of the practical methods we had to use to prevent hecklers from breaking up our meetings.

In some of Huey Long's meetings he used enclosed pick-up trucks with back doors which could be closed and locked, and when people became impossible and insisted on breaking up the neeting with noise and heckling, strong men would just pick these fellows up and throw them into the truck and lock the door until the meeting was over.

We need a little of that masculinity today in America! A little handful of ten to a hundred hecklers can get all the publicity and get all the play on television and discount and underrate the meaning of a great meeting attended perhaps by anywhere from 5,000 to 50,000 sympathetic people. I am sure the reader has observed that down through the years the treason machine, which is my name for the television and radio networks, always plays up this little handful of troublemakers. They never play up the words of the speaker if the speaker happens to be a right winger, or a traditional patriot. Of course, if he is a traitor and wants to overthrow the government and mongrelize the race, then he gets a big play on the treason machine.

About the same time I was scheduled to speak in a park under the auspices of the American Legion on the Fourth of July. The same handful of violent killers, fist-wielding enemies were in this meeting, although the overwhelming percentage of the people were on my side. We just started to speak when two big husky pugs, hired either to kill me or do me severe injury, walked down the aisle in a very threatening manner. I kept right on speaking. Two of my associates went out and met these pugs, and, believe it or not, struck them so hard that they folded up, and a group of friends of mine took them by the legs and the arms and carried them out and poured them into a car where they recovered consciousness. Believe it or not, I never stopped speaking during this dramatic event, but I'll tell you what did happen. The whole "committee" fled, and as the meeting progressed I was alone with my close friends and Mrs. Smith on the platform.

EPISODE 51

A DEAL MADE

I wish I could forget the contents of this paragraph, but I would not be honest in giving an account of my experiences if I did not tell the reader that after the death of Senator Huey P. Long it was generally understood that I would lead the nationwide movement which he and I had organized. We then had something like 500,000 addressograph plates in our campaign headquarters, and I proposed to use these names to arouse the American public against Roosevelt and his friends, who assassinated Huey Long, and mobilize the rank and file in a new political adventure designed to expose the traitors and unseat Franklin D. Roosevelt. Elsewhere in this book, I tell you about the 'Second Louisiana Purchase' when the representatives of Roosevelt came to the state of Louisiana and made gigantic financial and political commitments that caused the organization which was established on the blood of Huey Long to sell his blood to the political enemies who had killed him. Two of the men who went along with this deal was Governor Oscar Allen and Earl Christenberry. Mr. Christenberry for years was Mr. Long's executive secretary in Washington, D.C. Imagine my amazement when I went down to the headquarters to go through the 500,000 addressograph plates containing the names of our leading followers all over the United States imagine my shock when I learned that Governor Oscar Allen and Earl Chistenberry had ordered the plates dumped into the furnace and melted. This left me alone in the world, and I could well spell the word "alone" in capital letters, because the governing administration in Washington under Roosevelt, hated me enough to kill me, and the administration in Louisiana which had been built on the blood of Huey Long had sold me out, and I had no place to turn. I couldn't even notify our friends because their names and addresses had been destroyed. As I look back, I wonder how I had the faith to begin with this zero situation to build a following of hundreds and thousands, and even millions of people. God must have been my secret helper.

EPISODE 52

TALMADGE, LONG AND SMITH

Shortly after the death of Huey Long, the anti-Roosevelt elements tried to merge in the South in order to resist the tyranny of the Fascist-Communist New Deal. One of the leaders of this movement was the illustrious Governor of Georgia, Gene Talmadge, a man of color, character and courage. The combination of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt covered a wide area. Some of the people were against Roosevelt because he had done too much for the people theoretically, and some, like Huey Long, were against him because he had 'pretended' to help the people, but had served hypocritically and had not done basically enough. This meant that in this movement were a wide variety of liberals, moderates, progressives and reactionaries.

Huey Long had advocated the fact that there was enough liberty in the Constitution of the United States to serve the American people the best without embracing any foreign ideologies, or any brain trust theories. He was willing to have our people live in the tradition of

Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln and the rest. His theory of "Share the Wealth" was misrepresented by his enemies. He was referring to the great wealth that was in the ground in Louisiana and elsewhere, which was being exhausted, taken out and leaving nothing on top the ground for show for its previous existence. Forests were denuded, mines were stripped, gas and oil wells were emptied, and it shared no wealth with the people on top of the ground who were still left in ignorance and in helpless despair.

A meeting was called in Macon, Georgia, to be addressed by the representatives of the leading anti-Roosevelt following. I was chosen as a speaker because I was to represent the Huey Long following, not only in the South, but in the United States. Before his death, I was in the business of travelling all over America, laying the groundwork to make him the President of the United States; and as alluded to elsewhere, the most brilliant politician of the generation, Jim Farley, in his Memoirs said (although he was Roosevelt's mentor): "If Huey Long had not been assassinated, he would have been elected President of the United States in 1936."

The day of the meeting approached, and as usual, I was surrounded by a great coterie of strong, intelligent, active and dedicated young men who were not afraid of anything. The main session of the meeting was being broadcast over a nationwide network. (There was no television then.) As the program progressed, the word got out that enemies of mine within the network, as well as the reactionary clique, were determined that I should not be allowed to speak until the radio time had run out, so that I would not be heard by a nation-wide audience, but I would only be heard by the local audience in the auditorium.

The little timid chairman, either by corruption or intimidation had yielded to this pressure and was a part of the plot, and the plot leaked into the ears of one of my most fearless and brilliant helpers. During the program while we were still on the air, my friend walked over to the chairman and said: "If you don't introduce Gerald L. K. Smith during the nation-wide radio broadcast, these men who are sitting with me, together with myself, will push you into the orchestra pit." This turned the trick, and I was introduced in time to be heard by a nation-wide audience.

Sequel: I had many experiences in Georgia. I spoke in over a hundred places. I was rioted, mobbed and rotten-egged, but still greeted with great enthusiastic audiences. When eggs are thrown at a speaker, they are usually thrown by someone who has been paid to do it, and no matter how convincing a speaker might be to the audience, they still have to throw the eggs in order to get the money.

EPISODE 53

WESTBROOK PEGLER

Until shortly before his death, Westbrood Pegler was one of the three highest paid syndicated columnists in the United States of America. He was followed by the most responsible citizens in the Nation who were opposed to Communism, New Dealism Socialism and political demagoguery. He dipped his pen in 'carbolic acid,' and he was ruthless with his enemies.

In the early days Mr. Pegler supported Mr. Roosevelt and hated Senator Huey P. Long. He did not hesitate to excoriate Mr. Long with a vocabulary that only he knew how to exercise. This created a feud between Mr. Pegler and Mr. Long even though later Mr. Pegler repented and became one of my best personal friends.

During the days of the feud, the State University of Louisiana was scheduled to play the University of Tennessee. Tennessee was losing all of its games and anticipated a very small crowd, which would keep their budget in the red. A spokesman for the University (it may have been the President) called Mr. Long and said: "If you will attend the game personally on the day it is scheduled, people will fill the stadium just to see you, and that will help us to balance our budget even though we know our team will lose, but otherwise we will have practically no attendance."

Mr. Long laid down an ultimatium. He said: "Your daily newspaper carries a column by a man who does nothing but excoriate me. His name is Westbrook Pegler. If you can persuade the editor to drop his column from his paper I'll come to Tennessee and help to pull you out of the hole."

They agreed to the ultimatum and Mr. Long attended the game. The stadium was filled, because at that time he was the most interesting public figure in America. Not only did he attend football games, but he was a scientific student of the game and frequently the coach of the University of Louisiana would come off the field and up to the place where Mr. Long was seated and consult with him concerning certain plays and strategies, and his advice was usually very practical.

Time passed, and it dawned on Mr. Pegler that he had been supporting the wrong people. Some years before he died, he said to a mutual friend of mine: "The greatest mistake I made was not to embrace Gerald L. K. Smith twenty-five years ago."

He and Mrs. Pegler visited with Mrs. Smith and myself in Los Angeles, and we visited them in their place of retirement in Tucson, Arizona. One time I arranged for him to speak in the Hollywood Woman's Club, and it created quite a sensation among the news media and others when they found out that Mr. Pegler was not ashamed to profess his personal friendship and admiration for me in public.

Mr. Pegler put his life on the line when he wrote a column exposing the tyranny and the chicanery of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League. This put him on the liquidation list, and it wasn't too long before he was removed from all the big newspapers who had been receiving his column. He was the victim of the tyranny of the Jew.

EPISODE 54

BIG TENT FIRE

One day when I had occasion to be in St. Louis, Missouri, I was called on by two preachers, one from Denver, Colorado, and the other from Kansas City. The Kansas City preacher, whose name I have forgotten, informed me that he was presiding over a big religious gathering in the park in Kansas City. It was not a revival meeting. It was one of those beautiful summer gatherings where people come from far and near to sit under a big tent in a park and enjoy lectures, sermons and music. I was urged to come to make the principal address at one of these gatherings in the Kansas City Park. I asked the preacher if he realized how controversial I was and that terrific forces would likely be mobilized against me in an attempt to either cancel the engagement or break up the meeting. He and his preacher friend from Denver insisted that they were not afraid of anything and would not take no for an answer. I agreed to appear.

The day of the meeting came. We arrived in Kansas City and I registered at the historic Muehlbach Hotel. A man of substance and prominence met us there and made himself and his car available to us. He was a high-toned man, beautifully dressed, and drove a beautiful Cadillac car. The reader will forgive me if I depart from the theme long enough to recite a very memorable incident. We went into the grill to have some food as the guests of our host. He was wearing a beautiful white silk suit. It was the kind of suit that men like to wear in hot weather, but it was a thin suit — it was a very expensive suit. We placed our order and we hadn't any more than been seated at the table when the waitress came and in passing him tipped over a dish with a substantial quantity of red spaghetti dressing. It ran from his shoulder, down his side, over his beautiful silk suit. Naturally, I wondered how he would react. He reacted with kindness and patience. He urged the girl not to worry, and although she felt so bad she wanted to quit and go home, he encouraged her to stay, and he told her she must forget it. It was one of the most beautiful demonstrations of compassionate patience under a trying circumstances that I have ever seen.

We then went out to the big tent, and the place was packed, but it was surrounded by pickets who were hooting and cat-calling and muttering profane words against me. We drove past the tent, because it was not safe for me to get out and just walk in. They sent word into the committee, and they came down with about 15 strong looking men and met us at a filling station and walked with us up to the tent. When I arose to speak the hecklers on the outside began to scream and yell, but they were silenced by some pretty strong men who had charge of the meeting. After I had spoken a few minutes, one of the most sensational things ever to happen occured in this meeting. One of these hecklers had made a fire bomb and had thrown it up on top of the tent, and the tent caught fire! The men in charge immediately began to climb the tent pole with extinguishers, and, believe it or not, I was able to hold the audience from moving until the men had climbed the poles and extinguished the blaze. Some of the news observers were kind enough to say that it was the most sensational psychological control of an audience that they had ever witnessed, because under normal circumstances the audience would have panicked and run out. They remained and I finished my address to an audience which must have numbered between 1500 and 2500.

One of the heckling villains rushed down the aisle in an attempt to molest me, but was stopped by an usher who unfortunately was so overwhelmed that he took out his pocket knife and punched a hole in the heckler's stomach. He was taken to prison, and some of us had to bail him out, and he was subjected to a reasonable sentence which did not include imprisonment. There was not much sympathy among the witnesses for people who were trying to burn down a tent with hundreds of people under it.

EPISODE 55

EGGS IN VILLA RICA

I was in the midst of a speaking campaign in the State of Georgia during the lifetime of Huey Long. I spoke over a hundred times in Georgia, which meant that I would speak six to twelve times a day, beginning at milk-stands at 7 o'clock in the morning. I came in to a little village called Villa Rica which at that time was a mill town and perhaps still is. It was my custom to jump out of the car and run up and down the street and invite people to come to a meeting, even though it had been advertised in advance by circulars.

A few days earlier a young man had called on me at the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, and in wide-eyed integrity, he said: "Mr. Smith, I'd like to go with you some time." I said: "Be here at 5 a.m. tomorrow, and you can go with me."

He took me up on it and met me for a 5 o'clock breakfast all dressed up with dignity and neatness.

When we arrived at Villa Rica and I began to run around telling people about the meeting, I came to a house where a tall thin man, covered with cotton mill lint, was sitting on the porch. He said to me: "Are you the man who is going to speak?" And I said: "Yes." He said: "I guess you know what they are going to do to you." I said: "What are they going to do to me?" He replied: "They're going to egg you."

"Well, I said, "we'll deal with that when the time comes."

I went back to the main street of the little town and instructed the man operating the sound truck to put the microphone in front of the nicest building so that if they did throw eggs at me and miss me, the eggs would hit the building, and the owner of the store would be, in a sense, on my side. I spoke to what was a large audience for that little town, and they cheered me to the echo, and they agreed with everything that I said, because all of the common people were for Huey Long when they heard what he stood for.

After I finished, I said to myself: "There may be troublemakers here that have been hired to do me injury, so I'll just step into this restaurant for a few minutes." I took my young friend with me who had wanted to travel with me. We had a cup of coffee. After he had consumed his coffee, he said to me: "Mr. Smith, I believe I'll go out and put out circulars." I didn't warn him, because I thought to myself, if he discovers anything he will never discover it any younger. He went out into the street and sure enough, the people who had been hired to throw eggs at us thought it was me, and they began to cover him with eggs. When they got through he looked like a gigantic 'human omelet.' It was both pitiful and amusing, because he had put on his best suit, and he was completely covered with drooling, dripping egg yolks and egg whites. They moved in next on our automobile, which was a blue-green Chevrolet, and you can imagine how eggs looked on that Chevrolet, especially when they were thrown by the hundreds. The same treatment was given to our sound truck.

The reader might wonder why this hostility. Huey Long was gaining in popularity so rapidly that he had frightened the Roosevelt machine, and the Roosevelt Democrats who feared the rise of Huey Long's influence and power were determined to shut us off wherever they could. They could hire people to throw eggs at us and heckle us, but they couldn't hire the public to be against us. The crowds I addressed were invariably for us after I had spoken and told them what we stood for.

Sequel No. 1: In Darlington, South Carolina, I spoke on the Court House Square, standing on top of the sound truck! The people were listening with cheering appreciation when suddenly I felt something strike my foot. I looked down and it was an egg. I didn't say anything about it, and pretty soon another egg whizzed by my face, missing me, and striking the local police officer in the center of his chest. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was wearing his best uniform. This really angered him, and soon he and the agencies of law enforcement were on my side. I finished my speech, took the names and addresses of those who wanted literature, and as we drove out of town I looked up the street and this police officer was still chasing that egg thrower.

Sequel No. 2: In McRae, Georgia, I was scheduled to speak on Main Street, but the man who owned the undertaking parlor and the ambulance was against me. He drove his ambulance up beside our sound truck, and every time I opened my mouth he stepped on the siren. Naturally, I could not be heard. The people were very upset. One man, a great admirer of Huey Long, who had come in several miles to hear the speech, was so upset that he almost went into hysterics. He jumped up and down and screamed and yelled and threatened to do physical harm to the man who owned the ambulance.

I have never been one for revenge. I believe the Bible where it says: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." But some of the young men who were associated with me would not embrace that philosophy, and for months thereafter they would stop at the edge of McRae, Georgia, and put in false alarms, and they ran that ambulance man ragged, calling in false alarms on the highways surrounding the little town. I would never advise this sort of thing. For one who has been abused, persecuted and subjected to character assassination in his public career, I have never wasted one minute, or one moment, or one nickel on revenge. I am a great believer in that Bible verse: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

We left Villa Rica with our egg-covered automobile and our egg-covered sound truck, and my new friend who looked like a human omelet. We went down to a brook, washed off the car and the sound truck, but when we reached the next village my new friend who by this time had lost his nerve said: "I believe, Mr. Smith, I'll go back to Atlanta."

This young man who thought crusading for the truth was an entertaining adventure soon discovered that if you stand for truth which is dangerous enough to the enemy, you must be willing to pay with your life. There hasn't been a time in my public career when I would not have traded my life for death rather than to compromise high principles.

EPISODE 56

CURSED BY THE RECTOR

I was scheduled to speak in Baltimore, Maryland, at one of the important auditoriums. The most outstanding Episcopal Rector of that area, whose name I will not use in consideration of his family, issued a vicious statement against me before I arrived. He drew on the libel and the mindwashing misrepresentations which had been given to him by the corrupt press and the Jewish propaganda machine. The auditorium was packed, and I was received with great enthusiasm. After the meeting a young man about 20 years of age came down and shook hands with me and said: "Mr. Smith, my father doesn't like you, but I like you." It turned out that he was the son of the Rector. I later discovered that the family was very wealthy and tied in with some of the big corporations of New York City. I thanked the young man for his congratulations and his proffered support, and went on to other matters. The experience left my mind until one day I was walking through the lobby of the Congressional Hotel in Washington, D.C., when I was approached by a young man several years older than the last time I had met him. He refreshed my memory, and it turned out that he was the Rector's son. He greeted me enthusiastically and said: "Mr. Smith, I still agree with you, and I congratulate you on the hard fight which you have put up against the enemies of our faith, our race, and our way of life. I would like to support you, but if I support you, our family would be subjected to great persecution and abuse." I responded by saying: "You are an intelligent man. You have graduated from several universities. You studied in Europe. You are deep in your study of the nuclear sciences. Why don't you do some research for me? Why don't you go into the libraries and come out with the historic truth necessary to establish my position in this campaign to preserve Christian civilization?"

He gave me, what I thought was an indifferent agreement. But some years later I was to be greatly surprised. He contacted me and said: "Mr. Smith, I took your advice. I have established research headquarters in England, Europe, New York and Washington, D.C., and I have established myself in a suite of rooms in a Washington hotel. I have gone into the libraries of the world and have come up with photostatic copies which have cost me something over $400,000.00, and I am prepared to make microfilms of these documents for your library." I was shocked, amazed and inspired, and today I have over 12,000 microfilms supporting by historical record the fundamental value of the theme of my life.

EPISODE 57

'ASCIFIDITY' (FIDDY FOR SHORT)

As we toured the country, we knew that we could be arrested at any moment by some trumped-up charge and cited by some corrupt judge and denied bond or bail. When the Jews and Communists in general mobbed us in Chicago, as discussed elsewhere in this book, they organized a boycott of the bondsmen, and I was unable to get a bond from a professional bondsman, the same bondsmen that bail out rapists, bandits, buglars, etc. It was a matter of rare luck that I had the confidence and friendship of the owner of a great hotel who went into the cash register of his hotel and got $2500.00 in currency which I was able to use for bond money when they tried to imprison me in Chicago.

This was an omen. It gave us a warning, so we decided to store up enough legal tender and carry it with us to meet even an extreme demand which might be made upon us by some judge, corrupted and operating under the dictates of our enemies. We rolled together and folded up in a little package $12,000.00 in cash. It couldn't be left in the car, and we couldn't carry it in a purse, so Mrs. Smith wrapped it in a little packet, attached it to a neck chain, and it hung below her neckline. For years we carried a packet of cash in that manner to meet any sort of an emergency that might arise which could not be handled without cash.

The old timers who are reading this book will remember from their childhood that mothers would make up a little packet of herbs known as "ascifidity." This little packet of "ascifidity" hung around the neck was supposed to ward off colds and contagious diseases and sickness in general, so Mrs. Smith and I named her little cash packet "ascifidity," and then referred to it as "Fiddy" for short. So when we got ready to leave a hotel room, it was a matter of habit for me to say: "How's Fiddy?" She would tap her chest and say, "O.K."

We were in Washington, D.C., and had decided to visit an art shop, because we have been collectors of art and antiques all of our married life. We took a taxicab to the place where we wanted to shop, and after we had arrived in the shop I turned to Mrs. Smith and said: "How's Fiddy?" Lo, and behold, she had forgotten to attach it, and she gave me the alarming report, which also alarmed her, and said: "I left it on the bed."

We had horrible pictures of that little packet being gone when we returned, but no one had been in the room, not even the maid, and the little packet was still there and we breathed a sigh of relief. It was several years before we felt safe to travel in America without "Fiddy."

EPISODE 58

SENATOR'S WIDOW RECEIVES US

U. S. Senator Ernest Lundeen of Minnesota was a member of the United States Senate in the early 40's when the warmongers were organizing their big campaign to get us into a war that we didn't want, World War II. Those of us who were opposed to it were not pro-Nazi or pro-Russian. We believed that the two great powers should be pitted against each other—that we should not make of Russia a powerful Frankenstein as we did. She is still a Frankenstein. For this we were cursed, smeared and branded with all sort of epithetic terms beyond anything that this generation can imagine. One of the leaders in the campaign to avoid the war was Senator Lundeen. He was married to a beautiful woman—in fact, an eloquent and personable individual, respected and honored by everyone she knew in Washington, D.C. When high-toned teas were given and receptions were organized, Mrs. Lundeen was frequently chosen as the hostess because of her beautiful personality and her gracious manner and her handsome appearance.

One day Senator Lundeen was returning to Washington in an airplane. The plane blew up and he was killed. There are still many people who believe he was murdered, but that is a subject in itself.

Time passed, and the campaign was on to bring us into the war, and we were part of the America First Committee and other anti-war committees were holding meetings and enjoying a popular response. I was scheduled to speak in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in the public auditorium, which was the most sophisiticated place that a public figure could speak; but when it was announced that I was proposing to speak under the auspices of the committee, headed by Mrs. Lundeen, the widow of the great Senator, the Jews and the other warmongers began to put up a howl. They insisted on a hearing before the City Council. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Lundeen and I, together with a committee, appeared before the City Council to defend our right of free speech in a place paid for by the taxpayers. The City Council was a big one, with something like 41 members. Our enemies brought in an array of witnesses who were scrubby, vicious and vile. I wish I had taken a photograph of those witnesses so that I could refer to my file and remind myself of the vicious opposition which was given to me on that occasion. Mrs. Lundeen spoke, and I spoke, and the Council voted 20 to 21 to permit us to use the auditorium. But just as they were about to adjourn someone spoke up and said: "There is another witness who would like to speak in opposition to Mr. Smith." The chairman said: "Who is it?" A member of the Council said: "It is Professor Humphrey." At that time Hubert Humphrey was a professor in a little local college. Down the aisle came young

Professor Humphrey. He addressed the Council and used the libel and misrepresentations which had been used against me everywhere. The Council still voted 21 to 20 to give me the auditorium. The Council was about to adjourn when a big rotund, blubbery looking Jew, who might have walked out of a junk yard, walked down the aisle, walked up on the platform, whispered into the ear of a member of the City Council, and that member of the City Council held up his hand and said to the Chairman: "I would like to change my vote," and when he changed his vote, it was 21 to 20 against my right to speak in the municipal auditorium.

Later I returned and attempted to speak in a hotel ballroom. My experience there with a radical mob, encouraged by the man who was then the Mayor of Minneapolis, Mr. Humphrey, is a matter of detail taken up in another part of this book.

Sequel: Because of Mr. Humphrey's "courageous" attack on Gerald L. K. Smith on this occasion, he became the darling of the Minneapolis Jews. They have been financing him ever since. They made him the Mayor, and then put him in the United States Senate, and he was their puppet till the very end.

EPISODE 59

ACCUSED OF KIDNAPPING

It is difficult for the younger generation, or people who are not familiar with the battle of my life, to realize the desperate things which were done to prevent me from being heard and to discredit my proclamations. The reason that the enemy was so desperate in attempting to deny me a forum by keeping me off of radio and television was because, and this sounds like a boast, but it is the truth, no person has ever heard me address an audience that I did not capture. A man doesn't have to be too intelligent to prove that four times four is sixteen, or that ten times ten is one hundred. The truth that is on my side is so simple and so convincing that no honest man can disagree with me logically. It has to be through prejudice, or through misrepresentation, or denying me the right to be heard.

In the early days in Los Angeles, the Jew-owned film industry mobilized everything they had against me. They coerced the owners of meeting halls. They coerced the radio. They coerced my friends. I even had to have my circulars printed on the sly, because they would threaten and coerce any printer that I might engage.

A news bulletin which specialized in news of the film colony was put out by a ruthless editor, and one day in his bulletin, believe it or not, appeared this headline: "Gerald L. K. Smith Threatens to Kidnap My Baby." The story went on to say that two men had rolled up beside him in a car, jumped out, ran up to him and said: "If you know what is good for you, you will let Gerald L. K. Smith alone. We work for Gerald L. K. Smith and unless you stop, something might happen to your baby."

Can you imagine such a lie! Can you imagine such a fabrication!

I immediately called the Police Department of Los Angeles and showed them the story, and I told them that I had been planning to leave Los Angeles in a couple of days, but if I did it might create the impression that I was fleeing the town because of this accusation. The police officer to whom I spoke was head of the Subversive Squad, and he reassured me by saying: "Mr. Smith, this man is one of the most ruthless professional liars in town. We take nothing seriously that he says. You have nothing to fear. Come and go as you will."

EPISODE 60

LOWELL THOMAS INVITES ME

While President of the Advertising Club of New York, with headquarters on Park Avenue, Lowell Thomas invited me to come from Detroit, where I lived at that time, and deliver the principal address to their annual meeting. In announcing my coming, Mr. Thomas wrote in his bulletin: "Gerald L. K. Smith is the most eloquent and courageous orator in America." This was before my enemies had completely purged my right to be associated with prominent and conventional organizations. I spoke for Mr. Thomas, whose Club membership probably buys two-thirds of the Nation's advertising. I was warmly received and enthusiastically applauded. At that time, Mr. Thomas was the commercial voice of the Sun Oil Co., and was referred to as the "Voice of Sunoco." He came to me after the meeting and said: "Gerald, I envy you. You've had rough going and you've had some vicious enemies, but you are still Gerald Smith, but I am the voice of Sunoco."

Something very eccentric grew out of this occasion. Some months before, Mrs. Smith and I were living in a New York Hotel for a period of time in connection with my research responsibilities and public appearances in the New England area. A man called me up and said he would like to visit with me. He admired what I was doing. I was more naive then than I am now, and I said, without further inquiry: "Come by and have a cup of coffee with me." He did so. We drank coffee in the dining room, and I noticed that there was another man sitting out in the lobby waiting for him. Our conversation consisted only of a superficial discussion of the topics of the day, and issues of the day, as they related to my activities. He turned out to be an attorney. I said, "Goodbye," and dismissed his name and conference from my mind.

When I had finished making the address to the New York Advertising Club, a man walked up to me (a little Jew lawyer) and said: "I certainly enjoyed your speech Mr. Smith. Here is something I would like to have you read when you get back to your hotel." It proved to be a summons. I was being sued for $1500.00 for failure to pay a legal fee. I knew I had consulted no attorney in New York. I knew that I owed no legal fees, but it turned out that it was the man who had had coffee with me, and he had a man out in the lobby to prove that I was conferring with him as an attorney. Needless to say, I called up the attorney who processed me and gave him a piece of my mind and threatened to report him to the Bar Association, etc. That was the last I ever heard of it.

It is amazing the experiences a controversial figure in public life can have. I was speaking in Toledo, Ohio, one time, and as I came out of the auditorium a young man walked up and said: "Mr. Smith, may I take your picture?" That had been done hundreds of times, but a little later I received a bill from him with two pictures enclosed for $28.00. I refused to pay the bill and he threatened to sue me, and I paid off. That was the last time I consented to have my picture taken in a public place by a stranger without the written assurance that there would be no charge for the picture.

Sequel: One of the most exclusive dinner clubs in New York was known as the Dutch Club, and I was honored by being invited to deliver the principal address at one of its luncheons in New York City.

EPISODE 61

JOE McCARTHY RALLY IN CONSTITUTION HALL

The campaign was on to liquidate U. S. Senator Joseph McCarthy, because he had exposed the Communists who were inside the Government of the United States, including the State Department and the Army. The meat-chopping machine of character assassination, libel and smear moved in upon him. Thousands and millions of people came to his defense, and a big rally was organized in Washington, D.C., in Constitution Hall. I gave support to this rally. In fact, I was instrumental in causing many important people to give support to the rally, but I did not appear publicly because I was a smeared figure, and I felt that Senator McCarthy had enough trouble without taking on some of my burdens.

Members of my staff and Mrs. Smith and I were registered at the Mayflower Hotel. We were sitting in the living room of our suite listening to television. Drew Pearson, the muckraker and character assassin who hated Joe McCarthy with a satanic hate, came on the air. He told about the coming rally which was being organized to take place that night. He named the people who would be on the platform and who were publicized as the committee, but, said Pearson, "The man behind the scenes is now in Room 911 of the Mayflower Hotel. His name is Gerald L. K. Smith. He will not be in the meeting, but he is the man behind this demonstration."

Of course, that was an exaggeration, but Pearson would have been uncomfortable telling the complete and well-developed truth. Since he had identified our location to thousands upon thousands of people, and perhaps millions of people (I think it was a nation-wide network program), we immediately packed up and moved to another hotel. The rally was carried on and millions of people came to the defense of the fearless Senator from Wisconsin, who was later completely 'crucified' by the news media, the television networks, aided and abetted by President Eisenhower.

An Open Letter From
GERALD L. K. SMITH

DID YOU KNOW?

Dear Friend:

Only a true lover of truth will be interested in this letter. Its contents are explosive in fact, catastrophic in substance. Only the couregeous can accept the dangerous truth contained herein. Read slowly and absorb every word because this could be a turning point in your life and it could be the most important letter ever to come to you through the mails.

DID YOU KNOW that Henry Ford, the great industrialist, spent about $5 million investigating the organized activities of the International Jew and came up with the conclusion that the organized Jew is in a campaign to rule the world politically, culturally, religiously, financially and militarily?

DID YOU KNOW that Charles Lindbergh, the most herioc citizen which America has produced in this century, put his finger on Jewish manipulation and confirmed the logic of Mr. Ford?

DID YOU KNOW that Colonel John Beaty, one of the top men in Military Intelligence under Franklin D. Roosevelt, was commissioned to conduct investigations designed to imprison people like myself alert to the Jewish issue? Instead, Colonel Beaty became my convert and wrote a thick book documenting the whole thesis.

DID YOU KNOW that Senator Jack Tenney while Chairman of the Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities for the State Legislature of California (he was on this Committee for twelve years) arrived at the conclusion that Jew Zionism is a world-wide organization bent on world power and world control?

The brief paragraphs above cannot be ignored. No intelligent man can absorb their contents without deciding in his own mind that these prominent individuals as well as thousands of other individuals equally as prominent must be proved false in their conclusions or, failing to prove them false, we must take very seriously their findings. That's what I have done. I have found out that they were correct and I dare not ignore the correctness of their viewpoints.

DID YOU KNOW that regardless of any other issues that may arise in the political and social and cultural life of our nation, the real issue is the conflict between the dynamic of our civilization — Christianity — and the forces bent on the destruction of this dynamic?

DID YOU KNOW that Martin Luther, the great Christian reformer, known as the Father of Protestantism, did a deep research on the Jewish question and came up with a Handbook for his followers entitled, "The Jew and Their Lies"? This book by the founder of Protestantism and the leader of the Great Reformation establishes the fact that the same Jewish force which crucified our Lord is still determined to crucify Christianity. I am the only person in the United States of America to have reproduced Luther's Handbook.

DID YOU KNOW that 27 Popes issued special edicts warning the Christian communities of the world of the Jewish conspiracy to overthrow and undermine the Christian faith? I am the only person in America to have assembled the dates and the listings of these edicts.

DID YOU KNOW that one of the greatest research students on earth whose name cannot be used and who holds honorary degrees from seven great universities in the United States and in Europe has assembled some 14,000 photostatic copies from the Libraries of the world at a cost of at least one-half million dollars in order that the theme of my life and the theme of this letter may be confirmed with logic and evidence? I have caused it to be published into a Handbook entitled "Quotes, Quotes, Quotes" statements mostly by Jews gleaned from these thousands and thousands of photostatic copies.

DID YOU KNOW that the organized Jews of America have a secret service organization which operates somewhat like a Gestapo and is known as the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith? This organization carries on a constant campaign to prevent my being quoted in the press, to veto my right to broadcast over television and radio and to deny me meeting halls in which to address my followers. If they had their way, they would deny me the right to even write you this letter. A Handbook entitles, "The Jewish Anti-Defamation League and its Use in the World Communist Offensive" has been prepared by a former member of Military Intelligence for the Unites States Government and this Handbook is in my files and is being made available to my followers.

DID YOU KNOW that Colonel John Beaty, referred to above, top man of Military Intelligence in World War II under Roosevelt, wrote a research book entitled "Iron Curtain Over America" confirming the thesis of this letter? The book contains 267 pages and is cloth bound and the title of it is "Iron Curtain Over America." Please be reminded again that Colonel Beaty was commissioned to gather the evidence necessary to put me in the Federal penitentiary but wound up as my disciple and vowed to write this book when he returned to Southern Methodist University after the war, to resume his duties as Dean of the English Department.

DID YOU KNOW that organized Jewry boasted (after he was dead) that the purging of Senator Joseph McCarthy was the result of their highly organized efforts?

DID YOU KNOW that General Douglas MacArthur was the victim of Jewish opposition? The largest Jewish journals in America branded General MacArthur as an American Hitler and then proceeded to smear him and undermine his reputation. He came to Los Angeles to celebrate his birthday and delivered a great address extolling the political doctrine of Christian Nationalism. In a similar address in Houston, Texas he glorified the Cross and the Flag as the two most dynamic and significant symbols.

DID YOU KNOW that the form of government in the United States has been converted from a Constitutional Republic to an Elective Monarchy? The most sober-minded and conservative journalists in Europe are now referring to the American form of government as a Monarchy on the theory that the President of the United States has seized the Treasury and has now corrupted the states, the counties, the cities, the Congress, the schools, the hospitals, and the colleges. These institutions all pant for money and know that if they disobey the President they will lose it. I have just produced what could turn out to be one of the most sensational manuscripts ever to come off the press entitled: "A Constitutional Republic Becomes a Dictatorship." This manuscript could cost me my liberty. It could put me behind bars. But, it is *the* truth.

DID YOU KNOW that Scotland Yard made a thorough survey of the rise of Bolshevism and Communism and made an official report? It was so sensational that it was buried and no one was permitted to see it outside an inner circle. A copy was buried in the Archives in Washington and it was identified as classified material, making it a criminal offense to publish it. Thanks to the constructive infiltration of an American patriot, the document was lifted out of the classified file and declassified legally. The substance of this report is summarized by the following sentence. "There is now definite evidence that Bolshevism is an international movement controlled by Jews." We have reproduced this report, including the reproduction of the Government seal and the reproduction of the signature of the Keeper of the Archives.

DID YOU KNOW that American Military Intelligence made a complete investigation of the rise of world Communism beginning with the Russian Revolution? This report was buried in the Archives and no one was permitted to see it until very recently when it was transferred from the classified file to the unclassified file. This report reveals that of something like 325 commissars, nearly 300 of them were Jews and approximately 260 of these who journeyed to Russia to become commissars came from the United States; most of them came from the Lower East side of New York City. Unbelievable, isn't it? Well, I have a photostatic copy of that American Intelligence report which I have reproduced.

DID YOU KNOW that in the beginning days of this Crusade, two of my heaviest contributors were Henry Ford, Sr. and one of the substantial gifts came from Colonel Charles Lindbergh, the American hero? These and other men of character and substance were anxious to see this truth go out across the face of the earth. As referred to above, Mr. Ford spent some $5 million on research and assembled a report entitled "The International Jew". The Jews advertised to the world that Mr. Ford apologized for this report, but the apology was later revealed as a hoax when an important individual in Mr. Ford's circle confessed that he collaborated with Jewish authorities in New York and had forged Mr. Ford's signature to the so-called apology. I have reproduced this report which Mr. Ford assembled and it documents the theme of this letter. It is one of the most sensational revelations ever to fall into the hands of men who *really* love truth.

DID YOU KNOW that organized Jewry has set out to make it a criminal offense to glorify the name of Christ in our American institutions? When our pro-Communist Supreme Court ruled that devotions in schoolhouses were unlawful the Jews confessed that 66 of their organizations furnished the money and paid the lawyers necessary to bring about the Christ-hating edict. Recently a diagnosis of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States was made by U. S. Senator Eastland, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate. This chart reveals that the Supreme Court has decided favorable to Communism 77% of the time. This chart has been reproduced.

DID YOU KNOW that the so-called riots in Los Angeles were organized guerrilla riots — organized in the pattern of Viet Nam and other areas where ruthless half-savages are being taught to terrorize white people and destroy property and burn cities? One of the most publicized leaders of the Black revolution recently said: "The great cities of America must burn". I have made a survey of this Los Angeles riot and reproduced it and it is available. It contains 53 observations shocking and unbelieveable and documented.

DID YOU KNOW that under the leadership of certain Jews the slums of our great cities are being organized into revolutionary mechanisms? And did you know that the Communists have already made a map of what they consider will be the area to be carved out of the United States territory to become a 'Black Republic'? This map is in the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Before it was put into the files, I made a photostatic copy and the photostatic copy of this Black Republic map is available.

DID YOU KNOW that an organization has been formed known as the Christian Nationist Crusade committed to the preservation of our Constitutional Republic, the liberty of our Christian faith, racial self-respect, individual and political sovereignty? This Crusade exerts an influence beyond the understanding of the average observer. It is reported that this Crusade has influenced the formation of and the expansion of nearly 2,000 right wing movements in the U.S.A. and in the world. This has been done because people on the order of those who receive this letter have donated money with which to enlighten and inspire and mobilize men and women of character and self-respect.

DID YOU KNOW that The Cross and The Flag is the official organ of the Christian Nationist Crusade, which is a National Political Committee, maintaining regular contacts with the Members of the Congress of the United States and one of the two most important factors in the campaign to prevent the diplomatic recognition of Red China in the United Nations and in the United States?

DID YOU KNOW that Lyndon B. Johnson when persuading Arthur Goldberg to surrender his seat in the Supreme Court to Abe Fortas—did you know that Johnson said to Goldberg: "You can be my Vice-President candidate in 1968, thus putting you in line to be the first Jewish President of the United States in 1972?" I have documented this fact and reproduced it.

DID YOU KNOW it is alleged that the most powerful Jews in the world assembled in a secret meeting about 65 years ago and madeup the blueprint for their campaign for world power? This secret plan was spirited out of the meetings by an enterprising investigator and reproduced. It first appeared in the Western world in the London Museum and was translated by an enterprising contributing editor for the London Post, Victor Marsden. The title of the report is "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." The Jews and others have branded this as a forgery, but men of great character and competence insist that it is not a forgery. In fact, Mr. Ford said: "It fits what is going on". In over half the world it is a crime punishable by death to be caught with a copy of the Protocols in one's possession. Even in the United States, any print shop that reproduces it is in danger of being blown up. Any individual who distributes it is subject to the harassment of the Jewish secret service machine known as the Anti-Defamation League. Even so, I have reproduced it.

EPISODE 62

SENTENCED TO PRISON ALMOST KILLED

The conspiracy of my enemies in the City of Chicago was to lock me in the County Jail on some trumped up charge, and then hire some savage criminal, preferably a black, to slaughter me while I was waiting trial. Failing in that, they attempted to kill me by burning the hotel in which I was registered. Failing to do that, they hoped to destroy me with lawsuits and tedious court actions. These trickeries were to be mixed with lynch mob riots, character assassination and libel.

The Jewish Sentinel, the largest English language Jewish newspaper in America and perhaps the largest Jewish newspaper in any language said: "We shall drive Gerald L. K. Smith and his followers into the sewers of Chicago. We will not permit them to meet where decent people gather."

Now for the details. I spoke many times in Chicago in places like Orchestra Hall, The Stevens Hotel Ballroom, and the Morrison Hotel. One year I addressed 30,000 people in a city park. These audiences were always with me. They rose enthusiastically to the high principles I enunciated. My enemies realized that I could not be stopped if I were allowed to live and speak.

The time came when I was scheduled to speak at the Westside Woman's Club. The meeting was highly advertised. The chairman was Maximillian St. George, one of the most outstanding and highly respected attorneys in the City of Chicago. Mrs. Smith and I and my staff checked into the Blackstone Hotel, one of the most conservative and highly respected places to stay.

While we were preparing to go out to the meeting, the telephone rang. On the telephone was our faithful secretary, Renata Legant, who was always on the job, feared nothing, and was and is the personification of loyalty. No person associated with me today was with me during those lethal life-and-death experiences in that period of my life, which I frequently refer to as the violent period, except Miss Legant, who is still my secretary, but for some years has been married to a fine citizen by the name of Rex R. Martz. The reader should be reminded that the name Martz is Germanic, not Jewish. It ends with a "z" not an "x." It is important that the reader know this.

In the conversation Miss Legant said: "They are planning to riot. There is a big picket line of rough looking people. They are throwing objects at the people who are going into the meeting." I responded by saying: "We'll soon be there."

When Mrs. Smith and I got to the West Side Woman's Club the environment was very ominous. It was vibrating like a hurricane. As we entered we were taunted with vile language, profane epithets and physical threats. We had two preliminary speakers, and when I stood up to speak the audience cheered to the echo. The people had been admitted with tickets, handed out only to those who were inclined to be sympathetic to what we were doing. As indicated elsewhere in this book, this system had to be employed because otherwise the enemy would pack the meeting hall early so that the regular people could not get in. We learned that lesson in Boston when they packed the Old South Church.

During the meeting the storm began. Windows were knocked out. The building was showered with stink bombs. Objects were thrown at our people, including potatoes in which razor blades had been buried.

The police were aware of the danger, and a large number of police guarded the place. When it came time for Mrs. Smith, Miss Legant and me to leave, the police were at the stage entrance with numbers of uniformed men. They loaded us into an automobile, in front and behind in cars were policemen with sawed-off shotguns. We were driven under police protection, as though we were in a war zone, back to the Blackstone Hotel.

In the meantime street fighting began. Numbers of my followers were involved who had been hit, injured and heckled as they went out of the meeting, and the matter became the subject of front-page publicity in the Chicago newspapers.

The enemy had failed to injure me physically or kill me, as they had hoped. When I awoke after a short night's sleep, I picked up the morning paper and discovered that I was to be arrested for inciting a riot, although the rioting activities had started long before I reached the meeting place. The police came to the hotel and took me down to police headquarters for citation. It seemed like all the newspapermen and camera men in the world were there. I stepped up to the police department window and made bond. Then it was that a satanic trick was played upon me. The police department permitted camera men to get inside the police office behind the barred windows through which the cash was handed. The window was barred like it might have been in a bank, or any other place that handled money. They then took that picture, and when they took the picture of me standing in front of the cashier's window, the bars showed up in the picture as though I were in prison.

I went through all the red tape of submitting myself to the authorities, and the day of the trial was set. Much was made of the publicity, and I was advertised to the world as a criminal. It is amazing how many of my so-called friends and relatives evaporated during those days, but in my files were the names of loyal supporters who have stood with me through thick and thin and are still standing with me. The people who have supported me as Director of the Christian Nationalist Crusade have constituted my secret weapon. They have never been affected by smear, character assassination or libelous publicity. I will not resurrect the names of the two men who were arrested with me, because these two people have faded out into obscurity, and there is no need of resurrecting their names for new publicity.

The trial proceeded and as it was about to open under the auspices of a Judge who was so corrupt and prostituted that he almost smelled like a garbage can. The attorney for the City of Chicago came over and spoke to my attorney, Mr. St. George, and said: "If Mr. Smith would plead guilty, this could be settled with a small fine, plus court costs." My attorney came and reported to me and I said: "Regardless of how small the fine, I will plead guilty to nothing, because I am guilty of nothing."

Later I released a statement to the press to the effect that regardless of how far I had to carry the case into the higher courts, I would not pay one nickel to the corrupt government of Chicago which was trying to deny me the right of free speech.

Immediately the riot trial was recessed, and I was arrested for what the Judge called "contempt of court," and I was haled before this corrupt Judge to be abused and sentenced. It was announced that I would be arraigned and sentenced the next day.

We returned to the hotel in which we were staying known as the LaSalle, one of the landmarks of the City of Chicago, and then it was owned, believe it or not, by Mr. Avery Brundage, the man who for years had been the dominant personality in the world-wide Olympic games. Mr. Brundage was friendly to me, and all the members of his staff were friendly to me, and in staying in the hotel with my staff, I felt that we were living in as safe a place as we could have been in at that time in Chicago. Although we were well treated at the Blackstone, we did not feel a sense of safety there that we did at the LaSalle. Furthermore, the LaSalle was within walking distance of the court house. Mr. St. George had retained an assistant, whose name I shall not use, who posed as my friend and took time to come to the hotel at night and assure me that he would take care of the bond, and that I had nothing to fear. Even that visit aroused my suspicion, but in a few minutes he returned saying, "I just came back to reassure you that you have nothing to worry about when it comes to making bond in court tomorrow." This matured my suspicion, and I turned to Mrs. Smith and said: "That proves that we'll have to lay our hands on the cash, because I am convinced that the bond business in this city is a Jewish monoply and not one Jew will go my bond in this court hearing."

I went down to the assistant manager at the LaSalle and said: "I'm going to need at least $2500.00," although my sincere lawyer Mr. St. George had said, "Don't worry Mr. Smith, it would be impossible and unprecedented for them to set a bond of more than $500.00." The cashier said: "We don't have that much money on hand, but we'll have many check outs before you go to court tomorrow morning, and I will try to set aside $2500.00 in currency."

When morning came, we found that he had kept his word and handed the $2500.00 over to Mrs. Smith in exchange for a check, and she put it in her purse.

We went to the court room. I was called before the Judge, and again I don't want to say anything that would sound blasphemous in relating my experience to that of our Lord Jesus Christ, but I would be dishonest if I did not say that as I walked up to that Judge's bench in that court room filled with Jews and radical enemies whose mouths were watering for my liquidation, I felt that I understood what my Saviour passed through in Pilate's court. The Judge was not a Jew, but he was the prostitute of the Jews, just as was Pilate. He knew our Lord was innocent, but didn't have the political courage to resist the political pressure of the Sanhedrin and their controlled population.

First he lectured the court concerning what a bad, evil and dangerous man I was. I doubt if Al Capone, when haled before the Judge that sentenced him, was excoriated worse than I was excoriated. After an exchange of arguments between my attorney and the attorney for the city, he sentenced me to two months in the Cook county Jail. That was all it would have taken to get me killed. My opposition to mongrelization and compulsory integration made it easy for my enemies to incite black killer militants against me. They knew that they could count on some black who would murder me through his own choice, or who could be purchased with Jew money to slaughter me in jail.

My lawyer stepped to the Judge's bench and announced that he would appeal the case, but the Judge, under some technicality, denied the appeal. Then my attorney out of the clear sky, who later told me that he just couldn't realize how he happened to think of that little technicality, pleaded for whatever it meant with the word "mandamus," which compelled the Judge to grant the extension. But he said it would be necessary to make bond.

My attorney had been deceived by this individual who said that he would come up with the bond. He did not appear. Mr. St. George walked up to the Judge's bench and said: "The man who is arranging for the bond should be here shortly." And the Judge with impatient contempt said: "We don't have time to wait, turn him over to the sheriff and lock him in the County Jail."

Then it was that I whispered into the ear of Mr. St. George and said: "Mrs. Smith has the cash." And he answered saying: "Oh, my God." He then walked up to the bench and said: "We're prepared to make cash bond." The lawyers began to argue over how much the bond would be. The Judge and the City Attorney insisted that it should be $5,000.00. When the word $3,000.00 was uttered Mrs. Smith later revealed that her heart sunk within her, but by some miraculous stroke of providence, the Judge, after the arguments, set my bond at $2500.00.

Before the bond was set, the deputy sheriff walked up to take hold of my arm, and I responded with my natural reflex by saying: "Don't you dare touch me." Instinctively he withdrew. By this time the cash was ready to make the bond and he was not authorized to touch me. I was instructed to go into a side room to make the bond and a watery-mouthed bailiff, seeking to satisfy his masters who had conspired against me, said to Mrs. Smith: "This is one place you can't go with your husband." It so happened that a young reporter for the Chicago Tribune (the largest daily newspaper in America) was there. He turned to this bailiff and began to curse him and said: "If you keep Mrs. Smith out of that bail-making room, you'll get your picture in the morning paper, and how," and he withdrew. We went into the bond-making room, or whatever it was, and Mrs. Smith reached into her purse and took out $2500.00 in cash.

Let the reader be advised that every day in Chicago hundreds and thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of bonds are made for the most vicious criminals in the world, but the bail bond in Chicago, as in most cities, is controlled by the Jews, and here was a good Christian American fighting for free speach who could not even get a bond and had to dig up his own cash!

Elsewhere in this book is a chapter entitled "Fiddy". I won't give you the definition of that word here, but in that chapter is explained that thereafter we never went into any great city or on a speaking tour without a well wrapped package of plenty of cash, so that in case of an arrest or false accusation we could make bond without having to depend upon our enemies.

The press had grabbed the sentence "two months in the Cook County Jail," and when the message came over the radio so that my aged mother and father could hear it, it said: "Gerald Smith is now in the Cook County Jail," and there are undoubtedly thousands of people who still think that I served a term in the Cook County Jail. If they knew what I know, they would know that if I had ever served a term in the Cook County Jail I would never have come out alive. The plot was to murder me, and I won't take the time to develop the evidence to support that theory in this discussion.

Only a few days after I had been cited by the night court judge, I issued a statement concerning the corrupt judiciary and branded this judge as an agent of my Communist enemies. After the riot trial was in progress and the contempt trial was in progress, I was served a paper which indicated that I was being sued for $100,000.00 libel by the judge whom I had attacked, so there they had me tied up: two trials and a libel suit, with the newspapers and the Jew mindwashing machine running me every day through their "sausage grinder" of smear and character assassination.

We met the libel suit and lost, but appealed it to a higher court and won. We lost the riot trial, and it was appealed to the State Supreme Court, and again we lost. It was appealed to the United States Supreme Court. In those days we still had some semblance of a Supreme Court and, thank God, we won in the Supreme Court and the riot sentence was reversed.

For the benefit of research students interested in this incident will say that the riot trial had to do with another one of the speakers, whose name I shall not use. The theory was that if this was won, the sentence would stand for all of us, and if it was lost the sentence would be dismissed for all of us.

Remember, I could have settled for a few hundred dollars if I had pleaded guilty; but if I had been given a $50,000.00 bonus, or more, I would not have pleaded guilty, because I was not guilty of anything, and I have never been guilty of any crime. So we carried it through the courts. When it was all wound up it cost me something between $25,000.00 and $30,000.00. One can imagine what the expense of this was to me.

Now back to the Chicago drama. While I was waiting for the unfolding of the court cases in Chicago, we continued, together with my staff, to stay at the LaSalle Hotel. That included Mrs. Smith, my secretary Miss Legant, and others who were associated with me for physical protection. We had taken a suite in the hotel, and the reader can imagine how much all of this was costing me—hotel bills, lawyers fees, court records, etc., etc.

The Jews and other enemies had not given up the idea of killing me. The reason that they were so desperately against me was that God had given me an usual gift of speech, and there is no enemy nor friend who can cite one instance where I have addressed a large audience, or any sized audience of people, that I did not carry the audience with me. My enemies knew that the only way they could keep me from convincing America concerning the correctness of my position was to kill me, or so assassinate my character that for all practical purposes I would be liquidated. In fact, enough things have been done to liquidate me one hundred times. People who know some of the things which I have gone through express surprise when they see me walking around alive and free.

The press called on me and asked me how long I was going to be in the LaSalle, and I told them that I was going to be there all week. But I failed to tell them I was going to be gone for 24 hours, because I had a speaking engagement in Cleveland, Ohio. This was perhaps one of the most providential pieces of information I had ever put out. It was incorrect, but it may have saved my life, because the day I was gone a flash fire broke out in the LaSalle Hotel, and the center of the flames was in the rooms and the suite which had been occupied by Mrs. Smith and myself and my staff. I believe that the hotel was set on fire for the purpose of murdering me. And anyone who has known me through the years knows that I do not have any symptoms of paranoia. I don't look under rugs and behind pictures and develop the superstition that every time I take down the telephone that it is tapped. I am not that sort of an individual, but I am intelligent enough to know that when a man sticks a gun in my stomach, I am in danger of being shot. When someone tries to burn down a hotel and the flames start in a suite of rooms where they think I am staying, an attempt is being made to kill me, but thank God I am still alive.

So there you have it, my experience in Chicago, and I have had several other dramatic experiences in Chicago.

Later an individual trumped up a suit against me, I was supposed to make an appearance in Chicago, and my attorney said I would lose the case if I did not make the appearance. In the midst of it I received a letter from a member of the Chicago police department, who was my admiring friend, and in the letter he said: "Mr. Smith, I see where you are supposed to appear in court for a legal matter. Please don't come to Chicago, because your enemies are going to take advantage of your presence here either to throw you in jail or kill you."

I took his advice, even though I lost the Civil Case and $1,000.00. Even to this day, if I were to announce a meeting in the ballroom of one of the most exclusive hotels, I would either expect to be killed or imprisoned. The Jews and the gangsters rule Chicago.

EPISODE 63

HUEY LONG ASSASSINATED

Huey Long had said: "Gerald Smith is a better speaker than I am." Remember, he said it, not I. It was generally understood among newspapermen and national observers that I was travelling all over America and contacting people preparing to lay the groundwork for Senator Huey P. Long, the most popular man in America among the people, to be elected President of the United States. As indicated elsewhere, the most knowledgeable politician of the time, James A. Farley, who was the political mentor of Franklin D. Roosevelt, said in his Memoirs: "If Huey Long had not been assassinated, he would have been elected President."

The Legislature was in session at the State Capitol of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. I had just returned from Hammond, Louisiana, where I had addressed a large cheering audience in support of the principles and programs of Huey Long. We were walking through the vestibule of the State Capitol and a man stepped out from behind a pillar and fired a shot at Huey Long, and as we later discovered, he was struck in the abdomen. The man was prepared to shoot me and others around Mr. Long, but he was shot and killed by the bodyguards. Huey Long was still conscious and could still walk and run. He ran immediately to the elevator, took it to the basement floor, and as he got off, he commanded a young man who was driving a car and said: "Take me to the hospital." The hospital was just behind the State Capitol, known as the Lady of the Lake. Here he lingered between life and death. Mrs. Smith's brother, who was a brilliant young doctor, said: "If he had been a bum, shot in the back room of a saloon, his life might have been saved, but because he was such an important man, the doctors were afraid to operate, or make decisions, without the confirmation of consultation." There are many who believe that the delay cost him his life.

In the death hour I stood beside his bed, and among his last words were these: "Oh God, don't let me die. I have a few more things to do."

It was the political drama of the century. The indignation which swept the Nation took on revolutionary proportions, and the sadness of the people cannot be estimated or described.

The Long family met to decide who should deliver the final words over his grave. I was waited on by the venerable father of Mr. Long, whose name was Huey Long, Sr. He came to me and said: "Mr. Smith, it is the desire of the family that you deliver the funeral sermon." I was honored and overwhelmed. We were then staying at a hotel known as the King Hotel in Baton Rouge. I couldn't sleep that night. All I could think of was what shall I say? I would think of a sentence and get up and write it down, and when morning came I had completed the funeral oration, which I reproduce herewith.

This oration has been recognized in the world of letters as one of the outstanding pieces of English literature of its kind.

A printed copy of this oration appeared in the November, 1942, issue of THE CROSS AND THE FLAG, of which Gerald L. K. Smith is the editor.

Approximately 200,000 people attended the funeral. It was the largest public funeral in American history.

Below is an exact printed wording of hand-written copy.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John 15:13.*

The lives of great men do not end with the grave. They just begin. This place marks not the resting place of Huey Pierce Long; it marks only the burial ground for his body. His spirit shall not rest as long as hungry bodies cry for food, as long as lean human frames stand naked as long as homeless wretches haunt this land of plenty.

His affection for these sufferers was stronger than the flesh and is as everlasting as the soul. Hatred cannot touch him now; malice cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the shadow of the spire which he gave the sky, sepulchred close by this emblem which he raised.

He fell in the line of duty. He died for us. This tragedy fires the breast of every comrade. This untimely death makes restless the soul of us who adored him. We cannot be appeased by flattery, we cannot be set at ease by superficial consolidation. The ideals which he planted in our hearts have created a gnawing hunger for a new order. This hunger pain, this parching thirst for better things can only be healed and satisfied by the completion of that victory toward which he led us.

To summarize the influence and the noble attributes of this man is as though one went out to measure the boundary of a lake, only to discover that he was on the arm of an ocean. In him there was no touch of religious prejudice, but at all times a warm, deep faith in God.

In answer to a query which I made in his home one Sunday he replied: "I know, Brother Smith, that the arms of God are about me every moment."

Can it be that God consented to this fate in order that by this dramatic exit he might retire from the battle ground of political torture to find the quiet of eternity, while at the same time his torch was left to light our way?

In him there was no trace of racial antipathy. Mental wizard was this man and we who hovered close to him never ceased to marvel at the instinctive, intuitive workings of this mental giant. Social crusader, thinking at all times of victory and power only as they related to a better social order. Educational statesman determined that his children and the children of his neighbors should not be handicapped as he was. Political genius, so much so, that his passing, so they think, has relieved the arch-enemies of his crusade the world around. An orator supreme, speaking the words of the masses in campaigns and at the same time recording in the Congressional Record a series of Senatorial addresses supreme in rhetoric, artistic in style, permanent in value.

A statesman true, whose leadership led out so far ahead that short-sighted contemporaries were unable to see the star which he followed.

A tender father, a loving husband, lost to a family willing to give him up for the sake of his broader calling. A loyal friend, whose memory of tasks well done seemed flawless.

A musical heart that loved the songs of the common people and revealing a talent that for want of time lacked full expression. A writer with a pen that could warm the soul, comfort the body and fire the imagination.

He knew not the definition of disloyalty. He was a builder, a trail blazer, a ruthless foe of delay, a burner of red tape, a violent enemy of retrogression. Progress was the sweetheart of his soul. He divorced the past, he wedded the present, he wooed the future. He was the personification of intellectual courage, a masterful dynamo of personality. A symbol of the mass mind, he reacted normally to the cries and to the pains and to the psychology of the common people.

The Bible was his favorite text. Its truth to him, profound authority. Drama was his natural art. A humorist of superior quality. An actor whose stage was his work, whose scenery, the people about him. When he passed by all eyes were fastened on him, watching tensly to see something that had never been seen before—listening intently for something that had never been said before—and he never disappointed.

To you, the aged father, your loins produced a giant of history, whose mother will always live through the boundless influence of her illustrious son.

To you, the relatives, close and removed, three generations hence, your decendants will boast of your kinship to this fallen hero.

To you, the beloved wife, comrade in a million struggles, sufferer in a thousand defeats, rejoicer in ten thousand victories—be comforted in the knowledge that every moment of the remainder of your life you will have the memory of tasks well done, of services sacrificially performed and of prophesies yet to be fulfilled.

To you, sweet children, you tender offspring, forever will the works of your great father be engraved on the tablet pages of the indestructible book of history.

To you, the officials of State, the companions of political strategy, crusaders in a common cause, count memorable the day you first heard the mention of his name. The time will come when to say that you even touched his hand will be the most potent interest in you life.

This blood which dropped upon this soil shall seal our hearts together. Take up the torch, complete the task, subdue selfish ambition, sacrifice for the sake of victory.

I was with him when he died. I said, "Amen," as he breathed his last. His final prayer was this: "Oh, God, don't let me die I have a few things more to do." The work which he left undone, we must complete. As one with no political ambition, and who seeks no gratuities of the hand of the State, I challenge you, my comrades, to complete the task.

Oh, God, why did we have to lose him?

With his removal from the arena of political activity it will no longer be necessary for any force to suppress liberal and accurate descriptions of his mighty work. Like other martyrs, from the moment of his death forth, there will be an ever widening and deepening understanding of the true greatness of this apostle of progress.

Some day the people will sit on the heights above their selfish prejudices and look upon the real man that he was. Some day they will know, some day they will understand.

Children of generations unborn will be rescued from drudgery guarded against hunger, protected from ignorance because of the life and work of Huey Pierce Long.

God willed, God ruled, God commanded Destiny to make him great. He was the victim of every form of persecution and abuse, struggling every moment of his public life under the cross of misrepresentation and the burden of misunderstanding, sacrificed to blind prejudice, but these only served in violation of precedent and convention to lift him higher and higher into the stratasphere of greatness. These tortures seemed to mark his course. They increased his necessity.

His unlimited talents invariably aroused the jealousies of those inferiors who posed as his equals. More than one, yes, many times, he has been the wounded victim of the Green Goddess; to use the figure, he was the Stradivarius, whose notes rose in competition with jealous drums, envious tom-toms. His was the unfinished symphony.

For the benefit of readers who would like to make a deeper study of the murder plot that was held in the DeSoto Hotel in New Orleans, let me remind such individuals that the complete report recorded by dictaphone, as referred to above, was inserted in the Congressional Record by Mr. Long, August 9, 1935. It chills the blood to reflect on the fact that the plot was fulfilled approximately one month after the report concerning the conspiracy was recorded in the Congressional Record.

Here are a few highlights of statements that were made in this murder plot conference. In deference to relatives and other innocent people who might be hurt by the report, I will not identify the individuals who uttered the quotes below, even though most of them were identified in the report recorded in the Congressional Record.

1. A New Orleans political leader said, "Huey should be tied to a bullstake and whipped by a blue gummed nigger. I am out to murder, bulldoze, steal or anything to win the next election."
2. "The entire recources of the United States Government (under Roosevelt) are at our disposal."
3. "President Roosevelt probably would be willing to send Federal troops into the state, if necessary."
4. "It will take more than political action to win the election. I would be willing to draw in a lottery to go out and kill Long. It would only take one man, one gun and one bullet."
5. "I haven't the slightest doubt that President Roosevelt would pardon anyone who killed him."
6. "Should the job be done in Washington?" In answer to this question, another voice said, "I once thought that would be necessary, but I don't think it is now."

Anyone who doubts the unanimous regimentation of the corrupted press and the power of the Roosevelt dictatorship should be reminded that in the face of these sensational reports, no voice from the Senate and no voice from the press and no voice from the political leadership outside the Long organization viewed the threat with alarm or asked for an investigation.

Even after he had been killed, such pressure was brought to bear on the Louisiana leadership that had made a deal with Roosevelt, that a plan to investigate the assassination which had been introduced into the State Legislature was cancelled and smothered.

This circumstance constitutes one of the scandals of the century. Reflect on how little the nation knows about the assassination of Huey P. Long compared to the books and the articles and the volumes of investigation that have been carried on related to the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy.

To the casual observer it is almost unbelievable to reflect on the fact that even though the complex of economic and political power had been mobilized almost unanimously against this fearless statesman, he was still the most popular man in America—so much so that his worst political enemies knew that the only way that he could be kept out of the White House was to be murdered.

That's exactly what happened.

Sequel: It seems almost unbelievable that Mr. Long prophesied his own assassination, and read into the Congressional Record on August 9, 1935, a dialoque between his enemies who met to plot his death in Room 506 of the DeSoto Hotel in New Orleans.

Sequel: When the shots rang out, state police and the military moved in and divided the State Capitol between the people who were in the shooting area and the people who were in the lobby and other parts of the State Capitol. Mrs. Smith was separated from me, and anyone who knows Mrs. Smith knows that for years she has worn beautiful white hair, but it was that night after being separated from me for about three hours, not knowing whether I was dead or alive, that her hair began to turn white.

The funeral was the largest public funeral in American history not only up to that time, but larger than anything held since, even larger than the Kennedy funeral. It was estimated that it took two and one-half acres of land to hold the flowers which were laid side by side, coming from the humblest sharecroppers on up to the King and Queen of England. Every foreign nation, with few exceptions, was represented by floral tributes. Franklin D. Roosevelt must have been very happy that his most dangerous contemporary was dead and buried. The reason that this libertine and demagogue (Roosevelt) was so anxious to put me away as long as he lived was because he felt that I knew the true secret behind the assassination of Huey P. Long. Why wasn't it investigated? I'll give the answer to that question in another part of this book.

EPISODE 64

ASSASSINATION INQUEST

The feeling was so tense and lethal that the general population who loved and voted for Huey P. Long was inclined to look upon every enemy of Huey Long as a co-conspirator in the assassination plot. Any man who would have spoken above a whisper on any street in the State of Louisiana expressing pleasure over the assassination of Huey Long might have been shot without notice. Mostly unstable people and people of high and uncontrollable tempers were walking up and down the streets hoping that they could find an excuse to shoot an enemy of Huey Long. That is how the feeling went.

It became necessary for the opposition to try to do something to shift the blame, and they began to cook up theories to the effect that Huey Long was not shot by the young Jewish doctor, Carl Weise, but that he was shot by a bullet which ricocheted from the marble wall which had been fired from the gun of a bodyguard. This libelous theory has been given wide publicity in the controlled press and even by some people who have written books concerning the life and death of Huey Long.

The inquest was called, and it was in the hands of our enemies, because East Baton Rouge Parish, which is the Parish (county) in which the State Capitol is located, was always run by men who hated Mr. Long. Since I was with Mr. Long when he was shot, I was called as a witness to the inquest. With something definite in my mind, I told the coroner that I was planning to go to New Orleans and, if possible, I would like to testify early, and he naively said: "I'll put you on first." That was his big mistake.

The court house was packed with natives, newspapermen, photographers, newsreel cameras (there was no television), radio microphones, etc. The room vibrated and almost swelled like a hot teakettle ready to explode. I was called to the witness stand, and one question was submitted. The question was: "What is your name" I did not give my name. I arose and in a loud voice pointed my finger at my questioner and said: "I hold myself in contempt of this hearing and pronounce you and your associates as co-conspirators behind the assassination of Huey P. Long." If I had dropped a stick of dynamite in the room, it couldn't have been more sensational. I thereupon walked out. That was the end of the inquest. No other witnesses were ever called and there was no other hearing. The conspirators who had hoped to shift the blame from the enemies of Huey Long to the friends of Huey Long were defeated, except in the columns of some controlled newspapers, and most of the newspapers hated Huey Long. This event was portrayed in every newsreel theatre and pictures concerning it appeared on page one of every important newspaper in America. The whole circumstance catapulted my name to page one, and it made me a national figure. But, oh, what a terrible price to pay for that publicity. I later resolved to use that national acquaintance for a constructive purpose described in many places in this book.

EPISODE 65

THE 'SECOND' LOUISIANA PURCHASE

I was the first person to use that term, and I will now proceed to define it. Shortly after the death of Huey Long a state election came up involving the election of a Governor and other state officials and a United States Senator. A ticket of individuals who had seemed to be pro-Long was elected by an overwhelming majority, because the general population was in no mood to vote for men who had desired the death of Huey Long. They voted for people that they thought were completely committed to Huey Long, but they were later to be greatly disappointed. After the election was over and the winners had promised that they would do everything that Huey Long would have done had he lived, it came to my ears that under the leadership of the Jew who had wormed his way into the Long organization, by the name of Seymour Weiss, made the undercover secret deals with the very Roosevelt machine that had desired and enjoyed the assassination of Huey P. Long. It seemed that Mr. Weiss and numerous of his associates had involved themselves in tax evasions and cheating the Internal Revenue Department. They were ready to trade off the blood of Huey Long and the State of Louisiana in return for what they thought would be their liberty. We were visited by one of the three highest authorities in the Roosevelt regime. For the sake of the living members of his family, I will not use his name. It was estimated that there were nine of us who represented the controlling influence of the State of Louisiana. This man who came from Washington was ready to make a deal. He let it be known that there would be millions and millions and millions that the Government was ready to spend in Louisiana, but had held back because of Mr. Roosevelt's contempt for Mr. Long. Now he said that if we would deliver the State of Louisiana to Mr. Roosevelt and guarantee a Roosevelt delegation at the Philadelphia Convention that all sorts of good things would happen in Louisiana.

I arose and said: "I shall not sell the blood of my best friend to his worst enemy. I have been catapulted into prominence from the wet grave of Huey Long, and I am not going to trade off his memory for political favors or patronage." One or two others hesitated to go along, but those who controlled the machine, headed by the Jew Seymour Weiss of New Orleans, made the deal, and I refer to it as the "Second Louisiana Purchase."

There I was, standing on a political island with the Louisiana machine against me and the Washington, D.C. machine against me. I called a meeting in New Orleans and spoke in the Plaza to 70,000 people. I took all the money I had and bought three hours of radio time on practically every radio station in the State of Louisiana and told them the whole story; that the blood of their fallen hero had been sold to his enemies. I kept telling the people all through the evening to call their friends and tell them to tune in, and I kept repeating certain things. It was estimated that 90% of the population of Louisiana was listening to my words by the time I closed my address a little after midnight. After the meeting was over I went with eight or ten of my loyal friends, all young men, to the Jung Hotel. We ordered some sandwiches sent to the room. We had scarcely settled down for a little relaxation when a knock came on the door and there stood fifteen or twenty plainclothesmen. They seized me and two of my most loyal young friends, Preston Delcasel and Dutch Gruenwald, haled us into a midnight court and threw us into a filthy, vomit-filled, drunk-tank jail.

Mrs. Smith's problem was to get the word out that I had been locked up, and she called a friend of ours in Atlanta, Georgia, who was the head of a radio news network. She told him what had happened, and he immediately put it on the air, and it began to be broadcast all over the City of New Orleans. The situation became so hot that about 3 o'clock in the morning the police came and let us out, and we walked back to the Seymour Weiss headquarters at the Roosevelt Hotel and as a group of defiant young men sat down and ordered sandwiches.

These were the dramatic days. These were the days when the men were separated from the boys. The "Second Louisiana Purchase" was consumated, and these men who made the deal all became multi-millionaires and semi-millionaires. They bought country estates. Seymour Weiss bought the Roosevelt Hotel. The Long family was terrorized, including Mrs. Long, and they were afraid to speak out. They virtually kidnapped the Senator's son, who is now in the United States Senate. He was only 12 years of age when I delivered the funeral oration over the grave of his father, and he was taken into this Seymour Weiss network, and they refused to permit him as a boy to speak to me, or to see me. Even to this day, while a member of the United States Senate, he is afraid to answer my letters for fear of the Jews. He has made a fairly decent Senator, but there is no resemblance between him and his illustrious father.

Huey Long knew that I did not trust Seymour Weiss, although he had wormed his way into the confidence of Mr. Long. No explanation has ever been given for the nearly two million dollars of company funds that were locked in a safety deposit box in the Roosevelt Hotel. All we know is that a man who was a mere hotel clerk to begin with, blossomed into a hotel owner and multi-millionaire. No accounting was ever given to those who helped to accumulate this money to be used in the campaign to elect Mr. Long as President of the United States.

Another provision that went into the "Second Louisiana Purchase" was: "There must never be a legislative investigation into the assassination of Huey Long, or the leaders of the organization will be sent to prison for evasion of income tax and the spending patronage which has been promised will be cut off." Believe it or not, this turned the trick, and I had the disenchanting experience of seeing men who had risen to prominence from the wet grave of their assassinated leader willing to sell the man who made them for "thirty pieces of silver." The death was at the hands of a Jew by the name of Weiss, and the political deal was made at the hands of a Jew by the name of Weiss. The two villains in the whole operation were two Jews—Carl Weiss and Seymour Weiss. If there was any blood relationship between these two, it was not known and is still not known.

In a personal visit with the two living sisters of Huey Long who were alive when this was written, both confided in me that Seymour Weiss had terrorized the whole family, including the widow of Huey Long. One of the sisters confessed to me that even she was afraid that she might have been killed if she had told what she believed.

Even a thick book which pretends to tell the story of Huey Long is full of omissions and commissions, written, supervised and published under the tyrannical supervision of Seymour Weiss, who was promised by the author that nothing to my credit would be said in the book, a book which even omitted reference to the funeral and failed even to print the oration delivered over his grave. What a piece of biographical fakery!

EPISODE 66

A GROWING FAITH

When I announced that I was going to resign from the formal pulpit where I had been under pressure to take stands contrary to my conscience I used the expression: "I am resigning, not to become a whiskey-drinking ex-preacher, but in order to save my soul because I want to go to heaven." I can truthfully say that my Christian faith has grown through the years, and never have I believed in the deity of my Lord and the saving power of Jesus Christ more than I do today. I have never permitted myself to compromise that faith in expressing my opinions concerning the destiny of America. I never felt like a preacher who had gone into politics. I always felt like a crusader who had stepped out into the highways and by-ways to defend the Christian tradition of America, the deity of Jesus Christ, and the fact that the greatest dynamic in building this civilization, including the United States, has been the teachings of our Lord.

I believe that America prospered beyond anything that could have been imagined because the Founding Fathers lived by the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

When I organized the committee known as the Christian Nationist Crusade, sophisticated smart alecks who claimed to be my friends came by to tell me that I was making a great mistake in using the term "Christian." They warned me that the term Christian would brand me as an 'anti-Semite' and that it would be mixing religion with politics. Most of our trouble in America has been caused because we didn't have enough Christianity in our politics. I have always used this definition; namely, patriotism is politics, plus Christianity. When I started the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, The Cross and The Flag, I announced that no matter what the issues were and no matter what the general contents of the magazine might be, that I would carry on page 2 of this magazine, in every issue, a statement of Christian faith, and I have never failed to keep that commitment. If I had not given myself to a courageous defense of Christian civilization against the forces of the antichrist, I do not believe that I would have had the spiritual muscle to develop in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, the most visited Christian shrine in the world, which is now operating, as indicated elsewhere in this book, under the auspices of the Elna M. Smith Foundation.

Knowledgeable readers know that international Jewry has committed itself without compromise against any kind of a Passion Play. Wherever a Passion Play is presented the Jews move in in an attempt to stop its presentation, to dissipate its content, and to discourage its continuation. In New Jersey a priest organized a Passion Play to tell the story of Christ's last week on earth. It was a success, but Jewish pressure upon the Bishop was so great that the Bishop ordered the play discontinued.

In 1970 when the great original Passion Play was about to be presented in Oberammergau, Bavaria, the nine strongest Jewish organizations in the world conducted a world-wide boycott urging the people not to attend the Passion Play, condemning it as being anti-Semitic, and declaring it as a menace to world civilization. Imagine such an attitude toward a true story of our Lord's last week on earth.

The Director of the Great Passion Play, in Eureka Springs, Mr. Robert Hyde and his family attended the opening of the 1970 presentation in Oberammergau. He interviewed the Director. The Director said: "I hope that the Jewish boycott will do for you what it has done for us, because although we can only handle 500,000 people a season when we present the play once every ten years, we have been compelled to turn away one million requests for reservations. This indicates the world-wide interest in the personality and message of Jesus Christ.

The attendance at the Great Passion Play in Eureka Springs was six times as great in 1973 as it was the year that it opened in 1968. Don't fail to read the statement involving this sacred development which appears elsewhere in this book.

For the benefit of all who might wonder, I want it thoroughly understood that with all my dramatic experiences and all my bitter enemies, I have never become a revengeful cynic. If anything, my precious faith in Jesus Christ is as child-like as it was when I was at my mother's knee, and the same goes for Mrs. Smith. We still believe in that beautiful verse given to us by our Lord: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." God is our Father, and we are His children, and we become His children by accepting and confessing the name of His Son Jesus Christ.

Sequel: I didn't leave the formal ministry because of anything that looked like failure. All who observed my activities identified me as what the world called a very successful pastor of large congregations. At one time we lived in Indianapolis, and I was pastor of two churches there, the Seventh Christian Church and the University Place Christian Church. While a young man in his early 30's I was given the highest honor that my denomination could give me. I was elected as the President of the Indianapolis Christian Church Union, which represented at that time something like 44 congregations.

A singular and tragic circumstance compelled me to leave Indianapolis. Mrs. Smith developed a spot on her lung. I was called to several churches. When I received the call from Shreveport, Louisiana, I inquired of an expert and he said that although Louisiana was thought of as a swamp state, with alligators and bayous, that there was no better place for a person threatened with tuberculosis than North Louisiana. I accepted the call. Mrs. Smith got up virtually out of a sick bed when we moved to Louisiana, and she has been on her feet ever since, and all who see her now are amazed at her pink-cheeked healthy manner.

EPISODE 67

A GOLDEN WEDDING

On June 21, 1922, I was united in marriage with one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen, beautiful not only because of her physical appearance, but beautiful because of her Christian character and her devotion to high principle and the lovely family from which she came. Her name before marriage was Elna Marion Sorenson. Her father and mother both came from Denmark. She was raised in the Methodist Church. Her sister later married a Methodist minister. The whole environment of the family involved devotion to the name and message of Jesus Christ.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Dr. C. G. Kindred, Pastor of the Inglewood Christian Church of Chicago. At that time it was the largest Christian Church in the Chicago area. Dr. Kindred was an admirer of mine and he soon became an admirer of my young bride. We were located in Beloit, Wisconsin, and Dr. Kindred, without any expense to us, journeyed from Chicago to Beloit and performed the ceremony.

We have lived happily together for 52 years, at least it was 52 when this was written. In 1972 we were able to celebrate our Golden Wedding Anniversary in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, in our place of residence known as Penn Castle, discussed elsewhere in this book. We invited our oldest employees and the closest members of our family to have dinner with us in the house and attend the Golden Wedding ceremony. The wedding ceremony was performed by my right-hand man, who seems to me like a son, Charles F. Robertson, who has been with me approximately 30 years and is now the Coordinator and over-all director of everything that has to do with the conduct of the Elna M. Smith Foundation and the sacred projects in Eureka Springs. Furthermore, he is an officer in the Christian Nationalist Crusade. Although his responsibilities have been relaxed, he is still listed as the Editor of The Cross and The Flag.

Following the ceremony in our residence, we went over to a pleasant place known as the Ozark Gardens in Eureka Springs where we had invited the whole community to a reception. Between 400 and 500 people attended, and we had the pleasure of being congratulated by all these people on the fact that we had lived happily together for 50 years.

Some time after the Golden Wedding ceremony we were called on by two people representing the Mutual Radio Network, which has a world-wide network. They asked us to be interviewed concerning the sacred projects but during the interview the spokesman said: "I would like to have a statement from Mrs. Smith as to how she could live happily for 50 years with one man." Mrs. Smith wrote that statement which is printed below.

THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING

by Elna M. Smith

for 50 years the wife of Gerald L. K. Smith

No one should boast of the blissful gift of marital compatibility. It is God's gift — but there are some fundamental ways to facilitate and keep alive this beautiful attribute of life.

I cannot remember a day my husband failed to express his love for me in word or deed — or both.

Mutual respect is the solvent that helps us to bear with each other's mistakes.

I have always been intrigued by what my husband had to say in public and elsewhere. He tells me that I have been his most interested listener. I have never become calloused to his activities.

Although we have always had a good cook, I like to demonstrate my ability as a cook in preparing something especially tasteful.

We both recognize the unique place of a man and the special calling of a woman. Every happy marriage should consist of two masters — and two slaves. I cannot imagine denying a request from my husband and I cannot imagine him declining to fulfill my desires.

On the day of our wedding — 50 years ago — my husband's sweet and aging grandmother came to the altar of the church after the wedding and said to my husband of almost five minutes: "Always remember, Gerald, the woman doesn't live who has been loved too much".

Of course our Christian faith has given the comfort — the vision and the strength to carry on. Prayer is the miracle which permits us to visit with our Creator. This gift makes it possible for human beings to operate — with instructions from headquarters every day.

Common ideals — Christian faith and our love of beauty as art collectors — have combined to make our lives very fulfilling.

At 75 years of age we are great believers in vital activity and against stagnant retirement.

It has been one beautiful honeymoon — so much so that we both pray that when the time comes; we can go together.

EPISODE 68

CONFESSION OF FAITH

Above and beyond all the convictions that I have concerning contemporary issues in the affairs of the world and the Nation is my personal Christian faith. Elsewhere in this book I have summarized my Christian beliefs. I do not believe that Christianity can be a sectarian patent. No one can copyright our Lord, and no one can patent Christianity, or obtain a monopoly in the distribution of the word of God.

The enemies of Christ will consent to a mild profession of faith, but if one really believes in the supreme deity of Jesus Christ and dares to resist the pagans who curse Him, the Jews who profane Him, and the Communists who outlaw Him, he must 'put on the whole armour of God' if he is to resist these negative forces which are pitted against Christian civilization.

EPISODE 69

DENIED RADIO AND TELEVISION

When it became obvious that I could not buy time on either television or radio because of Jewish pressure, I contracted for a substantial quantity of radio time on a Mexico radio station. I expected to buy about $100,000.00 worth of time, but I made an experimental contract for $25,000.00. I was to make my broadcasts on tape, and then send the tape to the radio station for broadcasting purposes. My voice was heard all over Mexico and large sections of the United States for two or three times, and then I was called on by the representatives of the station who revealed to me that they had been under such pressure from their government, who had been under such pressure from the Jews, that they were going to have to cancel my contract and return my money. It seems that personalities inside the diplomatic mechanism of the United States who were either Jews, or weak non-Jews controlled by Jews, came down to Mexico City and said that if they permitted me to continue to broadcast over the Mexican radio station that it would imperil relationships between Mexico and the United States and might even imperil the financial aid that the United States was giving to the Government of Mexico. This gives the reader some idea of the fact that when my enemies worked on me, they played for keeps.

EPISODE 70

ROOSEVELT'S SON-IN-LAW

One of my three worst enemies was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He wanted me in prison. He was suspicioned of cooperating in the assassination of my great friend, the late Senator Huey P. Long, and in his last big address on this earth before he died, in Soldier's Field in Chicago, he made a personal attack on me.

Imagine my suprise when I received a telephone call from the hotel lobby in New York and a gentleman said: "My name is Curtis Dall. I am the son-in-law of Franklin D. Roosevelt." That was the beginning of a lifetime friendship. Mr. Dall is a conservative and was opposed to the Moscovite policies of his wife's father. He found much in common with me as I proclaimed the principles for which I stood. For some years he was a little timid on the Jewish question, but in later years, as a patriotic leader himself, he has become aware of the fact that perhaps the greatest issue in the world today is the conflict between Christ and the antichrist. The antichrist is represented by world Zionism, committed to the destruction and evaporation of Christian civilization by a wide variety of techniques. The organized Jew has encouraged every project that has tended to belittle or hinder the glorification of the name of Christ or the extension of Christian civilization. They have encouraged Communism, paganism, modernism, legislation outlawing Christian prayers, libelous attacks on the personality of Jesus, journalistic and news media ridicule, anti-Christian intellectualism, etc., etc.

Later Mr. Dall was divorced by his wife under orders from Franklin D. Roosevelt, because Mr. Roosevelt did not like his conservatism. There was no quarrel between Mr. Dall and his wife Anna. He was the victim of an international political conspiracy that cut right into his personal life, so much so that later, after he was divorced, his two attractive children were compelled by their Roosevelt grandparents to go into court and have their names changed from Dall to Roosevelt, one of the most brazen, barbaric things which could have been done to the good father of those children; namely, to deny these children his name. Mr. Dall later wrote a book citing his experiences, and this valuable account is now available.

EPISODE 71

ROBBED IN FLINT, MICHIGAN

In the early days when the Communist Party was taking over the automobile workers' union (and they had even deceived John L. Lewis, who was a very bitter foe of Communism), I was encouraged by important people in Flint, Michigan, to set up a big meeting in the public auditorium. This I did in the midst of sit-down strikes, Communist riots, cowardly public officials and a pro-Communist Roosevelt Administration. Don't forget that one of the original Soviet revolutionists, Sidney Hillman, had become such a powerful man in the Roosevelt government that when they were choosing Roosevelt's nominee at a Chicago convention, he insisted that those who were proposing the nominee consult with Sidney Hillman. In fact, he used the term, and it became a publicized term, "Clear it with Sidney." This was the type of people who were determining labor policy in the Roosevelt regime and cooperating with the Communist revolutionists in their attempt to seize American industry by killing workers, blackjacking faithful employees, knocking out windows, and threatening the lives of executives.

In the midst of this turmoil I set up a meeting in Flint, and the great auditorium was filled. I spent a lot of my personal money on this meeting. In fact, I sort of drained the treasury of my committee, and I was depending upon the offering of this big meeting to help finish off the payment of expenses. I spoke to the great audience, and although I had a little heckling, I was greeted with tumultuous applause and enthusiastic reception. That was in my younger days and I was more naive than I am now, and I called on volunteers to come down and help take up a collection. Readily I got volunteers. I didn't have any trouble whatsoever recruiting the people. They were given the collection baskets and envelopes. They took up the collection and disappeared with it. I later found out that the volunteers who took up my collection had been furnished by the Communist Party, and that left me 'in hock.' I still owed some bills in Flint, Michigan, so I checked into the hotel and stayed in the hotel until I had contacted some of my good friends and raised enough money to pay my bills, because if I had left town before those bills were paid, my creditors would not have assumed that I was just leaving town, they would have said that I was skipping town. This is just one of the experiences that I had which helped me to learn some of the realities of life.

Sequel: The founder of the General Motors Co. was a brilliant and important citizen of Flint, Michigan, by the name of W. C. Durant. He was the founder of the Buick and Chevrolet Companies. His promotion of the organization of General Motors was not to promote the formation of a great corporation. It was the formation of an association, like the Chamber of Commerce, or the Ministerial Association, but the realistic boys in the automobile industry ran away with it and made it a big airtight corporation, later to be controlled by the DuPonts, and out of it grew what is now one of the three greatest corporations on earth, the General Motors Corporation. Mr. Durant was one of my first financial supporters in my fight against Communism. One of the regrets of my life is that I did not make photostatic copies of one of his checks, as well as a photostatic copy of a check which was given to me by Mr. R. E. Olds, founder of the Oldsmobile Company and manufacturer at that time of the well known automobile named after his initials called the Reo. Having the personal acquaintance and respect of the Dodges, Mr. Olds, Mr. Durant as well as Mr. Ford, combines to give me very interesting and inspiring memories. These were all good, strong, solid men, the kind who made America great.

CHRISTIAN FAITH

I am a Christian. How do I know? Because I have embraced the fundamentals of Christian faith. In this modern, western world especially, most human beings are exposed to the question, "Are you a Christian?" The answer is either yes or no.

It is not a complex matter. It is not something that involves philosophical procrastination. One faces the established claims of Christianity and then either embraces them or declines to accept them.

Below I list with brief comment the fundamentals of our Christian faith. Anyone who accepts this summary need not hesitate to say, "I am a Christian."

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 1
THE REALITY OF GOD

Out of the experience of man, the literature of the Church, including the Bible, and the obvious realities of life, comes an undeniable fact. This universe was created, this universe is maintained and the name for the Creator as revealed in the Scripture is: "In the beginning God." The attributes, characteristics and nature of God can so intrigue the mind of man that there is no limit to the expansive discussion that can be built around the fact that God is the Creator and God is a personality. How could a Creator produce personalities without Himself possessing those attributes? No man can be lifted into a proper relationship to time, space and existence in general without the firm realization that he is constantly in the presence of his Creator—God Almighty.

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 2
THE LITERATURE OF FAITH

The literature of faith, the mysterious foundation of academic and inspired understanding of man's relation to his Creator and the universe is the Holy Bible. Books, volumes and whole libraries have been written by men of research and understanding establishing the fact that this volume of miraculously preserved sacred literature has been destined to be the textbook for man's understanding of his God and himself as well as his fellow man and the universe in general. Christianity has built itself around numerous fundamentals, one of which is indeed the firm belief that the Holy Bible is a revelation of the word of God. Our Creator has revealed Himself in many ways, but a description of and an understanding definition of these revelations, regardless of how mysterious and inexplainable they may be in the human intelligence of man can be defined and explained within the pages of Holy Scripture. Skeptics, atheists, cynics, infidels and intellectual sophisticates so-called have used a thousand formulas in a desperate attempt to destroy the influence of the Holy Bible, but it remains the most used, understood and vital piece of literature known to the human race. The Bible is indeed the textbook of Christianity. It is, in fact, the word of God.

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 3
CHRIST IS THE SON OF GOD

In the apex of His career, Christ said: "No man can come unto the father but by me." This lays it down without even the remote possibility of uncertainty. At another time, He said: "I am the door of the sheepfold. He that climbeth up any other way is a thief and a robber."

To accept this clear, concise ultimatum is to be represented to the world by certain cynics and off-beat egotists as slaves of dogmatism and victims of bigotry. The fact of the case is that a Christian is one who believes in Jesus Christ, and a Christian is one who believes that Jesus Christ speaks with full authority as the Son of God, the revealer and interpreter of the personality of our Creator. Once this is accepted, we have no choice but to obey His will and to accept the finality of His pronouncements. That is why He said to the Apostle Peter: "Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." What was this rock? It was Peter's restatement of the fundamental of Christian faith; namely, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

It becomes natural, therefore, for the believer who accepts Jesus Christ as the Son of God to assume that when one receives Jesus Christ, he solves the problems of his life as they relate to the terrestrial as well as the celestial—the mortal as well as the immortal. Anyone who thinks he has the right to call himself a Christian while at the same time denying the proclamations of Christ, or questioning their authority, is only indulging in self-deception.

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 4
THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

The complexities of this universe are so fantastic and the cross-currents of life are so uncertain that no man can develop the intelligence necessary to cope with one hour of this life let alone the ordinary span. If we were to assume the wisdom of life could be written down in a book, what human being would have time to read that book, or those books, or the thousands of volumes which would be required before going to work in the morning, or in relationship to his general responsibilities during the day, or a lifetime. When one reflects on the millions and billions of things there are to know which involve our safety, our wisdom in general our understanding of life, our planning for the future, and our fulfillment of routine responsibilities—when one reflects on this complex circumstance, he realizes his complete helplessness *unless* he can exploit the wisdom of God, make himself conscious of God's revelation and accept the great promise of Christ who said: "I will send you my spirit. He will guide you."

As time passes, and the older I grow, the more convinced I become that there is no limit to the accomplishment of man if he will, in the will of God and via his expressed faith in Christ, accept the reality of the presence of the Holy Spirit—the divine chaperone. A complete commitment to this spiritual reality will melt walls and straighten roads and fulfill needs beyond the imagination of man, and as Paul says, "Even if we have the faith of a grain of mustard seed."

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 5
THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

A constructive letter from a believing friend not long ago tended to rebuke me for saying, "I have a soul." He rightfully said, "You must not say, 'I *have* a soul'—you must say, 'I *am* a soul.' " Once one accepts this fact as revealed in Scriptures in the account of creation, he becomes aware of the fact that he is an indestructible creature. He has the potentialities which can make him immortal, eternal and everlasting. As the Scripture reveals: "And he became a living soul." If God should ever decide to quicken the soul for everlasting existence without the acceptance of Jesus Christ, that would be God's business because He is all powerful, and He can make any decision harmonious with His wisdom; but as things now stand, the words of Christ and the revelations of Holy Scripture compel us to accept the sacred formula; namely the key to heaven, the formula for immortality, the ultimate realization of eternal values depends upon our full acceptance of Jesus Christ in what we confess, and how we repent and in the full obedience of His great commission when He said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be condemned."

This simple commission, this unqualified command may be ignored by cynics, atheists and materialistic egotists, but without it and without its fulfillment, there is no such thing as Christianity.

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 6
THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN

Disobedience to the will of God regardless of how that disobedience is defined invariably brings natural guilt. Guilt is a complex which develops among human beings whether Christianity is known or unknown. It is the pain of the soul which comes when man reflects on the contrast between his conduct and the perfections of life. As the laws of God are transgressed, and the natural will of the Creator violated, man soon discovers that it is impossible to retrace his steps. The people he injures and the infractions of divine law which he practices cannot be repaired. Injured people who have been the victims of one's inadequacies pass on and can no longer be compensated. This intensifies the sense of guilt and invites into the soul of man the hunger for forgiveness. The hunger for forgiveness cannot be satisfied except via the consideration of one who has the authority to forgive. Nothing is more beautiful in the Christian faith, nothing is more rewarding when one accepts Jesus Christ as the son of God and obeys Him as required than the idea of forgiveness. "Thy sins be forgiven." The simple proclamation of the angel to the Blessed Virgin who gave birth to the Son of God stands out in bold relief as we repeat it: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus for he shall save the people from their sins." Sin becomes the mother of death, and man becomes the painful victim of his worst enemy—death. St. Paul says, "The last enemy to be overcome is death."

This victory over death was confirmed, proclaimed and personified in the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ and defined in the Scripture, "As in Adam all die, in Christ shall all be made alive."

FUNDAMENTAL NO. 7
THE ABUNDANT LIFE

It was never the intention of God that we stand around on one foot in holy procrastination, waiting for the return of Christ, or longing for the establishment of the kingdom of God, or waiting to participate in the new phase of life sometimes referred to as "heavenly existence." These beautiful anticipations constitute a part of our faith, but it is the intention and desire of God that while we are on probation, waiting for the completion of His will in our mortal lives, that we shall be abundant in our personal lives, adding to our faith virtue, and to our virtue knowledge, and to our temperance brotherly kindness, and to our brotherly kindness love. He says, "If these abound in you, ye shall not be barren nor unfruitful." And in another place we read: "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is impossible for me to imagine a human being who accepts the personality of God, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, the presence of the Holy Spirit, the immortality of the soul, the forgiveness of sin — it is impossible for me to imagine a person accepting and fulfilling these attributes of faith without the desire to be good, decent, valuable and fruitful in his personal life. In fact, the whole world, even those outside the kingdom of Christ, have grown to require that Christian men and women be good men and women, not "goody goody," which is my definition of sanctimonious hypocrisy, but good, solid, decent and wholesome. These attributes should characterize a Christian, or they should at least be a part of his inspired ambition. This does not suggest that Christianity is limited to the perfect. Our imperfections constantly remind us of the necessity of God, and they invite the presence of His Holy Spirit as revealed in Jesus Christ. No matter how noble our intentions may be, no matter how abundant we want our personal lives to be, we must not become self-righteous egotists. As St. Paul says, "When ye think ye stand, take heed lest ye fall."

These are the fundamentals of the Christian faith. Without them, no man can be a Christian. He many be a moral man. He may be a valuable citizen. He may be an intelligent human being. Whether he lives in China, or Germany, Texas or Russia, but unless he accepts these fundamentals of faith he has no honest right to call himself a Christian.

Time and space does not permit me to summarize the by-products of Christian faith. There are many bypaths and "pleasant walks" in this contemporary 'Garden of Eden' which we call Christian faith which no man can describe. Furthermore every believer has his own unique experience involving the healing of the body, the growth of the soul, and the development of the human personality. The universality of the name of Christ with its unique appeal to a five-year-old girl as well as a profound scholar is one of the miracles of our faith. While a little girl and a little boy with smiling countenances sing "Jesus Loves Me This I Know," and while they seem to find complete satisfaction in this simple faith, men of great character and integrity and profoundness who have mastered uncounted books and have persued the philosophies of time come back to the warm reality that time and circumstance have not given us any substitute for the fundamentals of our Christian faith.

Christianity is like pure water, bubbling from a cold spring in the heat of the day. It seems as good to a college professor as it does to the man who ploughs the corn in the field. It is the element of life. It is as universal as the sunshine, as fundamental as water, and as real as life itself.

EPISODE 72

BAPTIZED

My father's misfortune was my fortune. When I was two years of age, my father was stricken with a chronic ailment, probably pernicious anemia, which was not so well understood then, and it was necessary for him to leave his chosen field of endeavor in central Wisconsin and go back to the homestead in a community known as Sylvan, Wisconsin. This community was located in Richland County, of which Richland Center is the County seat. We attended a little church at the top of a beautiful rolling hill known as the Sugar Grove Christian Church.

When I had reached seven years of age under the tutelage and guidance of a Christian father and mother, I felt the urge to openly accept Jesus Christ by a public confession as was the custom in our Christian fellowship. I also felt the necessity of being baptized in honor of the burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The reason that I say my father's misfortune was my fortune is because he was a very wise and good man, and although his prolonged illness impoverished us and we lived in a wooded area with practically no access to money, it gave my father plenty of time (more than the average father) to have companionship with his young son and impart to him the wisdom of life. My mother and father were not the proverbial hillbillies. They were high-toned, proud people. The impoverishment created by my father's illness required that we live for some time in this isolated spot surrounded by some of the best people in this world whom we met in our daily routine and at church on Sunday.

My conviction that I should be baptized came in the midst of a cold winter. In this area, it was not uncommon for the thermometer to go down to ten, twenty, thirty and forty degrees below zero. My father decided to take me to Richland Center, the County seat, where I could be baptized in a warmed baptistry inside the little Christian Church. At that time a revival meeting was being held in the church, and at the close of the sermon I walked down with all the seriousness that my little body could summon, took the minister by the hand and confessed my faith in Jesus Christ. Immediately following I was taken back into the robing room where a representative of the congregation and my father prepared me for the sacred rite. I can remember it as though it were yesterday. I was wearing bright red underwear, which was not uncommon in those days, and as I peeled my little red shirt off over my head, I turned to my father and said: "Now when the Evangelist says confess and repent, I know he will not mean me for I have accepted my Lord."

These were hard, but beautiful days, and one of the fundamentals in our home was the family altar. There were only four of us — my father, my mother, my sister Barbara, who was 10 years my senior, and myself. My father, each evening, would open the Bible and he would read a chapter, taking verses by turn after we children became old enough to read, and then we would all kneel down around the table and each would offer his prayer. Thus, we retired every night with the peace of God upon our souls.

Many interesting things happened in this out-of-the-way place. For instance, I had a young school teacher, who couldn't have been over 18 years of age, because teachers in those days would go to a six weeks' teacher's institute right after they graduated from common school, and that was all the training they had to have in order to get a job teaching school. This good girl didn't know much about children. Her weapon for discipline was a long, slim, hard oak-finger out of an oldtime hay cradle. It was about three feet long, hard as iron and about three-quarters of an inch thick. When we boys would giggle, or demonstrate the normal reactions of restless children, the technique was to hit us over the head with that hard stick. One night I returned to our home with three big knots on my head, each one about the size of a marble. Can you imagine what would happen today if a child received that sort of treatment? My parents were shocked, but they felt helpless, because we were land-locked by our poverty and my father's illness. Although I was only eleven years old, I did much around the little farm. I milked cows. I cleaned out the barn. I put down the hay. The summer that I was eleven years old I raked and helped to harvest 55 acres of hay. Of course, today that would be called child labor, I guess.

I ran my hand over the knots on my head, and the next day I approached my parents with a suggestion. I told them that if they would give consent, I would ride to town to school, which was seven miles. Most of the horses which were owned by these hill farmers were broncos, wild horses which had been rounded up on the Montana prairies and other prairies and brought in and auctioned off for from $5.00 to $20.00 each. We had three or four of these little horses. They all had brands on them. There was one little mare which we called Pet. I told my parents that I would be willing to do the chores in the morning and ride Pet to school if they would give me their consent. They gave me their consent, and I began riding Pet to school.

It meant that I had to arise about 4 o'clock in order to get the chores done and put down the hay for the cattle and the horses and milk four cows. Then without a saddle I would ride seven miles. I remember the first day at the little village school of Viola, Wisconsin. I was greeted by a beautiful young woman by the name of Mable Bennett, who was to be my teacher. She was one of those beautiful persons who had given her life to children, and she treated us all as though we were her very own.

Of course, she was impressed by a little fellow who would ride seven miles to school.

I had no money, and I struck an agreement with the owner of the livery stable that if he would permit me to tie my horse in his livery barn and feed it that I would come down at noon and put down the hay for his horses. He agreed to this, and that took care of my horse. Before I left home I would pack a little lunch, which was usually boiled eggs and apples and a piece of bread and butter.

I got along just fine and graduated from the common school, and then went on to become a freshman in high school. During the freshman year I joined the high school band, but the problem was to get a band instrument. So I went to a Sears Roebuck catalog and found out that I could buy a piccolo for $1.98. That was the cheapest band instrument in the whole catalog, so I got a piccolo and began to learn to play it, and this entitled me to attend the games and to appear with the band.

Time passed, and my father showed recovery, and we moved to the County seat of Vernon County, Viroqua, Wisconsin. This is where I finished high school, and this was where I was later chosen by the Chamber of Commerce many, many years later as their "favorite son" to deliver the Centennial address. This dramatic situation is discussed elsewhere in this book.

The time came for me to go to college. I had little money. I had worked all summer in the fields and had earned enough to pay my first term's tuition and to pay my railroad fare to the college which I had chosen. I had also been able to buy two suits from Sears Roebuck. One suit cost me $4.50 and the other cost me $6.50. I had chosen Valparaiso University, at Valparaiso, Indiana, which at that time was an independently owned university operated by two prominent educators by the name of Mr. Brown and Mr. Kinsey. Since that time the university passed through some hard years, and was taken over by the Lutheran Church, and is now a Lutheran University, but it was not a Lutheran University when I attended and graduated from it.

When I arrived at the campus at Valparaiso, Indiana it was, of course, my first lengthy railroad trip and the first time I had ever passed through Chicago. I was so in awe of Chicago that I was almost afraid to look out the window.

The first thing that I did when I arrived at Valparaiso was to register and pay my tuition and buy the necessary books. When I had done that I only had $10.80 left. That meant that it was necessary for me to find a place to work. I finally came upon a boarding hall which was on College Avenue, and inasmuch as the address was 71, they named the boarding house "71." The woman who ran it was a big, bold, strong-talking person who swung quite a scepter of authority. After I had discussed the matter with her, she said: "If you will wash dishes, I'll give you your board." She had something over 200 boarders. There was no machinery in those days. One merely dropped a black oilcloth apron over his head and proceeded to wash dishes in the old-fashioned way. I washed the dishes. Two young women rinsed the dishes, and two other young women wiped the dishes. Can you imagine a college student today washing dishes for 200 people three times a day in return for his board? Another sensational fact about that situation was that even the cash customers who paid for their board only paid $2.10 per week; so I worked about 3½ hours a day for $2.10 a week. I felt so lucky, and I was so happy! I still had the problem of a place to room. The boarding house had a few rooms upstairs, and I approached the same woman who had given me the dish washing job. She said: "Young man, if you will sweep out the dining room every day, I'll give you your room." So I accepted this offer, and she gave me a room so small that I virtually had to back out to turn around. It was really an old linen closet. Here I slept on a sanitary cot, and the average young person today could not imagine how happy I was. I had paid my tuition. I had paid for my books, and I had a job that provided for my room and board, and I had enough clothes to last all winter.

I won't bother the reader with the details concerning the remainder of my education, but I went to school the maximum amount of time and got my undergraduate degree in a little over two years. I attended school twelve months out of the year. In those days Valparaiso University did not restrict the number of hours which you could take. All you needed to do was pass the examination, whether you attended class or not, but oh, those examinations!

As time passed I became acquainted and was considered one of the leaders of the young people's movement inside the local first Christian Church in Valparaiso, which at the time had as its pastor Dr. Claude Hill, one of the prominent clergymen of the denomination. One day as I was coming out from the church service, Dr. Hill said to me: "How would you like to take a ride with me this afternoon?" I felt honored and agreed to go with him. We drove about eight miles into the country to a little church called "Deep River." This little church could not afford a pastor, so Dr. Hill would go out occasionally and preach to them, and when he had finished his sermon that day, he said to the nice people of the congregation (and oh, what beautiful people they were): "You have been looking for a pastor, and I have brought with me today a young man, and although he is only 18 years of age, I believe that he can preach as good a sermon to you as anyone you have ever heard." That was quite flattering, but it pleased the congregation. The official board met and decided to call me as their student pastor. This was the beginning of better days, because they agreed to pay me $25.00 a month for coming out every other Sunday. Furthermore, they began to hover over me and put their arms around me, and this little congregation stuck with me until I had finished college.

On the occasion of my graduation, they gave me a certificate of purchase entitling me to buy a $25.00 suit at a certain Valparaiso department store. The young reader who happens to read these lines will have difficulty realizing how happy I was. Aside from my board and housework and my student preaching, I did extra jobs like mowing lawns and working gardens. Thus, when I graduated from college all bills were paid. I had my new suit, and I had bought a new typewriter. I returned victoriously to my home in Viroqua, where my proud father and mother wept and praised God as I filled the pulpit in my old home church.

EPISODE 73

CUPID STRIKES

Early in the 1920's I was the pastor of a rural church in Wisconsin located in a community called Footville. This was one of the strongest rural churches in the whole area, and as a single man I pastored this church in a way that was considered quite successful. Believe it or not, my activities in this community in relationship to community problems as well as the preaching of the Gospel prompted a feature writer in the Milwaukee daily paper to write a special article concerning the activities of this young minister in Footville. I did a lot of work with young people and had a big following.

The day came when we needed some extra money to help finance some of the enterprises which involved the young people, and I had heard that there was a wonderful trio composed of three sisters in Janesville, Wisconsin. This trio was very popular, and they were invited to sing at all sorts of events — civic clubs, men's brotherhoods, etc. Someone told me that if we would ask this trio to come to sing that it would attract a nice audience, and we could take up an offering that would help raise the money that we needed for the youth program. We negotiated with this trio made up of three sisters by the name of Sorenson. Their names were Nan, Elna and Belva. God had given each of them a different pitched voice, so they made a magnificent trio. When they came to Footville to sing, my eye was drawn to the one sister, Elna, and I said within my soul; "There is the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen, and God willing, some day she will be my wife." I believe that that thought was a divine inspiration, because I am convinced that I could not have carried on through these years without the companionship of this beautiful person whom I vowed to marry the first time I saw her.

It required several weeks for me to get up enough nerve to write her a letter and ask her to spend an evening with me, but finally I did, and I called on her in her home in Janesville, Wisconsin. I was proud to drive up in front of her house with a brand new car for which I had paid $750.00. It was a 1921 Model T Ford. I courted this beautiful person all winter, calling on her with great regularity every Thursday night, and then as the courtship proceeded, I began going in twice a week. I remember the highlight of our courtship as though it were last year. My first date was the first Thursday in October. I proposed marriage the 12th of January. I gave her the engagement ring the 2nd of February, and we were united in marriage the 21st of June, 1922, at the Beloit, Wisconsin, Christian Church, where by that time I was the Pastor.

I'll never forget the purchase of the engagement ring. I journeyed on the train, because it was too icy and snowy to drive a car, to a little city called Evansville, where I interviewed the jeweler. He agreed to let me have a $125.00 diamond ring, which Mrs. Smith still wears, for $25.00 down, and then I was to pay for it so much a month. That was one of the big deals of my life, second only to the purchase of the Model T for which I paid $750.00. It is hard to believe that there was a day when one could buy a new Ford for that price.

If I were to go on detailing the experiences of our married life with various transitions, this narrative alone would require a book, but the purpose of this book is to help the reader understand the high principles to which we have given our lives.

EPISODE 74

THE LITTLE VISITOR

God did not choose to give us a child. We wanted children, but it was not in the will of God that we should have children. One day we decided to bring a guest into our home and adopt a little child as our very own. He was eight months old and we called him Gerry. He was one of the sweetest and most beautiful babies that we had ever seen, and he grew up with us through common school and high school. By that time we were at war. He enlisted in the Army and was sent to a camp for the training of military police in Texas, because during his vacation period he had served in the Department of Security at the Ford Motor Co. The army seemed to feel that this would qualify him for work as a military policeman. But soon after he entered the camp, a Jewish official found out that he was my son, and he began immediately to heap abuses upon him and finally assigned him to Fort Bliss, which was near El Paso, Texas, and although it was referred to as a cavalry training camp, it was, in fact, a mule training camp. Illiterate recruits who couldn't read or write were brought in from the mountain sections to train mules and to care for the mules and clean out the barns, and it was a low-grade, debasing situation, almost equivalent to prison.

Finally the order came to go overseas, and the men and the mules were loaded on a freighter. But as they were being loaded the Commanding Officer turned to my son and said: "You are not supposed to be here. How come you are here?" He tried to explain, and the Commanding Officer said: "We will have you stay with us in the officers' quarters," which he did. The slow ship full of mules and men took the route which it had been directed to take officially but when it reached the Indian Ocean it was struck by a torpedo. The boat was shattered. The mules were drowned. The living men (Gerry being one) floated on life rafts for four days without food and water, and finally were rescued. They were brought into Calcutta, and here General Merrill, the famous officer who later organized what was called "Merrill's Marauders," announced that he was recruiting a suicide squad, and after those whom he recruited fulfilled their responsibility they would be sent home.

Gerry joined the suicide squad together with about 3,000 others. Their task was to walk through the jungles 900 miles and open what was to be known as the Lido Road. They did this and during the engagement Gerry suffered casualties from starvation and wounds. He was wounded in both arms and both legs, but they were all surface wounds. He was hospitalized almost a year. He made a recovery, although he almost starved to death in the jungle. When the engagement was finished, only 900 men remained out of the 3,000, and those who were left were so weak that they had to hold on to a mule's tail in order to stand up as they walked through the streets of their captured city. The Lido Road was opened and it was considered one of the most heroic engagements of the war.

The life and activities of Gerry were numerous and interesting. Because of my highly controversial activities, and because of the great persecution which has been heaped upon me by my enemies, mainly the Jews, I have avoided giving him the kind of publicity that would permit my enemies to identify his location, or his occupation. Suffice it to say, there is no person in this world who respects the cause to which I have given my life more than our adopted son Gerry.

Sequel: When we were in New York City, we were living at the old Murryhill Hotel located on Park Avenue. The hotel in itself was a collector's item, a beautiful antique. They had preserved carefully the suite of rooms which had been occupied by President McKinley. As a place to stay, it was a paradise for lovers of nostalgic lore. I was carrying on in fulfillment of my responsibilities, and one day I had occasion to go and fulfill an appointment. While I was gone Mrs. Smith took a nap, but suddenly she was awakened, and she heard a voice as clearly as if it had been right in the room. "Mother, Mother, Mother." By some chance she took notice of the exact time and when months had passed and Gerry had returned, he told us of his experiences, and it turned out that she heard that voice at the exact moment when the freighter on which Gerry was riding was struck by the torpedo. Suffice it to say, the son of the man who had been smeared and abused all over the world by the left wing Jewish propaganda machine returned with practically every medal symbolic of heroism which could be conferred on a brave soldier.

EPISODE 75

ANNA M. ROSENBERG EPISODE

Anna M. Rosenberg was a Hungarian Jewess. She came to New York State and became a part of the left wing movement, and was known by many as an outright Communist. She wrote articles for the official periodicals of the Communist Party, and became politically potent at a time when the Communists and their left wing satellites were the balance of power between a Republican and Democratic victory. She used that balance of power and wormed herself into a position of national prominence. She literally became a part of the brain trust complex in Washington, D. C., during the term of President Harry Truman, who seemed to have a weakness for allowing this sort of person to worm his way into the centers of authority.

David Niles, a Communist Jew, was later exposed as one of the most enigmatic and negative forces in America, in a position of virtual dictatorship. In fact, when Mr.Truman ran for election in 1948, it was David Niles who raised the money and influenced the Jews to give him the money necessary to win it. No one expected him to win, because he ran out of campaign funds. His popularity poll had sunk the lowest of any President of the century. He was basically a good man. He came into the White House naive. President Roosevelt had not allowed him to sit in on any of the confidential operations of the Government while Vice President. He had to begin at the very bottom.

When he came to the White House, he had some ready-made trouble. One was David Niles and the other was to be Anna M. Rosenberg. It is my belief that if it hadn't been for this Hungarian Jewess whose sympathies were pro-Communist he would not have had his unfortunate difficulty with General MacArthur. His removal of General MacArthur was one of the blights on his career even though he will go down in history as an honorable man with a good wife and a lovely daughter. His character and conduct was far superior to that of the Roosevelts and the Kennedys.

Anna Rosenberg was one of those aggressive individuals who was always around seeking position for herself. She used her balance-of-power influence in New York State to make herself seem necessary in the Washington complex. One of the enigmas which Mr. Truman inherited was General George Marshall, who was in on the deceptive trickery which was involved in the precipitation of World War II by the creation of a lethal incident at Pearl Harbor. Mature students of world affairs now recognize without argument that Pearl Harbor was instigated by Roosevelt, Churchill, Marshall and others. Our innocent soldiers and sailors need not have been caught by surprise when the Japanese raided Pearl Harbor. The enemy was seduced by Washington trickery, and the result was so catastrophic that it produced the hysterical war psychology that the warmakers wanted. Up to that time 81% of the people were opposed to involving ourselves in a war that would make us allies either of Hitler or Stalin. The Pearl Harbor tragedy was so catastrophic that it solved the problem for the propagandists.

General Marshall had begun to erode. Some thought he had become senile. His powers of decision were such that he behaved like a puppet and out of nowhere came the hidden hand of power which demanded the appointment of Anna M. Rosenberg as the Assistant Secretary of Defense which when it happened made her, for all practical purposes, the Secretary of Defense — believe it or not. What a catastrophe! What a tragedy! What an unprecedented piece of hidden hand trickery to give this pro-Communist Jewess virtually dictatorial authority over all of our Generals and Admirals in the entire Armed forces.

I was one who helped organize the campaign to prevent Mrs. Rosenberg from being confirmed. I went to Washington, D.C. I organized subtle committees. I made thorough investigations. I discovered that there was a man living in New York City who had attended Communist meetings with this woman who had already been writing feature articles for the New Masses, the official organ of the Communist Party. I located a man who knew a man who knew this key witness, but he had lost track of his address. He did say that he would know the house if he saw it and that it was on the East side of Manhattan.

I contacted a very good and important friend and appealed to him to get this man into a taxicab and drive up and down the street and if, as and when he came to the house that looked like the house this man lived in, stop and try to get an interview and persuade this man to come to Washington and testify before the Armed Services Committee of the United States Senate.

My friend followed my advice. His friend happened to know that the man lived on the South side of the street, so they began at 42nd Street and went up and down, and up and down, and up and down, until finally the man looked out the window about midnight and said: "There's where he lives." They then went into the house. The man was there, and he agreed after some considerable persuasion to come to Washington to testify that he had attended Communist meetings with Anna M. Rosenberg, the woman that was to become the Assistant Secretary of Defense and virtually the dictator of our whole armed equipment.

I was in Washington. The Senate Committee, headed by the late U.S. Senator Richard Russell was about to confirm Mrs. Rosenberg, believe it or not. I sat down and prepared an affidavit and had a young friend of mine sign it to the effect that we were prepared to bring in a witness who would say that he had attended Communist meetings with Mrs. Rosenberg. I then told my young friend to rush over to the Senate Committee and whether they recognized him or not to walk down the aisle and say: "I've got a witness that will testify that Mrs. Rosenberg attended Communist meetings." This revelation was so sensational that it hit all the newspapers, although no one knew that I was connected with the enterprise. Senator Russell responded by saying: "This is too serious to ignore." They postponed the confirmation of Mrs. Rosenberg until the next week when they could hear this witness.

Although the powerful Jew Senator who represented the banking house of Lehman and also the Jewish political complex was not a member of the Committee, he sat in on the Committee every day until he was assured that Anna M. Rosenberg was confirmed. When the committee reconvened the witness that we had promised had appeared. His name was DeSola. He gave a strong, straight, honest testimony indicating the times that he attended Communist meetings with Anna M. Rosenberg; but certain members of the Committee abused and bulldozed him in a disgraceful manner. Even Mrs. Rosenberg arose in the Committee hearings and cursed him with profanity. The Committee was uncertain and was inclined to postpone confirmation again when a cablegram was brought in by a messenger, and believe it or not, it was from General Dwight David Eisenhower, who was then in charge of our forces at Paris. His cablegram expressed a desire that the Committee name Mrs. Rosenberg. This was one of the most shocking observations that I had ever made in my years of watching unfolding events of our Nation and all the ramifications of politics and statesmanship.

Anna M. Rosenberg became the Assistant Secretary of Defense and because of the weakness and feebleness of General Marshall, she, in fact, became the Secretary of Defense. I blame her for the removal of MacArthur even though President Truman did it. I believe that she and her cohorts created the false propaganda necessary to convince Mr. Truman that he would have to fire the greatest General and military expert our Nation has ever known.

Sequel No. 1: When the word went out that a new witness was ready to appear before the Armed Services Committee, I was called on by Don Surine, chief investigator for the late U. S. Senator Joseph McCarthy. He said that he had heard that I knew the name of the witness in New York and he wondered if I would be willing to introduce him to that witness so that he could, with Ed Nellor, chief assistant to the newscaster, the late Fulton Lewis, go up to New York to meet the witness and get an advance story. After some persuasion I yielded, and they were about to leave for the plane when suddenly they discovered that they would have to go by the office to get the money for plane tickets and they didn't have time to do it. Mrs. Smith reached into her purse and gave Mr. Surine the money, and he and Mr. Nellor boarded the plane and flew to New York. They located my friend, whose name I shall not use as he is still living, and he took them to the home of Mr. DeSola and they interviewed him. Mr. Lewis came back and made quite a news story over the network over the fact that there was a witness ready to testify that he had attended Communist meetings with Anna Rosenberg who was being suggested as the new Assistant Secretary of Defense.

About this time I left Washington and drove into the South for interviews and meetings which had already been set up. I was listening to the radio when lo, and behold, I tuned in on Fulton Lewis' broadcast which contained, in effect, the following words: "It has been reported that I have had contact with Gerald L. K. Smith in the Anna Rosenberg contest. I withdraw from the fight, because I understand that she is being fought only by anti-Semites, and as far as Gerald L. K. Smith is concerned my contempt for him is such that I would not open a letter from him if he were to write to me."

Can you imagine my shock when I knew in my heart, and Mr. Lewis knew, that I had not only aided his special representative sent to see me, but that I had paid his plane fare to New York City and back to get the story which Mr. Lewis had used over the radio network. It is only an example of how the Jews can terrorize men. No group of people have ever developed the art of terrorizing human beings like the organized Jew. The formula which they used against our Saviour when they persuaded Caesar's representative Pilate, even though he believed Jesus was innocent — they persuaded him to order His crucifixion because he could not stand the arm-twisting, subtle terrorizing pressures brought upon him by the Jewish Sanhedrin. In those days the Jewish Sanhedrin which voted for the execution of Jesus Christ was the equivalent of some of our present-day organizations such as the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, the American Jewish Congress, and the American Jewish Committee. They may not call for the physical execution and crucifixion of an individual, but they work day and night in a campaign to assassinate the character of anyone who dares to resist their political machinations.

Sequel No. 2: This wasn't the end of the Rosenberg incident. After she had been confirmed, she became very revengeful and she was bound to seek revenge on those of us who had attempted to prevent her confirmation. One day I was driving through New Mexico, and I came to a little town called Gallup. When I checked in I had a message indicating that my secretary in the headquarters office, which was then St. Louis, wanted to talk to me. I called her and she said: "Mr. Smith, the U. S. Marshall is looking for you." I went into the matter and I found that a Grand Jury had been formed in Washington, D. C., and I was about to be subpoenaed to appear before that Grand Jury. I told her to contact the U. S. Marshall and tell him that I was out West, but I was not evading him and tell him where I could be subpoenaed in the West, or he could wait until I got to St. Louis." He waited until I got to St. Louis, and after I had received the subpoena from the U. S. Marshall I went to Washington with Mrs. Smith and my staff. I appeared before the Grand Jury, and the Assistant U. S. Attorney proceeded to question me and asked me if I had a statement. I told him that I was convinced that this was a persecution jury and someone was trying to do injury to those of us who had opposed Anna M. Rosenberg. I said: "I cannot be intimidated. I am still against her, and I am going to do everything I can to have her removed. In fact, I do not think she is good for the United States of America, and I believe she is tied in with the left wing pro-Communist elements."

They proceeded to cross-examine me and brought out the fact that Mrs. Rosenberg had said that there were many Rosenbergs in New York and that she had been misrepresented and that the Rosenberg that I had been referring to was another Rosenberg. I then responded by saying to the Grand Jury: "I have heard this story, and I am told that the other Rosenberg would have been 12 years of age when *the* Mrs. Rosenberg was allegedly attending Communist meetings." I thereupon said to the members of the Grand Jury: "I will give any member of this Jury a $500.00 reward who will get me an interview with the Rosenberg woman that Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg says she is not." The hearing fizzled out. There was no indictment, and I later read in a book that General George Marshall had advised Anna Rosenberg to drop the case, because it might lead to trouble that she did not expect.

This circumstance gives the reader some idea of the vicious insistence there was among these people to persecute those of us who were merely exercising our rights as free Americans.

EPISODE 76

CAMPAIGN FOR THE SENATE

The operating headquarters of my activities were located in the following cities; Detroit, Michigan; St. Louis, Missouri; and Los Angeles, California. The secondary headquarters when our main headquarters was in St. Louis was Tulsa, Oklahoma, and my secondary headquarters now that our main headquarters have been in Los Angeles is in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

When our headquarters were in Detroit, I was a legal resident of the State of Michigan. The issues of the war; the New Deal, Roosevelt, Communism and Marxist bureaucracy as well as the infiltration of the C.I.O. labor union by Communists — these situations constituted tremendous issues.

Walter Reuther and his brother who were the big guns in the C.I.O. had visited Russia and had written letters back home, copies of which came into my hands, which ended with the words: "Carry on for a Soviet America." One letter said: "I hope to see the day when the Red flag will fly over the Ford factory."

I appealed to my friends to help furnish the money for me to buy time on one of the most important radio stations in America — Station WJR. I broadcast every week and I had a phenomenal audience, so much so that a mail test proved that more people listened to my program than any program broadcast by this big station. My name became a household word, and it was time to elect a new U. S. Senator. It was necessary to circulate petitions in order to obtain thousands of certified names who would qualify one to be placed on the ballot. I qualified and received magnificent support. I travelled all over Michigan, speaking to mammoth audiences and was received with great enthusiasm. It was generally believed that I would win. In fact, it was generally believed that I did win, because I carried a majority of the votes in the State outside of Detroit and certain metropolitan areas. But suddenly the reports quit coming through, and it was generally believed that the Democrats, and the Republicans under arm-twisting pressure from the Jews, stole my votes and declared me defeated. Whatever the case was, it made me a real factor in the affairs of Michigan and the Midwest and, indeed, the Nation. In this campaign I was supported by Henry Ford, Charles Lindbergh and a wide variety of prominent citizens.

At that time Bernard Baruch was the chief advisor to President Roosevelt under his influence they had stopped the free sale of automobile tires in the name of the war-time emergency; but Henry Ford came out saying that he could make eight pounds of rubber out of a bushel of wheat. He brought out the fact that over two million bushels of wheat had been burned, purposely, in the State of Kansas, because of the oversupply of wheat. He later demonstrated that he could make rubber out of garbage, potatoes and petroleum. He introduced me to his rubber specialist and a set of tires was made for my car out of synthetics. I drove these tires all over Michigan and advertised the fact that rubber rationing was a fraud and a scheme to keep people from gathering in large groups to protest a war that they didn't want.

Sequel No. 1: One day I was called by Ernest Liebold, who had been Mr. Ford's secretary for 34 years. He was my very special friend. We met in a confidential luncheon at the Detroit Club, the oldest and most exclusive club in the city. He said: "Mr. Smith, we received a visitor from Washington and we have been issued an ultimatum to the effect that Mr. Ford must quit supporting you. Otherwise, we run the risk of having our factory seized by the U. S. Government in the name of the war time emergency." This, of course, meant that the iron curtain had been dropped on me, because Mr. Ford had been telling all of his friends with whom he did business that he wanted me supported so that we could get this truth out to the whole Nation. We had planned to send a copy of "The International Jew" and "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" and other important documents to every school teacher, every clergyman, and every public official in the United States. It may be difficult for the reader to realize it, but before this ultimatum came from Washington, D. C., Mr. Ford had passed the word along the line through his subordinates that he wanted every person who sold merchandise to the Ford Motor Co. to donate to the enterprises directed by Gerald L. K. Smith. Can you imagine what a fortunate financial circumstance this created, and can you imagine the bitterness that it created among the Jews? There is no doubt but what Jewish pressure upon the Government of the United States effected the circumstance which cut me off.

We continued to enjoy the admiration of both Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Sr. In fact, Mrs. Smith has among her collector's items handwritten letters from Mrs. Ford signed "Clara."

Sequel No. 2: The War progressed and it was the mood of Mr. Roosevelt to give the Russians everything they wanted including over 100 ships, complete railroad locomotive factories, etc., etc. Mr. Ford had just built the greatest rubber manufacturing plant in the world, surpassing anything in Akron, Ohio. Mr. Roosevelt earmarked it for Russia, and it was taken down piece by piece, loaded onto three freight trains and sent to Russia by way of Seattle.

Roosevelt's hatred for me was not incidental, accidental or temperamental. He realized that I had the will and the courage to tell the truth which needed to be told about him, and his fakery, his hypocrisy and his encouragement of Communism, and he knew that if my understanding was once matched by Mr. Henry Ford's wealth, there was no telling what it could do to the public sentiment of the United States of America.

Later the Ford Motor Co. was taken over by the younger generation. The most powerful Jew in the world moved in and became the chief advisor to Henry Ford II. His name was Sidney Weinberg. They met with code names and secret names in Europe and reorganized the entire

Ford Motor Co. This shocking circumstance has been discussed in detail in a booklet I prepared entitled "The Most Powerful Jew in the World." Of course, that is a bit dated, because the man Sidney Weinbeg is dead and others have superseded him in power and influence. While he lived, he was the most powerful Jew in the United States, at least.

EPISODE 77

I TURN TO THE FAITHFUL FEARLESS

As the war progressed and Mr. Roosevelt was trying to imprison me, and the pressures from Washington, D. C. had compelled anyone doing business with the Government to withdraw their support from me, I was left virtually penniless. In my files were something like 100,000 names of people who had written to me while I was on the radio telling me how much they enjoyed the truth which I spoke. I sat down and wrote a letter and sent this letter to all of them telling them that I was entering into a period of great persecution and abuse and that the whole force of the Roosevelt regime had been mobilized against me. I told them that this was the time when I was going to have to depend upon the people who were really my devoted friends, followers and admirers. I suggested that they enclose a donation to help me to carry on. Out of the nearly 100,000 names I received 1200 replies with donations. This became the nucleus for the support which has continued with me through the years, and from that day on I have not depended on a rich angel, or prominent wealth to support me. I have been supported by the rank and file of devoted patriots who cannot be intimidated by the kept press or the Jew-controlled news media or the political coercions which can come out of Washington, D. C. To pass through a 'Gethsemane,' it required much prayer and dedication, but it saved my soul, because it gave me an opportunity to demonstrate that I loved my cause more than I loved money, position, prominence or popularity. This and other circumstances were responsible for a writer in the Jewish Voice, one of the biggest Jewish papers in America, saying: "We have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to destroy Gerald Smith, but he now rises stronger than ever."

EPISODE 78

MONEY RAISED TO KILL ME

If I were not able to quote the exact news story in Missouri's largest morning paper, the reader, regardless of how much he trusts me, would have difficulty believing what I am about to say. Imagine my shock when I picked up the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and read a story in that paper to the effect that a group of people had met in St. Louis for the expressed purpose of raising money, and their ambition was a total of $15,000.00, to hire someone to murder Gerald L. K. Smith.

I quote the story exactly as it appeared in the St. Louis Globe Democrat on page one — Sunday Jan. 9, 1949.

GROUP MEETING CALLS FOR DEATH OF GERALD SMITH

A reported threat to kill Gerald L. K. Smith, head of the Christian Nationalist party, for circulating a petition attempting to legalize segregation of Negroes and whites in St. Louis was being investigated yesterday by police.

Detective Sgt. Francis Burke, in charge of the Special Investigation Division, said the threat was reported Tuesday in a St. Louis Negro weekly newspaper, the St. Louis Herald and a complaint was lodged by Don Lohbeck, secretary of Smith's party.

PRAY FOR HIS DEATH

The news article stated that a group meeting in a basement shortly before New Year's unanimously adopted a resolution to "wish and pray for his death in 1949." One furious member of the group said "Italian gangsters should be paid to bump him off."

The article stated that "this same member asked the group to donate and seek more funds from pure-hearted white and colored citizens to pay for Smith's death performed in any manner."

The reader will be surprised to know that the controlled and promoted campaign of hate against me by the news media and others was so intense that I was not even called on by a law enforcement official, and no attempt was made to run down the source and the personalities involved in this conspiracy even though they held a meeting that was publicized on page one of a daily newspaper with a circulation of 325,000. The reason was that the public officials were so intimidated by the Jews that they feared they would experience reprisals if they even attempted to protect me from being assassinated.

Circumstances such as this helped me to understand that nothing could intimidate me, that I was determined to speak the truth and spread the truth, regardless of the cost or the risk. Enough has been done to me to kill me and liquidate me a hundred times. It seems that I have carried on my battle under the aura of divine protection, and I will be kept alive until God feels that I have completed my responsibilities on this earth.

Sequel: Speaking of hazards; time passed on, and I began to feel the growth of a lump on my left shoulder. I thought of having it taken out, but a physician friend of mine said: "Gerald, let it alone. It might turn into cancer." So I did let it alone, and it grew and grew and grew until it became as large as a baseball. Finally it began to press on a nerve in my spinal column, and it caused me great pain, inconvenience and nervous exhaustion.I went to my old friend Dr. Claude E. Hill, who was Pastor of the First Christian Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where we lived at that time, and appealed to him to recommend a surgeon whom I could trust, and this he did. You can imagine the anxiety of Mrs. Smith and the concern of my loved ones and best friends. Prior to and during the surgery special prayer meetings were held for me under the direction of my lifetime associate, Charles F. Robertson. The day came for the surgery and the cyst was removed. The next thing was to take a biopsy and test it as to whether or not there was any malignancy. You can imagine the joy which came to all of us when the report came in that there was no malignancy, and there was no danger of cancer. It healed up beautifully, but I had to have all of my suits remodeled because they had been let out to fit that swollen place on my back. Again I felt that God had presided over me and protected me.

EPISODE 79

1944 IN CHICAGO

The Republican Convention was on. I pulled a trick on the Committee. I rented the biggest ballroom in the city, which was the ballroom in the Stevens Hotel, in the name of the Independent Republican Committee. Those who managed affairs were naive enough to let me have it because they just assumed that it was part of the Republican complex. The reason I rented this room was because I was opposed to the nomination of Thomas E. Dewey, who was, in fact, merely a tool of the New York establishment. I came to the meeting and my followers literally packed this great ballroom, but the hotel then tried to cancel the meeting room. They put an orchestra in the ballroom and thought they could have that orchestra play and cheat me out of my speaking engagement. I went to the platform with a group of my good friends who served notice on the director that if he wanted to preserve his horns and his drums he would have to get off the platform. They were sufficiently intimidated and fled. Then I proceeded to speak in which I excoriated Dewey and glorified Governor John Bricker. The audience was enthusiastic beyond description. It was a hot day, and the management was still trying to wreck my meeting. They turned off the air-conditioning, but that had no effect on me. I took off my coat and continued to speak, and the meeting was carried on in the midst of indescribable enthusiasm. Later at the Convention Dewey was nominated and Governor Bricker was nominated for Vice President.

Sequel: I returned to Detroit and called a convention of the America First Party. I was nominated for President and Governor Bricker was nominated for Vice President. This made a dramatic demonstration of our convictions. I toured the United States proclaiming my convictions and contending earnestly for the truth to which I have given my life. To those who read this information for the first time, it may seem like it was an idle gesture, but the crusading zeal of our movement effected every segment of American life, and God in heaven alone knows how much good we did by refusing to compromise in our contention for truth.

Sequel: Smart politicians knew that I had so drawn on the drama of Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin and Huey Long that I had become virtually the balance of power in the States of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan as well as other states. I was in Cleveland for a meeting, and after the meeting I drove my car onto a commutation boat which at that time ran between Cleveland and Detroit. One could board the boat with his car, go to sleep, and wake up in Detroit. Just before I boarded the boat I picked up a Cleveland Plain-Dealer, and it recorded a speech by Thomas E. Dewey in which he had addressed a banquet of rich Jews in New York and had referred to me as the "Hitler of America." By the time I reached Detroit I was being telephoned from New York, and a friend of Mr. Dewey's had called me to say: "Mr. Smith, don't take this too hard. He was merely trying to raise money from the Jews, and he knew that if he used your name it would help raise more money." "But," he said, "we need you if we are to defeat Roosevelt." The man who called me was a Jew, and his name was George Sokolsky, who had posed in the latter part of his life as a right winger, and a friend of Herbert Hoover and other right wing personalities, but I was always suspicious of his motives. He had begun as a Communist, and at one time he had been heard to say, "I'm going to prove that I can get rich by posing as a right winger."

Sequel: One day I was visiting New York City, and George Sokolsky, who was a syndicated columnist, asked for an interview. He came to see me. He represented himself as a friend, but I later concluded that he came to make a threat, and this is about the way his conversation went: "Gerald, I like you. I think you are a great man. I think you have been abused. I think you have been greatly mistreated, but I suppose you know what they are going to do to you." I said: "What are they going to do to me?" He said: "You have spoken out on the Jewish question, and they don't like that, and they are going to completely destroy and smear you so that whenever a promising young man with capacity and ability and a brilliant future rises and is tempted to take up that subject as you have, they will point to you and say, 'See what we did to Gerald Smith.' "

That is the formula which they followed, but I have one consolation. As I reflect on the animosities which have been mobilized against me, I have been encouraged by the fact that I have had the same sort of enemies who have exercised the same formula as those who persecuted and crucified our Lord. I can truthfully say that in my entire career I have had fellowship with my Saviour Jesus Christ.

EPISODE 80

THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

It is alleged that the Zionist leaders of the world met at the turn of the century and drew up the blueprint for world power and for the destruction of Christianity and for the enthronement of themselves. This blueprint has been identified as "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." It was translated into English by an outstanding London journalist by the name of Victor Marsden. His translation was later found in the London museum. Its contents were and are so deadly that Mr. Marsden confessed that he had to stop in the middle because the subject matter actually made him ill. He finished the translation, however, and today it has become the 'forbidden book of the world.'

The organized Jew has attempted to prevent its publication and circulation. They have succeeded in effecting laws in certain parts of the world where it is punishable by death to distribute copies, or to print copies, and punishable by prison even to be caught with a copy in one's possession. Although I have indulged in many controversial matters, my experience would have been more or less normal as related to the ordinary controversial personalities, but when I republished "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" and defied threats, coercions and attempted intimidations, then I was marked by the organized Jew for liquidation, extinction and whatever lethal formula might paralyze my activities.

As this is written, I believe that our committee is the only one that is publishing this deadly volume in America. Any printer or publisher who would take a contract to publish this volume would be immediately waited on by Jewish committees threatening boycott and economic extinction. They have been able to intimidate practically every printer who had the moral courage to reproduce this forbidden volume.

Henry Ford, the founder of the great Ford Motor Co., discovered what the Jew was up to. He published quotations from "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion," and immediately the hate and contempt of the entire Jewish world descended upon him. There is considerable evidence to support the fact that he escaped assassination by a hair's breadth. When approached by questioners concerning the authenticity of "The Protocols," he said: "I do not care to go into that subject. All I know is that it fits what is going on today."

Sequel: One day Mr. Ford was informed by a trusted advisor that the Jews of New York had worked out a scheme to dry up sources of revenue for Mr. Ford and force his company on to the Stock Exchange, and then buy controlling interest, thus shifting the control of the Ford Motor Co. from Mr. Ford personally, to the Jews of New York.

This information excited Mr. Ford, and he called in his most intelligent associates and ordered that there be a world survey of the Jewish question. It is estimated that he spent as much as $5,000,000.00 on this project, and under the supervision of his very intelligent associate, W. J. Cameron, a series of articles was prepared under the subject "The International Jew." These manuscripts piled up and did not get published in the official organ of the Ford Motor Co., known as the Dearborn Independent. Incidentally, the Dearborn Independent was one of the most popular magazines in America. It was far superior to the news review magazines of the present day, such as Time and Newsweek, and people gobbled it up whenever it appeared on the newsstands and the dealership headquarters of the Ford Motor Co.

One day Mr. Ford called his secretary, Ernest Liebold, who had charge of the publishing enterprise, and Mr. Ford said: "Why aren't the series of articles on The International Jew appearing?" Mr. Liebold answered by saying: Mr. Ford, I wonder if you realize how dangerous to the Ford Motor Co. it is going to be for us to publish these articles." Mr. Ford answered by saying: "Yes, and I don't care, but I'll tell you one thing, if the first article doesn't appear in the next issue of the Dearborn Independent, you are going to be fired." Incidentally, this report was made to me personally by my good friend, Mr. Liebold.

The articles then began to appear, and the whole world exploded. The Jews went into hysteria. All sorts of lying propaganda was put out concerning Mr. Ford. Attempts were made on his life, and a worldwide boycott of Ford Motor Company products was started. In fact, they succeeded in drying up Mr. Ford's revenue to the point where he was faced with bankruptcy. He was brilliant in his creative initiations and he met the problem with brilliant ingenuity. He bought a great section of land in Ohio that contained the fertilizer content needed by American farmers. He wrote to every one of his dealers and asked them to buy a carload of this fertilizer for cash. They did it, and it created the cash reserve that Mr. Ford needed to carry on.

In a visit with Mr. Ford, he told me that under pressure from his relatives and subordinate executives he had withdrawn "The International Jew" from circulation, but he said to me: "I promise you that I intend to republish it, and if I don't republish it I hope, Mr. Smith, that you will." Mr. Ford died before he could republish it, but I have kept faith with him, and I am continuing to publish it.

In the meantime, the intimidated family and the intimidated executives announced that the volume which Mr. Ford had published had been copyrighted and this copyright could not be violated. Then the Jews went into all the bookstores, markets and libraries and either bought or stole this volume known as "The International Jew."

Before I republished it, original volumes of this book were selling for as high as $700.00 a volume as a collector's item.

Sequel No. 2: One day Mr. Liebold revealed to me that he had an original set of the Dearborn Independent, bound in leather. This was the set which Mr. Ford used in his office, and this was the set which not only contained hundreds of interesting articles, but contained the series known as "The International Jew." Mr. Liebold made me a present of this set, and it is now a part of my library. It is hidden in a safe place where it cannot be found or destroyed, because it is one of the rarest collector's items in the world, not only because of it being a complete set of the Dearborn Independent, but because it was the personal library set of Henry Ford.

Inside the Ford Motor Co. was an ominous personality. He became an aggressive fixture and quite a bore to Mr. Ford. But in a sentimental moment, Mr. Ford had given him a position of higher authority than he deserved, and he did not hesitate to journey around over the Nation dropping Mr. Ford's name and creating the impression that his voice was the voice of the Ford Motor Co.

When "The International Jew" was published and the arm-twisting persecuting pressure of the organized Jew moved in on Mr. Ford, there suddenly appeared in the American newspapers an announcement that Mr. Ford had withdrawn "The International Jew" from publication and had apologized for publishing it. In fact, even today there are many people who believe that Mr. Ford apologized. How did that happen?

Harry Bennett, the aggressive advisor referred to above, journeyed to New York and met with the most powerful Jews in the city, and they worked out what they thought would be a solution, and, believe it or not, in a book that was written by Mr. Bennett, together with a Jewish collaborator, entitled "We Never Called Him Henry," Mr. Bennett made one of the most revealing confessions that I have ever seen in print. He said that he went to New York and met with these Jews and revealed to them that he had been educated as an artist and had learned to copy Mr. Ford's signature so perfectly that it looked like an original signature. The Jews prepared an apology. Mr. Bennett forged Mr. Ford's name to it, although he got around the accusation of forgery by saying that he did it with Mr. Ford's consent, which was not true. Suddenly it hit the press. Mr. Ford later revealed to me that he tried to deny the apology and couldn't get any newspaper to print his statement. That false report was frozen into the minds of the people. Even after I began to republish "The International Jew," good men would say to me: "Why are you republishing that, when Mr. Ford himself apologized for it?" Therefore, in the introduction to the new edition of "The International Jew" I discuss this forgery incident and revealed to the public in print, for the first time, that Mr. Ford did not apologize and that the apology was written by Jews, and his signature was forged.

Mr. Bennett had worked on the theory that he would get a big chunk of the Ford Motor Co. when Mr. Ford died, but when the estate was settled he found that he had been largely left out. The heirs, including the grandsons (Edsel, the son, died before his father) and the widow of Edsel Ford, proceeded to kick Mr. Bennett out of the company. He was an obnoxious, agressive individual who created many bad images for Mr. Ford by his arrogant and egotistical representations which did not in any way interpret the mood nor the mind of the great industrialist.

Note: "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" and "The International Jew" are both available.

Sequel: Hatred for Henry Ford had been so mobilized by the Jews that when he died, no one paid him a special eulogy. I was on the radio and had a great radio audience, and I paid a special tribute to this great man. Later I received a letter from Mrs. Ford thanking me for my statement. Many letters came in complimenting me on my remarks concerning Mr. Ford, and I had these letters bound into a volume and presented to Mrs. Ford.

Sequel: The Jews are constantly referring to "The Protocols" as a forgery, a fake, a deception and as a concoction; but some years ago a very eminent student of international affairs familiar with the languages of Europe and of Russia produced a volume giving the background of historic documents revealing the origin of "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." Based on this book, I caused to be published a 40-page handbook which satisfies me concerning the authenticity of this sensational volume alleged to be a conspiracy on the part of the Zionist leaders of the world to establish a super-super state such as was prophesied by David Ben-Gurion, the number one modern Zionist who said: "We shall make of this, the State of Israel, the Supreme Court of mankind."

Of course, those of us who understand Biblical and secular history know that this so-called State of Israel which is there now is a fraud and a counterfeit. The true Israel was to grow out of the seed of Abraham into the seed of Mary and into the kingdom of God as revealed through Jesus Christ, and the true Israel is made up of the people who accept and praise

Jesus Christ as the Son of God, not those who depise His name and who crucified Him and still justify His crucifixion in harmony with the Scripture which reads: "They crucify the Lord anew."

The chapters in this handbook read as follows: (1) How the Protocols Came to Russia, (2) How an American Edition was Suppressed, (3) London Times Lends a Hand in Establishing Authenticity, (4) The Names of the 300 Elders of Zion.

Sequel: No. 3: One day I was called on by a representative of the Department of Justice of the Government of the United States. He said: "I have been assigned to interview you looking toward your indictment and conviction for using the mails to defraud." Upon questioning he revealed that it was the intention of someone in the Government to prosecute me for distributing "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." I was invited to come to the Federal Building in Los Angeles, and I took with me an attorney, who was also my good friend, Bertrand Comparet of San Diego, and Charles F. Robertson, who has for 30 years been my right-hand man, and Mrs. Smith.

I invited the Government agent to proceed with any questions that he had in mind. In the first place, he tried to intimidate me by saying: "I want you to know, Mr. Smith, that I am not in awe of you or any prominent man. In fact, I gathered most of the evidence that was needed to put Al Capone in Alcatraz." This was supposed to give me the shivers and the shakes, and I was supposed to come up with the expression: "What can I do to satisfy you?" But that was not my answer. I said: "Perhaps the thing for you to do is to indict me and bring me into the Federal Court, and then 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' will be made a matter of public record, and this public record can be distributed without restraint no matter who is opposed to it."

He said: "Yes, but don't you realize that 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' are a forgery, and when you distribute them and your committee takes money for something which is a forgery, you have used the mails to defraud."

I then answered by saying: "I have a right as a free citizen to put out anything which I believe to be the truth. I know people who are putting out religious books with which I may not agree, and to some believers they may seem like a fraud; but under the Constitution they have the right to distribute these books because they represent their sincere beliefs. My investigation has satisfied me concerning the authenticity of 'The Protocols' but whenever I publish them I quote Mr. Ford in suggesting that regardless of their source, they fit what is going on."

He then cited the fact that in a Switzerland court a man had been convicted for criminal libel, because he published "The Protocols," but I answered by saying: "Your informers have failed to tell you that he carried that case to a higher court and won."

After a lengthy conversation with this Government agent, I said: "I am going to put materials into your hands which satisfies me concerning the authenticity of 'The Protocols,' and lead me to sincerely believe in their authenticity, although whenever I distribute this volume I leave the question open to the judgment of the reader based on the evidence available to me. Evidently the man read everything I gave him, because that is the last I heard from him. I think it shocked his superiors to discover that I could not be intimidated, and that I would relish a trial that would permit me to insert "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" into a Federal Court record.

No one can be punished for distributing a record of the courts.

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF ZION
AN OUTLINE

The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion were discovered at the turn of the century by a brilliant student of editorial research, Victor Marsden. Marsden, while a correspondent for the London *Morning Post* in Russia was thrown in jail and expected to be assassinated. By a miracle he escaped with his life and vowed that the first thing he would do would be to translate a document he had discovered (*The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*). It was Mr. Marsden's belief that *The Protocols* were issued at the first Zionist Congress held in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, under the Presidency of the father of modern Jewish Zionism, the late Theodore Herzl.

This deadly document contains 24 Protocols made up of 283 articles. Every paragraph is sensational and shocking beyond the ability of the average reader to believe.

The quotations which follow are accurate examples.

Political freedom is an idea but not a fact. This idea one must know how to apply whenever it appears necessary with this bait of an idea to attract the masses of the people to one's party for the purpose of crushing another who is in authority. This task is rendered easier if the opponent has himself been infected with the idea of freedom, so-called liberalism, and, for the sake of an idea, is willing to yield some of his power. It is precisely here that the triumph of our theory appears; the slackened reins of government are immediately, by the law of life, caught up and gathered together by a new hand, because the blind might of the nation cannot for one single day exist without guidance, and the new authority merely fits into the place of the old already weakened by liberalism.

Protocol Number One — Article 6

Our right lies in force. The word "right" is an abstract thought and proved by nothing. The word means no more than: Give me what I want in order that thereby I may have a proof that I am stronger than you.

Protocol Number One – Article 12

Our power in the present tottering condition of all forms of power will be more invincible than any other, because it will remain invisible until the moment when it has gained such strength that no cunning can any longer undermine it.

Protocol Number One — Article 15

Behold the alcoholized animals, bemused with drink, the right to an immoderate use of which comes along with freedom. It is not for us and ours to walk that road. The peoples of the goyim are bemused with alcoholic liquors; their youth has grown stupid on classicism and from early immorality, into which it has been inducted by our special agents — by tutors, lackeys, governesses in the houses of the wealthy, by clerks and others, by our women in the places of dissipation frequented by the goyim. In the number of these last I count also the so-called "society ladies," voluntary followers of the others in corruption and luxury.

Protocol Number One — Article 22

The administrators, whom we shall choose from among the public, with strict regard to their capacities for servile obedience, will not be persons trained in the arts of government, and will therefore easily become pawns in our game in the hands of men of learning and genius who will be their advisers, specialists bred and reared from early childhood to rule the affairs of the whole world.

Protocol Number Two — Article 2

Do not suppose for a moment that these statements are empty words: think carefully of the successes we arranged for Darwinism, Marxism, Nietzsche-ism. To us Jews, at any rate, it should be plain to see what a disintegrating importance these directives have had upon the minds of the goyim.

Protocol Number Two – Article 3

In the hands of the States of today there is a great force that creates the movement of thought in the people, and that is the Press. The part played by the Press is to keep pointing our requirements supposed to be indispensable, to give voice to the complaints of the people, to express and to create discontent. It is in the Press that the triumph of freedom of speech finds its incarnation. But the goyim States have not known how to make use of this force; and it has fallen into our hands. Through the Press we have gained the power to influence while remaining ourselves in the shade; thanks to the Press we have got the gold in our hands, notwithstanding that we have had to gather it out of the oceans of blood and tears. But it has paid us, though we have sacrificed many of our people. Each victim on our side is worth in the sight of God a thousand goyim.

Protocol Number Two — Article 5

We appear on the scene as alleged saviours of the worker from this oppression when we propose to him to enter the ranks of our fighting forces – Socialists, Anarchists, Communists – to whom we always give support in accordance with an alleged brotherly rule.

Protocol Number Three – Article 7

And thus the people condemn the upright and acquit the guilty, persuaded ever more and more that it can do whatsoever it wishes. Thanks to this state of things the people are destroying every kind of stability and creating disorders at every step.

Protocol Number Three — Article 19

In order to give the goyim no time to think and take note, their minds must be diverted towards industry and trade. Thus, all the nations will be swallowed up in the pursuit of gain and in the race for it will not take note of their common foe.

Protocol Number Four — Article 4

In order to put public opinion into our hands we must bring it into a state of bewilderment by giving expression from all sides to so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make the goyim lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political, which it is not given to the public to understand, because they are understood only by him who guides the public. This is the first secret.

Protocol Number Five — Article 10

By all these means we shall so wear down the goyim that they will be compelled to offer us international power of a nature that by its position will enable us without any violence gradually to absorb all the State forces of the world and to form a Super-Government.

Protocol Number Five – Article 11

The Press, which, with a few exceptions that may be disregarded, is already entirely in our hands.

Protocol Number Seven — Article 5

We shall surround our government with a whole world of economists. That is the reason why economic sciences form the principal subject of the teaching given to the Jews. Around us again will be a whole constellation of bankers, industrialists, capitalists and – the main thing – millionaires, because in substance everything will be settled by the question of figures.

Protocol Number Eight – Article 2

We are in a position to tell you with a clear conscience that at the proper time we, the law-givers, shall execute judgment and sentence, we shall slay and we shall spare, we, as head of all our troops are mounted on the steed of the leader. We rule by force of will, because in our hands are the fragments of a once powerful party, now vanquished by us. And the weapons in our hands are limitless ambitions, burning greediness, merciless vengeance, hatreds and malice.

Protocol Number Nine — Article 3

It is from us that the all-engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions, of all doctrines, restorating monarchists, demagogues, socialists, communists, and utopian dreamers of every kind. We have harnessed them all to the task: each one of them on his own account is boring away at the last remnants of authority, is striving to overthrow all established form of order. By these acts all States are in torture; they exhort to tranquility, are ready to sacrifice everything for peace: but we will not give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international Super-Government, and with submissiveness.

Protocol Number Nine – Article 4

We have fooled, bemused and corrupted the youth of the goyim by rearing them in principles and theories which are known to us to be false although it is by us that they have been inculcated.

Protocol Number Nine — Article 10

You may say that the goyim will rise upon us, arms in hand, if they guess what is going on before the time comes; but in the West we have against this a maneuver of such appalling terror that the very stoutest hearts quail – the undergrounds, metropolitans, these subterranean corridors which, before the time comes, will be driven under all the capitals and from whence those capitals will be blown into the air with all their organizations and archives.

Protocol Number Nine – Article 13

To secure this we must have everybody vote without distinction of classes and qualifications, in order to establish an absolute majority, which cannot be got from the educated propertied classes.

Protocol Number Ten — Article 5

We shall arrange elections in favor of such presidents as have in their past some dark, undiscovered stain, some "Panama" or other – then they will be trustworthy agents for the accomplishment of our plans out of fear of revelations and from the natural desire of everyone who has attained power, namely, the retention of the privileges, advantages, and honor connected with the office of president.

Protocol Number Ten – Article 13

The goyim are a flock of sheep, and we are their wolves. And you know what happens when the wolves get hold of the flock.

Protocol Number Eleven — Article 4

Not a single announcement will reach the public without our control.

Protocol Number Twelve – Article 4

In order that the masses themselves may not guess what they are about we further distract them with amusements, games, pastimes, passions, people's palaces. . . . Soon we shall begin through the press to propose competitions in art, in sport in all kinds: these interests will finally distract their minds from questions in which we should find ourselves compelled to oppose them.

Protocol Number Thirteen — Article 3

Who will ever suspect then that all these peoples were stage-managed by us according to a political plan which no one has so much as guessed at in the course of many centuries.

Protocol Number Thirteen – Article 6

In countries known as progressive and enlightened we have created a senseless, filthy, abominable literature. For some time after our entrance to power we shall continue to encourage its existence in order to provide a telling relief by contrast to the speeches, party programme, which will be distributed.

Protocol Number Fourteen — Article 5

We shall slay without mercy all who take arms (in hand) to oppose our coming into our kingdom.

Protocol Number Fifteen – Article 1

When comes the time of our overt rule, the time to manifest its blessings, we shall remake all legislatures, all our laws will be brief, plain, stable, without any kind of interpretations, so that anyone will be in a position to know them perfectly. The main feature which will run right through them is submission to orders and this principle will be carried to a grandiose height.

Protocol Number Fifteen — Article 12

When our King sets upon his sacred head the crown offered him, he will become patriarch of the world.

Protocol Number Fifteen – Article 23

In order to effect the destruction of all collective forces except ours we shall emasculate the first stage of collectivism—the universities, by re-educating them in a new direction. Their officials and professors will be prepared for their business by detailed secret programmes of action from which they will not with immunity diverge, not by one iota. They will be appointed with especial precaution, and will be so placed as to be wholly dependent upon the government.

Protocol Number Sixteen — Article 1

We have long past taken care to discredit the clergy of the goyim and thereby to ruin their mission on earth which in these days might still be a great hindrance to us. Day by day its influence on the peoples of the world is falling lower. Freedom of conscience has been declared everywhere, so that now only years divide us from the moment of the complete wrecking of that Christian religion.

Protocol Number Seventeen – Article 2

You are aware that the gold standard has been the ruin of the States which adopted it, for it has not been able to satisfy the demands for money, the more so that we have removed gold from circulation as far as possible.

Protocol Number Twenty — Article 22

So long as loans were internal the goyim only shuffled their money from the pockets of the poor to those of the rich, but when we bought up the necessary person in order to transfer loans into the external sphere all the wealth of the States flowered into our cash boxes and all the goyim began to pay us the tribute of subjects.

Protocol Number Twenty — Article 32

We shall replace the money markets by grandiose government credit institutions, the object of which will be to fix the price of industrial values in accordance with government views. These institutions will be in a position to fling upon the market five hundred millions of industrial paper in one day, or to buy up for the same amount. In this way all industrial undertakings will come into dependence upon us. You may imagine for yourselves what immense power we shall thereby secure for ourselves.

Protocol Number Twenty-one — Article 11

In our hands is the great power of our day — gold: in two days we can procure from our storehouses any quantity we may please.

Protocol Number Twenty-two — Article 2

GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

By Gerald L. K. Smith

I grow weary of the theological propaganda put out by the mind-washers and the innocent believers to the effect that "Christ's worst enemies are God's chosen people."

God called Abraham aside and assured him that "in thee and thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Out of this seed came the Old Testament family of Israel, the true Israel. They perpetuated themselves through divine guidance and anticipated the arrival of the Messiah.

The formation of the family of Israel had only one purpose: to give mankind the Saviour of the world. In God's covenant with the seed of Abraham, He said: "Him that blesseth thee, I will bless. Him that curseth thee I will curse."

People write to me and talk to me who have been misled by the fallacious logic of the modern Jew who justifies the crucifixion of Christ and curses Him as a fake Messiah. They would have me believe that the modern Jew is the seed of Abraham, and if anyone dares to criticize him or challenge his authority or his doctrine, he shall be cursed; and if one flatters the modern Christ-hating Jew and praises him and cooperates with him, he will be blessed. What a twisted, fallacious, erroneous interpretation of the Holy Scripture.

God meant exactly what He said when He assured the family of Abraham that He would bless the true Israel and curse them that cursed the true Israel; because its fundamental purpose was to build a foundation of law on which the message of grace could be established. Man had to discover that sin was incurable and that no man is perfect. As John says: "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. We are none perfect, no not one." This established in the mind and heart of man that there had to be an atonement, a forgiveness, a grace, a Saviour.

Jesus came and satisfied all those needs. In the meantime, the so-called House of Israel had been saturated with imposters and greedy seekers after power.

When Jesus presented Himself as the true Messiah in fulfillment of the Holy Scripture and as the true seed of Abraham, an aggressive gang of Canaanites, imposters and hypocritical Pharisees did everything they could not only to repudiate Him, but to bring down the scorn of the people upon His shoulders.

Hecklers who taunted our Lord were greeted with the words, "Ye are of your father the devil, a liar from the foundation of the earth."

Enemies of Christ posing as the seed of Abraham manipulated the courts, the politicians, and those in positions of judicial and military authority to the point where our Lord, the true Messiah, was sentenced to death, and in fulfillment of the Scripture and the prophecy: "Became the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Midst jeers and scornful remarks, He was nailed to the cross after He had been tortured, beaten and ridiculed. People do not realize that Jesus was not merely flogged. The flesh was virtually beaten off of His body, and for all practical purposes, He was crushed, defeated and annihilated. His enemies gloated over their victory as they prepared for their continued pursuit of political power and money-changing gains.

Defeat was turned into victory, and the true seed of Abraham blossomed in the resurrection and the great commission and the ascension of Jesus Christ.

Following His ascension in the divine order of things, the first Pentecost following the resurrection was chosen as the day to divide the sheep from the goats, and to issue the challenge of salvation to all mankind beginning with the true seed of Abraham. Devout men gathered from all over the earth and accepted Jesus Christ by the thousands. Miraculously Saul of Tarsus, who was killing the Christians and flogging the believers, was struck down by the hand of God and he was given a vision of the true saving personality of Jesus Christ. He later became what was commonly referred to as the Apostle to the Gentiles; namely, the uncircumcized families of the earth. But he assured them that they, too, were to be the seed of Abraham "circumcized by faith."

Pilate, who believed in the innocence of Jesus and dreaded to pronounce sentence upon Him but yielded under the political pressure of the apostates, cried out to the screaming multitude: "His blood be on you and your children." And they echoed his pronouncement by saying: "His blood be on us and our children."

There you have the division. Those who claim to be Jews and were not, as mentioned in Revelations 2:9: "I know thy works in tribulation and poverty, but thou art rich and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are of the synagogue of Satan," Again in Revelation 3:9, we read: "Behold I will make them of the synagogue of Satan which say they are Jews and are not but do lie. Behold I will make them to come and worship before thy feet and to know that I have loved thee."

For 2,000 years the greatest contest in human history has been between Christ and the antichrist. The mindwashing instruments of the antichrist have deceived the very elect by representing the persecutors, the crucifiers, and the killers of Jesus Christ as God's chosen people.

Who are God's chosen people? They are the people who have chosen to approach God by way of the name of Jesus Christ, the true Messiah, the true seed of Abraham, the true child of the true Israel.

The Israel of the Old Testament was graduated out of the dispensation of the law into the dispensation of grace, and the covenant that God made with

Abraham was fulfilled in the coming of Jesus Christ in His great commission for salvation, and in His ascension to the Father, and before He ascended He said to His followers: "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself."

As a believer in Jesus Christ, born of water and the spirit, I am of the seed of Abraham, circumcized by faith. Thus when God made His covenant with Abraham saying that those who cursed the seed would be cursed, and those who blessed the seed would be blessed, He was referring to those of us who have been true to this covenant by accepting the seed of Abraham by way of the blessed Virgin and fulfilled by the fatherhood of God.

Who are God's chosen people? They are the people who have chosen Jesus Christ as their Saviour, as the true Messiah, as the seed of Abraham and of the Holy Spirit, delivered to mankind by the blessed Mother of Jesus, the Virgin Mary. The enemies of Christ will eventually be compelled to realize that the glory of God is upon those who honor His Son, and the curse of God is upon those who dishonor His Son.

No man knoweth the day, nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh, but when He comes to set up His kingdom, He will give authority to those who have accepted His name, and not to those who have cursed His name.

To establish a state on this earth and call it the State of Israel is to glorify a counterfeit, and for theologians and Christian leaders to identify this counterfeit State of Israel, set up by the enemies and crucifiers of Christ as the natural fruits of God's covenant with Abraham blasphemes the very name of Jesus Christ.

Is It Unscriptural To Criticize The Jews?

Abraham was called of God and with Abraham God made a covenant. The purpose of this covenant was to create a special family with a special seed line to be known as Israel. Out of this seed line came a special nation and a special family of mankind. They were protected against the adulteration of their blood line and they were instructed under the school master of God's law summarized by the ten commandments.

God assured Abraham that he and his seed would be protected and gave him this assurance with the following words found in Genesis 12:3, "I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

God kept that covenant and is still keeping that covenant.

How did God propose to bless the whole earth through the seed of Abraham? The answer is clear and simple: Through the coming of Jesus Christ.

The seed of Abraham by way of the Virgin Mary when matched with the personality of God gave us His Virgin-born Son Jesus, the Christ.

Thus, God kept His covenant with Abraham by way of the Bethlehem manger, Golgotha's Cross, the open tomb and the coming of the Holy Spirit.

Warning! The forces of the anti-Christ and the apostates who not only crucified our Lord and denied His deity, but still perpetuate their anti-Christ teachings, would like to convince the world that the seed line of Abraham and that the covenant God made with him is being fulfilled by way of the enemies of Christ and the crucifiers of Christ rather than by way of the believers in Christ and those who have accepted Him as Lord and Saviour.

Always remember the Scriptural admonition that "Christ is the end of the law," and we who have accepted Him as our Lord and Saviour are of the true circumcision as indicated in the Scripture Colossians 2:11, "Ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ."

This means without doubt that we in Christ are the heirs to God's covenant with Abraham when He said: "I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee." That promise is for the believing Christian who has accepted Christ as his Saviour.

Warning! Apostate Jews and sometimes even blind and mis-informed Christian leaders put out the propaganda that if a believing Christian criticizes an unbelieving Jew that he will be cursed. Nothing could be further from the truth. The warning on the other hand, should go to the enemies of Christ who curse the believing Christian. Upon him is the curse of God.

We Christians are the seed of Abraham by way of the "circumcision of Christ," which is indeed not a physical circumcision, but a circumcision of the spirit.

Those who curse us will be cursed. Those who bless us will be blessed — that is, as long as we remain true and faithful to our Blessed Lord and Saviour.

What bigger lie could Satan tell than to represent the crucifiers of Christ and the organized enemies of Christ as "God's chosen people?"

Yes, God has a chosen people but they are the ones who choose Him. God is fulfilling His covenant with Abraham by way of the lovers of Christ and not by way of the enemies of Christ. We must not be spineless cowards in the presence of those who curse our Lord. We must stand up to His enemies, glorify His name, and resist their Christ-hating techniques. Otherwise, we will forfeit the blessings which He has promised both here and hereafter.

> Note: Theological mind-washers operating on the side of the enemies of Christ have actually stimulated a superstition that it is dangerous to criticize a Jew even though he curses the name of Christ and denies His deity and brands our Lord as the illegitmate son of a lewd woman. Let it be noted that the most successful evangelical preacher in history (Martin Luther) was completely alert to the Jewish question and wrote the strongest book which was ever written on the subject entitled "The Jews and Their Lies" by Martin Luther. His stand against the organized anti-Christ forces was built largely around his understanding of the Jewish question.

EPISODE 81

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — THE JEWS — GERALD L. K. SMITH

Some years ago alleged quotations of Benjamin Franklin concerning the threat of the Jewish problem in America began to come to my desk.

Officials of Jewish organizations began to put out the word that the statement was a forgery and a fraud. It seemed so logical and so prophetic that I did not accept their interpretation as a finality. I journeyed to Washington, D. C., and there I interviewed an authority on the subject; namely, Mrs. Edward Nelson Dingley, daughter of Henry Crane Robinson, at one time a member of the Congress of the United States. She prepared a notarized statement for me and I have the photostat of the original.

Below is a statement which I published some years ago, and it has not been successfully contradicted to the satisfaction of my judgment. Anyone has a right to his own opinion, but I invite the opinion of the reader as he reads the following:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE JEWS

By Gerald L. K. Smith

On the occasion of the Convention for the framing of the United States Constitution, Benjamin Franklin is credited with making the following statement to his associates:

“In whatever country Jews have settled in any great numbers, they have lowered its moral tone; depreciated its commercial integrity; have segregated themselves and have not been assimilated; have sneered at and tried to undermine the Christian religion upon which that nation is founded by objecting to its restrictions; have built up a state within a state; and when opposed have tried to strangle that country to death financially, as in the case of Spain and Portugal.

“For over 1700 years the Jew have been bewailing their sad fate in that they have been exiled from their homeland, as they call Palestine. But gentlemen, did the world today give it to them in fee simple, they would at once find some cogent reason for not returning. Why? Because they are vampires, and vampires do not live on vampires. They cannot live only among themselves. They must subsist on Christians and other people not of their race.

“If you do not exclude them from these United States, in this Constitution, in less that 200 years they will have swarmed in such great numbers that they will dominate and devour the land, and change our form of government, for which we Americans have shed our blood, given our lives, our substances and jeopardized our liberty.

"If you do not exclude them, in less than 200 years our descendants will be working in the fields to furnish them sustenance, while they will be in the counting houses rubbing their hands. I warn you, gentlemen, if you do not exclude the Jews for all time, your children will curse you in your graves.

"Jews, gentlemen, are Asiatics; let them be born where they will, or how many generations they are away from Asia, they will never be otherwise. Their ideas do not conform to an American's, and will not even though they live among us ten generations. A leopard cannot change its spots. Jews are Asiatics, are a menace to this country if permitted entrance, and should be excluded by this Constitution."

The foregoing statement is quoted in full in a book by Charles Stevens entitled **"National Destiny"** on pp. 74-75. Numerous publishers have republished the above statement and invariably the Jews and their ilk decry such publishers and brand the statement as false.

True enough the Jews and others have confiscated documents which formerly existed establishing the truth concerning Franklin's statement, but we hold in our hand a signed statement by a very important citizen of Washington, D. C., assuring us that she, personally, saw the diary of General Charles Coatesworth Pinckney, who was a member of the Constitutional Convention. In the Pinckney papers there was a full account of Franklin's statement.

The lady, whose signature we have, is Mrs. Miriam R. Dingley, sometimes known as Mrs. Edward Nelson Dingley. Mrs. Dingley is the mother of Madalen Dingley Leetch (Mrs. Wm. D.) who appeared before a special Congregessional Committee June 13, 1949. She identified herself as follows:

"I represent the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Society of New England Women, and the Women Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company (of Boston 1634) and the American Coalition of 85 participating societies. It was my privilege to serve as chairman of resolutions for the Twenty-third Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense which is composed of 35 participating organizations and more than 2,000,000 women. Each of these organizations adopted resolutions opposing federal aid to education and also opposing the subversive indoctrination of young and old by leftwing educators, textbooks, and national study magazines."

Mrs. Dingley, in a personal letter to me, says:

Dear Mr. Smith:

This copy made by me of the biography of General Charles Coatesworth Pinckney from the National Cyclopedia of American Biograpy should make it clear to you why Benjamin Franklin's prophecy anent the Jewish race appears now as an actual reality. *"Birds of a feather flock together."* Franklin had been to France before General Pinckney was assigned to a post there, and their experiences over seas, in those early years of sailing ships crossing the wide main of the turbulent Atlantic Ocean, tended inevitably to the strengthening of the interests these two great characters had in common; i. e., devotion to the young "land of the brave and the free." Both Pinckney and Franklin had run-ins with the Jews over seas in their day, you see!

Now, the Charles Coatesworth "diary" or "memo book" which my mother and I saw at the Franklin Museum on June 14, 1892, was an open oblong book, held open at the four corners by square black cubes, I presumed to be of iron, as they were used as weights to hold the "memo book" open. Closed, that "memo book" would have been about seven and one-half inches long. In back of this "memo book," or "diary," stood a stand of tin metal, like a musician's rack on a concert stage, and it held a piece of white paper on which was written in perfect Spencerian handwriting: *"The Diary of General C. C. Pinckney regarding the Franklin Incident."* It was this that caught my mother's eye and caused us to loiter by that showcase and read what was on the open two pages of this long memo book, which turned out to be Franklin's prophecy regarding the Jews, which we see materializing all about us and throughout the countries of the world today.

I hope you will call upon me when you come to Washington. I want to show you my mother's memorandum book containing the Franklin prophecy in her own Spencerian writing, now fading fast from legibility, but still eloquently readable, and show you her photograph at the time of our visit to the Franklin Museum.

In the forenoon of that day, June 14, we had visited the Betsy Ross house on Arch Street, as up to that time Betsy Ross was the character who held my attention most. I hadn't heard of the Franklin prophecy; neither had mother. Mother's people and my father's forebears were forthright hard-bitten patriots. Gruff men, severe of countenance and of demeanor, but as to the latter they were exemplars of high character. No dilly-dallying about any of those Founders and Patriots and their descendants, which, thank God, I am, and have established the fact thereof in 14 of the Hereditary Genealogical Societies.

As I have told you, I was born in Boston, Ward 24, which is still Ward 24 today as in 1866, though Ward 24 is a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, known as Dorchester. My great grandsire and his son fought at the battles of Lexington and Concord, and my Great Grandfather made his own and his son's rifle. These homemade weapons are on exhibition in the Ancient Arts Exhibit at Fort Monroe, Virginia. My son, Colonel Nelson Dingley, had them placed there when he was stationed there a good many years ago, about 1919, I think it was. He is today Military Attache at the American Embassy at Warsaw, Poland.

I think I told you in a previous letter that in my day in Massachusetts, as a child growing up and later as a high school grade pupil in a private school in the city of Boston itself, everyone had a *"Poor Richard's Almanac"* hanging on the window catch in every home in New England. The Franklin prophecy regarding the Jews was known then, far and wide, though some must have thought our Ben was a bit rough on the Jews for such a good man, *per se* Franklin was such a good, good man in those days as regarded by the "dyed-in-the-wool" down-right Yankees—men and women who knew not the artifice of saying one thing and doing the opposite. Frankness is a virtue, it is written, but believe me their brand of it was often painful, more often than not, even as late as my era from 1866 on.

(Signed) *Mrs. R. Dingley,*
(Mrs. Edward N.)

THE PINCKNEY BIOGRAPHY AS COPIED BY MRS. DINGLEY FROM THE NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

General Charles Coatesworth Pinckney, soldier and statesman, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, February 25, 1746. He was the son of Chief Justice Charles Pinckney and was educated at Westminster and at Oxford, England, then read law at the Temple in London, and spent nine months in the Royal Military Academy in France. Returning to America in 1769, he established himself in his native Charleston in the practice of law.

In June, 1775, he was a member of the first provincial Congress of South Carolina and was made a Captain soon after, and soon after that was made a Colonel, when he joined the Northern Army. After the successful defense of Fort Mountree, South Carolina, went north with the army and became an Aide to Washington at Brandywine and at Germantown.

Returning south in the spring of 1778 he had a part in the unsuccessful expedition to Florida. In January, 1779, he presided over the South Carolina Senate.

In the rapid march which saved Charleston from the British General Prevost, he displayed great resolution and intrepidity, as well as in the subsequent invasion of Georgia and the assult upon the lines of Savannah. In the attack upon Charleston, April 1780, he was in favor of holding out to the last extremity. When the surrender to the British took place Pinckney became a prisoner and suffered a cruel confinement. He was exchanged in February 1782 and was made a Brigadier General November 3, 1783. After the war he resumed his law practice. He was a delegate from South Carolina to the Congressional Convention which formed the United States Constitution. He took an active part in the debates and it was on his motion that the following clause was made a part of that instrument: *"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification of any office of public trust under the authority of the United States."* After the organization of the United States Government he declined successively the appointment to the United States Supreme Court, and Secretary of State, tended him by President Washington. He was afterwards appointed Major General of the South Carolina Militia in July, 1796. General Pickney was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France, but was ordered by the French Directory to quit France within 30 days. In February 1787, he withdrew to Amsterdam when war became inevitable. It was C. C. Pinckney's defiant sentiment: *"Millions for Defense but not one cent for tribute,"* which became so popular. When he came back to the U.S.A. he was made a Major General by President Washington.

From 1789 to 1801 he was U. S. Senator from South Carolina. He resigned his seat to accept the post of United States Minister to Spain. Remained there until 1805.

He died in Charleston, August 16, 1825.

The other Charles Pinckney was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1758. This Charles Pinckney also served in the Continental Congress from 1785 to 1789 which framed the Constitution and in which he acted a distinguished part. But what his relationship was to Charles Coatesworth Pinckney, the write-up does not reveal, though he probably was a younger brother.

Another letter from Mrs. Dingley:

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am here and now enclosing a mighty interesting leaflet which turned up (literally turned up) in some mail I received a few days ago. I do not know who sent it. It was included in other patriotic information which was neither unusually good or of interest as compared with this, which I am passing on to you. It is titled *"Franklin the Prophet."* I believe it will contribute to your peace of mind regarding myself and my story concerning Franklin's effort at the Constitutional Congress of May, 1787, held in Philadelphia. Franklin was one of the six men designated to draw up The Declaration of Independence for the United States of America. One must remember that the infant Congress sent Benjamin Franklin to Paris in 1776 to persuade the French King to help us in the war—the War of the Revolution.

France recognized our independence and made a treaty with the U.S.A., a treaty of alliance and of commerce, signed February 6, 1778, and soon had a fleet on the way to help the struggling colonies. Benjamin Franklin negotiated all of these, and among his deals he tried to lease some ships from a firm of shipbuilders, by the name of J. de Neuville, whom he presently discovered to be "money-changers" of the most conscienceless type, which he revealed fully at the Constitutional Congress of 1787, some members of which were hesitant to have the money-changers publicized in the frank and resolute language which appears in the Franklin denunciation of that race.

I am sure I have written you how resentful Boston and environs became when the remains of the wise prophet regarding Judaism became the possession of the City of Philadelphia—that is, what was left of his long deceased mortal remains. My mother, Mrs. Henry Crane Robinson, who copied the Franklin prophecy at the Franklin Museum on June 14, 1892, never ceased to express her indignation over this removal of the Boston-born and bred New Englander to the City of Philadelphia, and I absorbed her views and sentiments, as did many another neighbor and friend, who felt much as she did, without her indignation added to theirs.

I want also to remind you that there is not the slightest doubt in the world but that many persons of Anglo-Saxon birth and growth in this Republic possess copies of the Franklin prophecy, but prefer to remain unidentified concerning it. This Franklin prophecy was no secret until within the last twenty or twenty-five years, or thereabouts. When the financial power of the Jews became manifest even to the most dull-witted American, they sought cover and professional ignorance of any such "prophecy."

The City of Philadelphia probably built the Franklin Museum, or devotees of Benjamin Franklin subscribed to its erection, and filled it with every possible relic of his handiwork and mental efforts. The Museum still stands on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, as far as I know. It is constructed of gray granite and is an architectural asset to the City and State of Pennsylvania. Around the corner from the Franklin Museum stand numerous opulent structures erected by the Guggenheim Foundation, known as the Franklin Institute. What became of the contents of the old, the early Franklin Museum, I would that I knew, or had any idea concerning those intimate and therefore precious mementoes of a great soul and a great American.

You will see by this printed enclosure, Mr. Smith, that all I have asserted hitherto in my letters regarding the Franklin prophecy is borne out therein in this printed enclosure, although I have no idea who sent it to me, but I feel that it has been and is being circulated generally.

Respectfully and truthfully yours for the truth at all hazards,
(Signed) *Miriam R. Dingley*
(Mrs. Edward N.)

P.S. *"The Complete Works of Benjamin Franklin,"* by John Bigelow are most interesting but do not contain the Franklin prophecy. A man named Albert Morton of 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, who was the editor and publisher of "Psychic Studies," about the same time that John Bigelow published his book, or books, on Franklin (which would be before my time) published a great deal anent Franklin, but as time passed these subscribers to "Psychic Studies" lost interest, I judge, as copies of Morton's exposition regarding Franklin was not to be traced as to a single copy in any Boston or state public library, although "Bigelow" is available. Both were very earnest men and genuine Franklin adherents.

Thus, dear reader, it becomes obvious that the terrific prophecy of Benjamin Franklin was too much for those who took charge of the papers of this patriotic founder, but fortunately we have the above unimpeachable evidence to support the authentication of the Franklin statement.

EPISODE 82

LOUISIANA BACKLASH

Elsewhere in this book I discuss what I call the "Second Louisiana Purchase." Men who had risen to power and prominence and wealth because of the leadership of the assassinated Senator Huey P. Long made political deals with his worst enemies, including Franklin D. Roosevelt, who desired and may have inspired his assassination. Among the ten outstanding leaders in the Long organization, I was the only one who refused to cooperate or endorse the deal. In fact, I exposed it and almost got killed and almost got imprisoned for doing so.

In the meantime, these men who had made their deal with Mr. Roosevelt and his gang of Moscovites and political fixers had all become rich, because of Government grants and patronage and gold-plated contracts.

Frank Murphy, former Governor of Michigan, was at that time the Attorney General of the United States. Although Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Murphy wanted to go to the Supreme Court. I was one who knew that the Internal Revenue Department of the United States Government had been used as an instrument to consummate what I had called the "Second Louisiana Purchase." Politicians were able to come into Louisiana and threaten those personalities who had thrived on the blood of Huey Long and had traded their position for guarantees that they would not be proceeded against by the Internal Revenue Department if they could deliver the Lousiana delegation at the Philadelphia Presidential Convention.

As the only one who had taken a bold stand against this "treason" I could never get it out of my mind, and one day I called in a gentleman of great influence, an acquaintance, who is now gone. His name was George Maines. He was a part of the great Hearst organization. He was an admirer of Huey Long, and he was a close and intimate friend of ours until the hour of his death. He was also an acquaintance of Frank Murphy, and I asked him to take a message to Mr. Murphy, informing him that he could never become a member of the Supreme Court of the United States unless he cleaned up that mess in Louisiana. Otherwise, I would testify before the Judiciary Committee and accuse the Justice Department of using the Internal Revenue Department as a coercive weapon to line up this political treason machine, which was headed by Seymour Weiss; who began as a room clerk and wound up as the owner of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, with the campaign funds that we had accumulated for the purpose of helping to elect Mr. Long as President of the United States. Photostatic evidence is lacking, but we do know that Mr. Weiss became the owner of the Roosevelt Hotel and numerous other properties, and there was no money left to continue the nation-wide campaign which had been started by Huey Long in which I had participated.

To make a long story short, the Justice Department sent investigators and agents into Louisiana, and most of these people who had traded on the blood of Huey Long were sent to the Federal Penitentiary.

These political grafters had kept Mrs. Long, the widow, in line because they had convinced her, dishonestly, that her late illustrious husband was involved, and unless she went along with them, his name would be disgraced. The fact is that Huey Long died with no wealth whatsoever. He had given his whole life and all his substance in fulfillment of his ideals as a fearless statesman. His son, who was only 12 years of age when I delivered the funeral oration over his grave, however, was isolated, insulated and virtually sociologically kidnapped by the Weiss gang. He was never allowed to see me and never allowed to be told what I knew that other people didn't know about his father. Although he is now a member of the United States Senate, in the person of Senator Russell Long, I do not think he ever came to a full and intelligent understanding of his father; and, of course, his statesmanship is not in the same class with that of his father. There is little resemblance.

EPISODE 83

EARL LONG, THE PRODIGAL

Earl Long was the younger brother of Huey Long. At a critical time in the lives of both men, Earl turned against his brother, and this aroused great antipathy among the intense and fanatical followers of Huey Long. He even went to Washington and appeared before a Senate Committee and testified to the discredit of his illustrious brother. Devoted followers of Huey Long could not take this. In fact, it created a bitterness more intense than they felt toward the original enemies of Huey Long. Time passed and adjustments were made and Earl became a candidate for Governor of Louisiana, but the old Huey Long faction would not forgive him even though his name was Long and even though he was the full brother of their political hero.

One day I was visited in Detroit, Michigan, where I then lived, by a man who had been close to the assassinated Senator by the name of Colonel Robert Brothers. He informed me that he had journeyed all the way to Michigan to ask me to do one thing, which he described as follows: "I am told, Gerald, that you were with Senator Long when his brother Earl came to apologize, and you heard Huey Long forgive his brother Earl." I answered: "Yes, that is true." He said: "I believe if you were to return to Louisiana and tell that to the people that it would tip the scale and elect Earl Long for Governor."

I agreed to do it with the understanding that I pay my own expenses, that I be obligated to no one, and that no one be obligated to me. I returned. I was met by a limousine and taken to Baton Rouge where I spoke over a state-wide network and told the people exactly how Earl Long had visited his brother in the Heidelberg Hotel, had asked his forgiveness, and had been forgiven. The reason I did it was because the name Long, regardless of which Long, had the same image all over America, and I was anxious to do whatever would help preserve the best image possible of this much smeared and abused family.

EPISODE 84

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC

For years the most exclusive and sophisticated opera house in the City of Los Angeles was the Philharmonic Auditorium, located in the center of downtown Los Angeles. In my campaign to reach the people in the middle 1940s in California, I had no problem getting crowds. I only had the problem of getting meeting places.

I rented the Philharmonic Auditorium. I paid the rent, and proceeded to set up the meeting. But that was just the beginning. As soon as the announcements concerning the meeting began to appear, the Jews moved in on the management of the Philharmonic Auditorium and began to use arm-twisting pressure. It was so vicious and so great that the management notified me by correspondence that the contract was cancelled. I notified them by reply that the contract was legal, that I had paid the rent, and if they did not proceed that I would bring suit against them at once. They met with their attorneys and answered me by specifying the conditions that must be met if I were to be permitted to speak,and here are the conditions:

Inasmuch as the building was being threatened, I must pay the wages of private policemen to surround the building and protect it in addition to the regular police protection. It was estimated that they would need something like 70 men for that purpose.

I must insure the audience against the risk of danger, which would mean a minimum of $500,000.00 insurance.

I must insure the building against fire damage and riot vandalism. I must submit my speech in typewritten form, and if I departed from the speech I would pay a fine to the management of $1500.00.

They thought of course that this would 'kill' me and discourage me and that I would back out; but I did not back out. I announced that I would meet the conditions, but when I went to the insurance company and the bondsman I found that the Jews had been there first. I couldn't buy any protection whatsoever in Los Angeles, but I did locate a man who represented the great insurance company known as Lloyds of London, and he said that he would be glad to sell me the insurance. He did, and it cost me, of course, hundreds of dollars.

Although the rent on the building was less than $500.00, by the time I got through paying all of these insurance companies, I had put in something like $5,000.00, not counting advertising costs, for the privilege of making a speech in America and in the heart of an American city.

The time came for the meeting, and the place was jammed to the roof. It was one of these opera houses that had several balconies, and it was filled to the top balcony, and people were turned away.

I had arranged for the most prominent Methodist preacher in the city, who happened to be an admirer of mine, Rev. Bob Shuler, to offer the opening prayer, and the reader will have difficulty believing what I am about to tell. Dr. Shuler was called by the management of the auditorium saying that it would be necessary for them to have a copy of the exact wording of his prayer before they would allow him to appear for the invocation of my meeting. He gave them a piece of his mind and threatened to publicize their ultimatum and they backed out. They compromised by actually permitting a minister of the Gospel to compose his own prayer without censorship. Can you imagine, if this were done or attempted against some left wing outfit in America, the screaming that would be carried on by the so-called Civil Rights organizations?

I arose to speak and the audience was tense, enthusiastic and cooperative. I told them the whole story, and I held up the written copy of my speech, and told them that if I digressed from the copy of that speech that I would forfeit the $1500.00 which I had already turned over to the management. So I stepped out to the edge of the orchestra pit, tore the speech into shreds, and threw it into the orchestra pit and then stepped back on the platform and announced to the audience that they were about to hear a free speech concerning the issues of the hour. The audience went wild, and then I said to them: "I don't believe the management will have the nerve to steal my $1500.00, but if they do, I would like to have you people write on the back of your offering envelope how much you will put up to help me repay that $1500.00."

When the meeting was over, it had been so dynamic and enthusiastic that the manager was afraid to show his face for fear he would get hurt, and furthermore, he was afraid to keep my $1500.00. But the people had promised several thousands of dollars more than the $1500.00 if it had been necessary for me to ask them to fulfill their commitments. Naturally, I did not ask them to fulfill it, but it was very reassuring.

Those were in the beginning days of my invasion of Los Angeles even though the enemy had raised $100,000.00 in cash with special handbooks printed for the purpose of indicating how to keep me out of Los Angeles, how to run me out of Los Angeles, and how to prevent my return. I demonstrated my victory over this Jew-organized tyranny and Communist-organized abuse by establishing the national headquarters of the Christian Nationalist Crusade in Los Angeles, where it has been since the early 50's.

EPISODE 85

PERSECUTED IN CHURCH

It was the year of the formation of the United Nations, and we had been in San Francisco opposing the formation of the United Nations, being successful in effecting the formation of a special resolution, later to be known as the Connally Resolution, making it impossible for the United Nations to pass any rule, regulation or resolution that would effect the American people without the consent of our elected representatives in Congress. The press had smeared me and the mind-washing machine had represented me as a dangerous menace and a menacing bigot.

At that time our adopted son Gerry was in Burma. He had been a year in the hospital with his wounds, and he had survived as one of 900 out of a suicide squad of 3,000 in opening the Lido Road, as discussed elsewhere in this book.

An announcement appeared in the Los Angeles newspapers to the effect that the communion service and the sermon on the following Sunday at The Wilshire Boulevard Christian Church would be dedicated to the sick, the wounded and the dead who had fought on the battlefield. Mrs. Smith and I agreed that this would be a good time for us to go and sit in the church, take communion, and prayerfully memorialize our adopted son.

The service proceeded with the ordinary preliminaries, and then the pastor proceeded to make his announcements. A serious look came over his face, he began to say to the audience something like this: "These are serious times, and I would like to warn this audience that there is a very dangerous man in the city. He has fought the formation of the United Nations, and he is an aggressive, effective enemy of such progressive measures in relationship to the affairs of our Nation. His name is Gerald L. K. Smith."

Mrs. Smith and I nudged each other and kept very sober countenances. Needless to say, our hearts were bleeding. We had come to participate in the Lord's Supper in memory of a boy who had been wounded in both arms and both legs and was still in the hospital in the jungles of Burma. We were being cursed and condemned by a minister of the Gospel presiding over a congregation which was a part of the same fellowship to which we had always belonged and which we had served as ministers of the Gospel.

It was a beautiful day, not too hot, not too cold. The sun was shining, and after the benediction the people began to flow out onto the sidewalk and onto the lawn, and the Pastor was standing at the main entrance shaking hands with the people who came out. I walked over to a side entrance, but I suggested to Mrs. Smith that she go out the main entrance and shake hands with the preacher, and when he asked her what her name was, tell him. As everyone who knows Mrs. Smith realizes, she is a very charming, high-toned, handsome, intelligent lady who has in her bearing all the marks of breeding, substance and character. Naturally, the pastor was anxious to know who this lovely lady was, and took Mrs. Smith by the hand and said: "We are very happy to see you here today, and I would be pleased to know what your name is." Mrs. Smith answered saying: "I'm Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith."

At this point Mrs. Smith thought that he would have an occlusion (a heart attack). He actually began to gasp, and while he was gasping, Mrs. Smith said to him: "We came here today to pay tribute to our wounded son in a hospital in Burma, but instead of being comforted we were cursed." In the midst of this conversation a young assistant ran up to the pastor and said: "Who do you think was here today? Gerald L. K. Smith." Mrs. Smith turned to the young assistant and said: "Yes, I am Mrs.

Gerald L. K. Smith." This gave the young man about as big a shock as it gave the pastor, and he almost began to gasp.

In all her loyalty and respect for her husband, Mrs. Smith said to the pastor: "My husband is a good, Christian man, and you did him a great injustice this morning; but we are not bitter, and are sorry that you are so un-informed." The pastor did everything he could to apologize. He was short of words. He was greatly embarrassed. In fact, Mrs. Smith was concerned that he might have a heart attack.

The next day I called in my secretary and I wrote this minister a letter, saying that this experience should serve to remind him that one cannot always believe the reports which come out in the newspapers. Then I pointed out the fact that the metropolitan newspapers which take advertising from whiskey, tobacco, burlesque shows, evil enterprises, and salacious books insist on furnishing the guidelines for people's thinking, and they usually set aside about two columns on one page which is called the "editorial page," and here they tell the people how to think and what decisions to make. I then said: "Perhaps the time has come for the clergy to realize that the same evil formulas which were used against our Lord are being used against His courageous and outspoken disciples in this, the twentieth century."

I received a very dignified reply from the minister, putting his apology in words, and thanking me for the logic of my letter.

EPISODE 86

'PEEK-A-BOO' WITH TOM CLARK

The year I was a candidate for President on the America First Party ticket, we were in the midst of gasoline rationing. No one could buy gasoline unless he could present a gasoline stamp. My gasoline ration had been cut off. The head of the gasoline rationing board in Detroit was a Jew, and he decreed that I couldn't have any gasoline even though I was a candidate for President, and even though the rules announced were to the effect that candidates for office should be given ration stamps with which to buy gasoline necessary for their campaign. All of the local authorities under this Jew overruled my request, and I announced that I was making a special trip to Washington to visit the Attorney General.

At that time Tom Clark of Texas, who later became a member of the Supreme Court and who was the father of Ramsey Clark who came as near to being a traitor during the last war as any man can be without being legally defined as a traitor, had agreed to meet me. I went to the Attorney General's office, and a second string man came out to see me and to assure me that I could have my stamps; but while I was sitting in the reception room, the Attorney General had to satisfy his curiosity. I looked over toward a door which was cracked open, and Tom Clark, the Attorney General, was peeking out at Mrs. Smith and myself. Quite an incident.

EPISODE 87

ROOSEVELT ORDERED ME COVERED BY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

After World War II I was called on by a very distinguished gentleman who had been a top man in Military Intelligence by the name of Colonel John Beaty. Before being appointed to this position, Colonel Beaty was the Dean of the English Department of the great university known as Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas.

One day while in Washington in a top office of Military Intelligence he was called in by a superior and given to understand that Gerald L. K. Smith must be thoroughly investigated, he must be followed day and night, everything he writes must be filed, and everything he says must be recorded.

Why did Colonel Beaty call on me? Because, he revealed, that in reading my writings and the recordings of my speeches and the reports of his secret agents, he had become my disciple and my convert and vowed that when the war was over, he was going to write a book concerning the whole Jewish conspiracy. This he did.

The title of the book is "The Iron Curtain Over America." It is perhaps the leading reference book dealing with this subject. The fact that he was associated with Southern Methodist University, to which he returned after the war, made his book a sensational volume. The Jews began to vibrate with almost as much excitement as they did when Mr. Ford published "The International Jew." If any reader has a son in college, or a relative who poses as an intellectual who thinks that he has to read a thick book with all sorts of documented evidence in order to take a position on this subject, the reader should give him a copy of "The Iron Curtain Over America," which is now approaching its fiftieth edition. We carry this book and can supply it to anyone who requests same.

Colonel Beaty and I became warm friends. One day after he retired as an instructor at Southern Methodist University, he invited Mrs. Smith and me to come down and be his guests in Virginia at his old plantation homestead where he grew up and where generations of his family who had gone on before him had lived. In fact, when we ate dinner in his old plantation home, we were served by Negroes whose fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers had worked for early generations of Beatys.

While sitting at the table Colonel Beaty confided in me that he had spent, for the Government, a sum close to a half-million dollars, following me, recording my speeches and filing my writings. He confessed that he had to change investigators about every six weeks, because all of his investigators became my disciples. Little did he realize that he himself was to become my disciple.

Then he turned to Mrs. Smith and said something quite amusing and very interesting. He said: "Mrs. Smith, for around four years I knew everything your husband did, every place he went and every person he was with, through the function of Military Intelligence, and I can report to you that I discovered him to be a good American and I can also tell you that during those four years he was a faithful, loyal husband."

Colonel John Beaty developed into one of my finest personal friends, and when he died it was a matter of deep grief and regret. America lost a great citizen, but he left his mark on history in the form of a great, great book entitled "The Iron Curtain Over America." This great book, written by a top man in Military Intelligence in World War II, confirms the logic of my viewpoints expressed herewith.

EPISODE 88

INVITED TO BACKSLIDE INTO THE CHURCH

I told people that I had left the conventional pulpit, because I wanted to go to heaven. I did not want to word my sermons from Sunday to Sunday in such a way as to satisfy the whims or the passing opinions of the members of an official board. This does not mean that I became cynical concerning the purpose of the church. The greatest people in the world are preachers, and the worst people in the world are preachers. No one can be greater than a man who dedicates himself without compromise to the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and no one can be worse than a man who has been ordained to the ministry and then has embraced modernism, atheism, Communism and treason. Too much of this has taken place in recent years.

I realize that the vision I had was unique and seemed eccentric to some, but I knew that I was being led by the Holy Spirit to do and say what I was committed to.

I came into the State of Texas. One important citizen visited me and said: "Mr. Smith, we need you in Texas. I will finance you to the limit if you will stay with us during the next Gubernatorial campaign." I politely declined his offer by saying that I was a debtor to the whole Nation, and I did not want to concentrate on any one state regardless of how tempting the financial support might be.

It was difficult for me to find a place big enough to hold the crowd which I knew would want to come and hear me speak, but I was able to rent the tabernacle auditorium of the largest Baptist Church in Fort Worth, whose Pastor was the well known Dr. J. Frank Norris. It was not exceptional for someone to rent this tabernacle auditorium, because it was the only big meeting place at that time in the town, and even the Democrats and Republicans had used it earlier as their convention meeting place. There was an understanding in the community that the tabernacle auditorium of the First Baptist Church was the only meeting place when a big crowd was expected.

I advertised the meeting. People came from far and near and packed the place and stood outside. The next day I was called on at my hotel, which was then the Blackstone, by Dr. Norris. He visited with me at length after he had told me that I had attracted to his church property the largest crowd that had ever gathered there for any purpose whatsoever, and then he began to deplore the fact that I had left the conventional ministry. He said: "The church needs you."

He was not only Pastor of this big, rich church which had in it thousands of members, but he also commuted to Detroit where he presided over another big congregation which had thousands of members, with a Sunday School attendance running between 5,000 and 10,000.

It was then that he turned to me and said: "Mr. Smith, if you will join my staff I will pay you $25,000.00 per year, and you'll have nothing to do but speak, and you can commute between here and Detroit. You can preach on occasions in Detroit, and on occasions here."

He was shocked when I said: "Doctor, I believe that that would make a backslider out of me, because I have promised God that I will tell the American people that America cannot survive unless we breathe the Christian dynamic, in defiance of the forces of the antichrist in our Governmental, political and sociological life; not in the form of a social gospel, but in the form of a dynamic which recognizes Jesus Christ as the divine Son of God."

He could hardly believe it. He had come to the hotel on the assumption that I couldn't say "No" to his offer. This is the first time that this story has ever appeared in print.

EPISODE 89

GUEST OF MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON

In the days before I entered into the great controversial activities related to the Christian Nationalist Crusade, I was the Pastor of the Kingshighway Christian Church in Shreveport, Lousisana, one of the important churches of the South with one of the most beautiful buildings ever built in the South. I was an aggressive young clergyman who thought that he should participate in everything from the Community Chest to the Boy Scouts. I was a campaigner who journeyed all over that area into Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana, urging new, rapidly growing cities to be sure to lay out enough land for playgrounds so that the children would have a place to play when the city grew up. I spoke without pay under the auspices of the National Recreation Association, and one of the outstanding personalities in this philanthropic enterprise was the widow of the great inventor, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. In connection with my travels East and West, it was necessary for me to be in New York City, and while there I was invited to come over to Orange, New Jersey, and be a visiting guest of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. This was one of the great experiences of my life which indelibilized itself on my memory, and I can hardly realize that it ever happened.

In connection with this program of recreation, I was appointed as a delegate to go to California during the 1932 Olympic Games. I was appointed as chairman of the host committee of the Oriental athletes. This was the first visit Mrs. Smith and I made to Los Angeles. It was inspiring and refreshing. Before we left Louisiana a very wealthy man who owned a beautiful castle-like home in the Hollywood Hills gave me the key to his house and told me that we could stay there without charge during the Olympic Games. It was a thrilling and romantic experience for a young couple, only 34 years of age. While there we were helped and waited upon by a young Korean by the name of Philip Ahn, who helped with our luggage, who helped to clean the house, and helped to fulfill our needs. The day came when this young Korean became one of the stars of Hollywood, and almost anyone familiar with motion picture history even up to the present day recognizes Philip Ahn as one of the great and successful actors.

EPISODE 90

JEW 'PRESENT' ME WITH A HOME

One day I opened my mail and lo, and behold in it was an editorial from the Wichita Beacon, the most outstanding newspaper, theoretically, in Kansas. It carried a column of complete libel. I looked into the ownership of the paper and found that in recent years it had been purchased by two Jews from Denver, Colorado, and naturally they had given themselves to the campaign to destroy Gerald L. K. Smith. Believe it or not, they had actually said in their editorial column: "Gerald L. K. Smith is Stalin's chief agent on American soil," or words to that effect.

I called on an attorney who had pretended to be my friend, but I later discovered that he was rather a shifty individual, but nevertheless I retained him to bring suit against this paper. The red tape for the lawsuit unfolded. It came to the place where it was about to come into court, and this attorney whom I shall not name, because the name does not register honorably in my mind — this attorney called me from Wichita and said: "Mr. Smith, I am afraid that we're in bad shape. These people have gathered a complete dossier concerning your life, and they are going to unfold this dossier. I don't think we have a chance to win the lawsuit." Of course, I knew what the dossier was. It was a stack of libel which had been prepared by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, which is the equivalent of a modern 'Sanhedrin.' The Sanhedrin 2,000 years ago was the outfit that cooked up the fake trial which forced Pilate to sentence our Lord to be crucified.

I told the attorney: "Reserve a room for us in the hotel and do not do a thing until I get there." We were in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which was then our place of residence. It was the severest winter weather that I have ever seen in that part of the country. The trains were barely running. Cars could not travel on the highways, and all the planes were grounded. The trains were already becoming primitive and obsolete, but by changing trains twice we were able to get to Wichita, Kansas, which was a little over 200 miles away. After we arrived and registered at the hotel where the reservations were made, I sat down for coffee with my 'attorney.' I told him that I would like to see their attorney. He said: "Mr. Smith, that is not the custom." I said: "I don't care what the custom is. You have already lost the suit, so I'm going to take command of this situation, and about all I want you to do is make my function legal as an attorney."

He obeyed my orders and telephoned the attorney for the Wichita Beacon. The man put in his appearance, and he was such a fine character and such a handsome man and seemed to be so straightforward and honorable in his manner that I almost wished he was my lawyer even though he was then representing my enemies. I made the conversation short. I said to him: "Your clients are threatening me with what they call exposures that they will bring out in the trial, that they think will win the trial. Will you please tell them that they haven't got a thing that I am afraid of, and I have been in communication with a very wealthy friend of mine, and he said not to make any compromise due to fear of the cost. Fight them to the limit."

Then I reminded him of something. I said: "Word has come to me that your clients earned their money running brothels in Denver. I don't have the evidence yet to prove that, but I certainly will go into the matter, and if I find that it is true I'll circularize the town."

The attorney for my enemies then said: "Mr. Smith, I would like to talk to my client." In a short while he returned, and made me a very handsome cash offer with the understanding that it would not be publicized. I refused to accept that. I said I would rather take less money and insist on a complimentary editorial in the paper and that the copy of this complimentary editorial be filed with the Federal Court.

They agreed to this. Then I said: "I cannot leave town until I have a cashier's check that I can cash at a bank in Wichita before I leave, because these are shifty people and if you give me a check, they will find some excuse for cancelling payment on that check by the time I get back to Tulsa."

He brought a certified cashier's check, and Mrs. Smith and I waded through the snow around the corner from the hotel and picked up the money in legal tender. With this money we contracted for the purchase of the house which later became our homestead in Tulsa, Oklahoma, so when I say that the Jews 'presented' me with a house, I am saying it with tongue in cheek, but literally it was true. These Jews who libeled me paid off and with the money I bought the house.

Sequel: After the attorney for the Wichita Beacon had delivered my cashier's check, he confided in me that it was his policy never to represent Jews, but he was dragooned into this case. He then said: "Mr. Smith, I would like to ask you a favor. In preparing for this case it was necessary for me to read many copies of The Cross and The Flag (the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade). The April and May copies were missing, and I wonder if you would be kind enough to send them to me at home." I readily agreed. Can you imagine the satisfaction which came to my soul when I discovered that my philosophy had actually reached the attorney of a man who had been hired to be my enemy.

EPISODE 91

MACARTHUR FOR PRESIDENT

If General Douglas MacArthur had given his full consent with enthusiastic approval, we could have made him President of the United States in 1952. That was the time Mr. Eisenhower was elected for the first time. The Republican Convention was at Chicago. I went to

Chicago with a staff and with committees, and we set up numerous headquarters under different names advocating the Presidency of General MacArthur. My secretary, Miss Legant, went ahead and for some time gave practical help to Mr. H. L. Hunt (now deceased) and his fraternity of friends, who were also for General MacArthur.

Then came the big stampede. Suitcases of New York money came in which were supervised by Henry Cabot Lodge and others from the Eastern establishment who were determined that Eisenhower was to become the President, although up to this time he had never voted, and the last time he did vote, he voted as a young Democrat, in Kansas. His mother was a Jehovah's Witness. Of course, the people of that cult will not even salute the American flag.

Some of us were very upset over the fact that he was being pushed for the Presidency because the Democrats were also willing to have him. He was proposed by Walter Reuther, the radical labor leader. He was proposed by Senator Claude Pepper, who had been playing the left wing game, and he had no practical knowledge of American politics. Those of us who called ourselves conservatives and patriots were for General MacArthur first and U. S. Senator Robert Taft second.

At this late date it is difficult to realize how powerful was the Minnesota 'chameleon' Harold Stassen, who had been the Governor of Minnesota. He had been running for President and had lined up enough delegates to make himself somewhat the balance of power between Taft and Eisenhower. The Taft people had told us that if Mr. Taft could not win, they would throw their delegates to MacArthur, but they knew that he couldn't lose on the first ballot because Mr. Stassen had promised that he would hold his ballots through the first ballot. This was a lie which was used to deceive Mr. Taft, and when the balloting began, Stassen, the doublecrosser, shifted immediately to Eisenhower, and that made Eisenhower the nominee of the Republican Party, and Mr. Taft had no votes to turn over to General MacArthur, as he had promised.

At that time U. S. Senator Joseph McCarthy from Wisconsin was a very powerful factor. His exposure of Communism and left-wingism inside the Government of the United States had created a nationwide sensation. The delegates to the Republican Party wanted this knowledge to be effective in the choice of candidates. The choice of Eisenhower did not satisfy the McCarthy-Taft-MacArthur patriots. There was one man, however, who had been a member of the Committee on Un-American Activities. He had exposed Alger Hiss, the Moscovite, and he had won the confidence of many patriots. The Eisenhower element realized that they had to do something to satisfy the right wing patriots. They chose Richard Nixon as the Vice Presidential candidate. This upset the right wingers and made them feel that they had been betrayed by Mr. Nixon. They felt that he should not compromise with a candidate that the real right wingers did not want. Mr. Nixon was later to discover that even though he had gone along with the moderates and liberals within the Republican Party, he had not satisfied his enemies, who never forgave him for cornering their 'house pet,' the intellectual Alger Hiss, who was the Secretary-General of the United Nations and one of the chief advisors to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is my belief that the persecution of Mr. Nixon from then on was related to his activities in the Committee on Un-American Activities in exposing Communism. Traitors cannot be satisfied. They cannot be appeased. Mr. Nixon had no more than been nominated when someone brought out the fact that he had been given a slush fund by some of his friends in California. What was wrong with that? When a man comes into public life, he spends all the money he can put his hands on either to get elected or to stay above water and out of debt. If some of his good friends want to come along and help him carry the load, that should be a privilege of American freedom. But the nit-pickers and the character assassins won't permit that if it has to do with a right winger. They crucify the patriots, and glorify the traitors. This circumstance was blown up and exaggerated to the point where Mr. Nixon made what was called his "Checker's Speech" a nationwide broadcast. It was generally believed that his address was very convincing. The reason that they called it the "Checker's Speech," was because he referred to his family, including a little cocker spaniel dog whose name was "Checkers."

My little family of crusaders couldn't take the result of the Chicago Convention. We felt that we had to do something to protect the self-respect of our following, so the America First Committee, of which I was the national chairman, met and nominated for President General Douglas MacArthur and for Vice President, the great patriot of California, Senator Jack B. Tenney.

We got on the ballot in a few states and were given opportunity to state our convictions, and we went to bed every night with a clear conscience.

Sequel: At that time the most important mammoth meeting auditorium in the City of Los Angeles was the Shrine Auditorium. We decided to set up a big meeting in this place which seated about 7500. The theme of the meeting was to be "MacArthur for President." The principal speakers were to be Senator Tenney and myself. We turned out a truckload of beautiful colored circulars and advertised the meeting far and near. We spent thousands of dollars, and two days before the date of the meeting, under Jewish pressure, the Shrine Auditorium cancelled their contract with us. We lost all of that money. We couldn't get word to our people. We were distressed, but I say frankly to the reader that this was one of the many instances in my life which taught me to understand that as long as a little handful of Jews could veto the will of oldtime patriotic Christian Americans, I would never cease crusading, and I would resolve that I would never rest until this yoke of antichrist bondage had been lifted from the shoulders of our people.

Sequel: Time passed. General MacArthur was given a birthday dinner in Los Angeles, and a bronze statue was erected in his honor in the park known as MacArthur Park. Mrs. Smith, members of my staff and I were among those who participated in this celebration, and we helped raise money for the sculptor. On that occasion General MacArthur delivered a beautiful statement which I later published because it was a tribute to the nationalism to which I have given my life. It was as follows:

PATRIOTISM-NATIONALISM

By General Douglas MacArthur

I have listened with deep emotion to these solemn proceedings. My heart is too full for my lips to express adequatley my thanks and appreciation for the extraordinary honor you do me. Even so, I understand full well that this memorial is intended to commemorate an epic rather than an individual; an armed force, rather than its commander; a nation, rather than its servant; an ideal rather than a personality.

But this only increases my pride that my name has been one chosen as the symbol of an epic struggle in victory by millions of unnamed others.

It is their heroism, their sacrifice, their success, that you honor today in so unforgettable a manner. And this statue and this park are but the selected reminder of their grandeur.

Most of them were citizen soldiers, sailors, or airmen; men from the farm, from the city, from the schoolroom, from the college campus; men not dedicated to the profession of arms; men not primarily skilled in the art of war; men most amazingly like the men you see and meet and know each day of your life. But men inspired, animated, and ennobled by a sublime cause in the defense of their country, of their native land, of their very hearthstones.

The most divine of all human sentiments and impulses guided them, the spirit and the willingness to sacrifice.

He who dares to die, who lays his life on the altar of this nation's need, is beyond doubt the noblest development of mankind. In this he comes closest to the image of his Creator who died on the cross that the human soul might live.

These men were my comrades in arms. With me they knew the call of the bugle at reveille, the distant roll of drums at nightfall, the endless tramp of marching feet, the incessant whine of sniper bullets, the ceaseless rattle of sputtering machine guns, the sinister wail of air sirens, the deafening blast and crash of bombs, the stealthy stroke of hidden torpedoes, the aimless lurch of perilous waves, the dark majesty of fighting ships, the mad din of battle lines, and all the stench and ghastly horror and savage destruction of a stricken area of war.

They suffered hunger and thirst, the broiling sun of relentless heat, the torrential rains of tropical storms, the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails, the bitterness of separation from those they loved and cherished. They went on and on and then everything within them seemed to stop and die. They grew old in youth; they burned out in searing minutes all that life owed them of tranquil years.

When I think of their patience under adversity, of their courage under fire, and of their modesty in victory, I am filled with an emotion I cannot express.

Many of them trod the tragic path of unknown fame that led to a stark, white cross of a lonely grave. And from their tortured, dying lips, with the dreadful gurgle of the death rattle in their throats, always came the same gasping prayer that we who were left would go on to victory.

I do not know the dignity of their birth, but I do know the glory of their death. And I am sure a merciful God has taken them unto Himself.

In these troublesome times of confused and bewildered international sophistication, let no man misunderstand why they did that which they did. These were patriots, pure and plain; these were men who fought and perchance died for one reason only,—for their country, for America. No complex philosophy of world intrigue and conspiracy dominated their thoughts. No exploitation or extravagance of propaganda dimmed their sensibilities. Just the simple fact that their country called them, just the devoted doctrine of Stephen Decatur when he said, "My country, may she always be right. But right or wrong, my country."

Be not deceived by strange voices heard across the land, decrying this old and proven concept of patriotism. From the very beginning it has been the main bulwark of our national strength and integrity.

Seductive murmurs are arising that it is now outmoded by some more comprehensive and all-embracing philosophy; that we are provincial and immature, or reactionary and stupid when we idealize our own country; that there is a higher destiny for us under another more general flag; that no longer when we send our sons and daughters to the battlefield must we see them through all the way to victory; that we can call upon them to fight and even to die in some half-hearted and indecisive effort.

That we can plunge them recklessly into war and then suddenly decide that it is a wrong war, or in a wrong place, or at a wrong time; or even that we can call it not a war at all, but by some more euphemistic and generic name; that we can treat them as expendables, although they are our own flesh and blood. And even in times of peace, for some romantic reason, they must share—not as an act of generosity but as a bounden duty their national blessings and goods built from nothing to a height never before reached by man—with others because, whether for neglect or not, they have not fared so well.

That we, the strongest nation in the world, have suddenly become dependent upon others for our security and even our welfare. Listen not to these voices, be they from the one political party or from the other; be they from the high and the mighty, or the lowly and the forgotten. Heed them not. Visit upon them a righteous scorn born of the past sacrifices of your fighting sons and daughters.

Repudiate them in the market place, on the platform, from the pulpit. Those who are our friends will understand. Those who are not we can pass by. Be proud to be called patriots or nationalists or what you will, if it means that you love your country above all else, and will place your life if need be at the service of our Flag.

I wish to express to the citizens of this community my gratitude for their generosity in creating this memorial, and my thanks and appreciation to all those present here today.

You have etched for me in indelible memory a patriotic friendship and sympathetic understanding. You have made me feel far greater than my just deserts and yet more humble than I could care to admit.

The time came when I felt that Mrs. Smith and I should visit General MacArthur. We received an invitation to come to his home at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for a conference. We were received warmly and enthusiastically by the man who reminded me of what I thought George Washington was like. The conference lasted over three hours. Later I published a statement concerning the interview in harmony with a commitment that I made that it would not be published until after he was gone. That statement is now available, and I quote a portion of it below.

THREE HOURS OF SECRET INTERVIEWS WITH GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

In November, 1954, I responded to the invitation of General Douglas MacArthur, and Mrs. Smith and I proceeded to make arrangements to visit the great General in his New York City apartment, located in the Waldorf Towers, which is a special section of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel reserved for permanent guests.

During the three-hour visit, no time was consumed with light talk. It did not require five minutes to discover that General MacArthur was completely and thoroughly familiar with my background and my activities in general. His courtesy and politeness in receiving Mrs. Smith and me, with no one else present, could not have been more gracious if I had been the President of the United States or the Governor of a State.

At the conclusion of the visit I said to the General: "You are thoroughly familiar with what I am doing, and you are one man in whom I have complete and absolute confidence. I would come as near to obeying you blindly as any living man. In fact, " I continued, "if I were to obey a man blindly, you are the only man to whom I would give that obedience. Please give us a word to live by." When I said this, Mrs. Smith and I were standing near the door ready to leave, and the General was standing very near to us. He put his arm around me and held Mrs. Smith's right hand and said: "I have two words for you fine people: Never weaken! Never weaken!

Before discussing the interview in detail, I think it is important for the reader to refresh his mind concerning some of the realities involving General MacArthur's dramatic career especially as it pertains to controversial situations involving the military and the political life of our Nation.

I will leave it to the newspapers, the magazines and the conventional journals to recite the biographical facts and the historic dates relating to the birth, life, background and accomplishments of the man whose name may very likely go down in history as the greatest American citizen of the twentieth century. As far as I am concerned, he already deserves that appraisal. The only way that he could lose it would be for some person to surpass him between now and the year 2,000.

Even his mind-washed enemies and his agitated foes cannot deny the fact that he possessed the following outstanding attributes: intelligence — personal presence — physical courage — moral courage — Christian faith — a dedicated patriotism — an inspired love of country — eloquence — the mastery of rhetoric — a deep working knowledge of history — an unimpeachable knowledge of literature — a mature and superior grasp of Constitutional tradition — a love of people — a passion for peace — a devotion to principle regardless of price — a handsome bearing — a masculine manner — a great capacity for family affection, including his wife, his son and his parents — a completely superior knowledge of military science — a gracious and winning manner.

During World War I and World War II, General MacArthur conducted himself as a military official with superior qualities, but by and large the American public accepted him as a military official to be honored along with other military officials who had been publicized and glorified as part of the natural pro-war propaganda.

Mature observers began to get impressions based on fact that for some strange and mysterious reason General MacArthur had been more or less relegated to a distant small theatre of action.

It remained for time to demonstrate that the manipulators in Washington were divided into two factions: pro-Europe and pro-Asia. One group wanted everything done at the expense of the Orient, and the other group, although not as extreme, wanted at least a self-respecting consideration of the Oriental theatre.

Since the war was primarily a war to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the British, the Jews and the Communists, the pro-European faction won. The lion's share of supplies and appropriations went to the European theatre.

Occasionally enough news would break through the wall of censorship to reveal that MacArthur and his colleagues were not pleased or satisfied with the sort of equipment they were receiving from General George Marshall and Dwight David Eisenhower. We were later to find out that the Pearl Harbor incident was a precipitated incident growing out of a conspiracy between Roosevelt and Churchill under pressure from the organized Jews who realized that American public sentiment was against war not on a pacifistic basis, but because the majority of the American people agreed with my friend Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who confirmed in person at a dinner with Mrs. Smith and myself the opinion he expressed in his historic address in Des Moines, Iowa, when he said that three groups were attempting to promote us into a war. These three groups were the Jews, the British and the New Dealers.

It remained for Morgenstern, the great contemporary historian, writing his book entitled "Pearl Harbor" — it remained for this great research student to reveal the Pearl Harbor hoax, of which the late General George Marshall was indeed a conspiring part.

A further revelation of the satanic cynicism practiced by Roosevelt and his cabal of internationalists came out in the memoirs of the late Jesse Jones, who at one time was the number one Roosevelt appointee. He was head of the multi-billion dollar government enterprise known as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He was one of the ten most prominent citizens of Texas. He was in the complete intimate confidence of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In his memoirs, Jones says: "Roosevelt was a total politician. He felt the need of World War II in order to be elected for a third term."

I was one of a handful who knew this sort of thing and said it back when it was dangerous to say it, dangerous to the point of risking prison itself.

One morning I came to my breakfast table to see in the headlines an announcement that President Roosevelt had been interviewed and had expressed the serious opinion that "Gerald L. K. Smith should be put in Federal prison during the war."

At that time I had told all of my followers that no matter who wanted war and didn't want war, there was only one way to end a war and that was to win it. I have always been a disciple of Stephen Decatur's philosophy, "My country may she always be right, but my country right or wrong."

Under Jewish pressure the enemies of my kind of patriotism, which later proved to be the only intelligent and honest patriotism in America — the enemies moved in on the Attorney General, Francis Biddle. They were in a campaign to imprison Henry Ford, Charles Lindbergh, Father Charles Coughlin and myself together with a long list of less publicized patriots who had risked their liberty and their safety to tell the truth about the Roosevelt fraud and the pro-Moscow military conspiracy, then operating in Washington, D. C., with George Marshall and Dwight David Eisenhower as the two most publicized stooges for the international Jewish cabal.

Some years ago I published a documented report entitled "Is Eisenhower a Communist? No, But . . ." In this manuscript I summarized more than 60 situations which indicated that if Eisenhower had been the personal appointee of Stalin or Khrushchev he could not have served the Soviet Union more effectively. This sounds so extreme on the surface that the reader might be tempted to disagree with the thesis, but I challenge any honest mature student of world affairs to read the summary of facts in the manuscript referred to and disagree with my logic and my viewpoint.

In later days one of the most fearless and intelligent members of the United States Senate who was virtually crucified by the Jew-controlled smearbund — U. S. Senator William Jenner of Indiana — said, "General George Marshall has been a front for traitors."

This statement by Senator Jenner was not a quickly spoken word "played by ear, off the cuff." It must be recalled that when Senator Jenner said that, he was the Chairman of the Internal Security Committee of the United States Senate, operating as an auxiliary of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. This committee was served by one of the most responsible investigative staffs known on Capitol Hill. If Jenner had been wrong, General Marshall could have sued him for libel as long as he lived, but he didn't even give Senator Jenner a reply. General Marshall did make a hint as to a potential confession when he said: "I shall never write an autobiography or my memoirs. There are too many living people who would be hurt by what would be in such a book."

Thanks to the brilliance of General Douglas MacArthur and the way he led the Far Eastern campaign, the conflict in the theatre was consummated with victory.

I am proud to be the possessor of an oil painting which came into my hands by the great marine artist Shearer portraying the landing of the troops with General MacArthur wading through the water toward the shore with his aides upon fulfilling historic promise when he said, "I shall return."

No military authority ever occupied the land of an enemy with greater intelligence, sagacity and self-respect than did General MacArthur. He won the respect of the Japanese people who became as enthusiastic in their adoration for him as if he had been their own military hero.

He directed the writing of a constitution for the people of Japan which in some respects has given them greater liberty than we in America enjoy. Why? Because the constitution and the laws that were prepared under MacArthur's direction for the Japanese people were free from the New Deal socialistic pro-Communist tamperings which have menaced our way of life since 1928.

Why do I say 1928 instead of 1932? I say it because bureaucratic legislation designed to tamper with the local community contrary to the Constitution of the United States was introduced by Herbert Hoover. Even though Hoover was a Republican, he was somewhat of a glamorized candidate like Eisenhower and had served under the administration of Woodrow Wilson. He had been away from the United States so long that he was actually unfamiliar with the American situation. One cynic referred to him as "Sir Herbert Hoover" because for years he had spent more time in England than in the United States. It has always been my conviction that if Hoover had been re-elected he would have enforced a bureaucracy similar to that created by Franklin D. Roosevelt. This bureaucracy was designed by a left wing pro-Communist Jewish brain trust, and America is still suffering from their infiltration into the affairs of an American President.

Sensational fact: When I read in the newspaper that President Roosevelt wanted me indicted, convicted and imprisoned, I wrote his Attorney General and told him that I thought it might be a good idea because in my defense I could summarize with facts the whole cheap fraud which was being foisted upon the American people by a ruthless gang of corrupters. I was never indicted. I was never called before a Grand Jury, but something very singular did happen. Shortly before this went to press a book was published by Doubleday & Co., written by Francis Biddle, former Attorney General. Whoever did the research for Mr. Biddle evidently wrote under the umbrella of dishonest safety which the Roosevelt gang accorded to all who were assigned to the task of crucifying honest patriots with character assassination prior to, during, and immediately following World War II. In the cool background of facts and removed from the safety of Roosevelt tyranny that which Mr. Biddle wrote about me and which Doubleday published proved to be coldblooded, unqualified libel, and if the reader has any friends inclined to speak carelessly concerning my patriotism and my background as an American citizen, he should remind such individual that locked in my file is a letter of apology on behalf of Francis Biddle and by the Doubleday Co.

admitting that the reference to me in Mr. Biddle's book was completely and altogether false.

Not to boast, but how many people do you know who have received an abject apology from a former Attorney General of the United States, the same Attorney General who was commissioned by Franklin D. Roosevelt to put me in Federal prison because of the truth which I had spoken and written concerning the situation at the time. I have such an apology.

With the exception of hints coming through, the American public was almost completely insulated and isolated from the grisly facts concerning the way Marshall, Eisenhower, Roosevelt, Churchill, Montgomery and the rest had given MacArthur the military crumbs which had fallen from the war table while they demanded that he win the war.

Along came the 'Missouri compromise' Harry Truman, a little man in every sense of the word who acted hastily before he received word that the Japanese conflict could have been won without the atomic bomb. The report had been prepared by experts in his own Administration. Thanks to Roosevelt and Truman, Joe Stalin was able to remain at peace with Japan during the entire war. He slipped in just a few days before the termination of the war in order that he might pose as an equal ally in determining the destiny of China, Japan and the areas in between.

No victory could have been more beautifully handled than it was handled by MacArthur, and no victory could have been more satanically lost than that which was imposed upon the world by the pro-Communist 'devils' inside the American State Department, inside the White House itself, and even inside the military.

Included among the ominous personalities who were playing it cozy with the Lehman cabal and the Moscow strategists were John Stewart Service, exposed by Senator McCarthy; Owen Lattimore, exposed by McCarthy; Phillip C. Jessup, exposed by the Wisconsin Senator. These enigmatic left wing forces were so entrenched that they had infiltrated the United States Armed Forces. When Senator McCarthy demanded a purging, the 'Establishment,' including both New Dealers and Eisenhower Republicans, joined together to liquidate their accuser and censure the patriot from Wisconsin. The Senator was virtually 'crucified' for exposing a Communist officer inside the Army, who had been promoted after his Communism was known. His name was Irving Peress. The arrogant official who promoted Peress was General Zwicker, who came before the Senate Committee, headed by Mr. McCarthy, so assured by the fact that he was protected by President Eisenhower that he displayed arrogance and impudence and lack of concern for the thing that he had done. A weakling in the Senate by the name of Ralph E. Flanders from New Hampshire was used as a Jew puppet in the smear speeches he made against Senator McCarthy. He later admitted that a propaganda outfit, headed by the Jew Rosenblatt, had written his speeches. This motley cabal, encouraged by the New Deal bureaucrats out of office and the Eisenhower bureaucrats in office, constituted a fraternity of Lehman-supported puppets which virtually duplicated the gang that liquidated General MacArthur.

The consequences of this witch brew cabal would require a thick book to describe, but a short cut to its description can be summed up in the fact that the patriot Chiang Kai-shek was betrayed, double-crossed and dumped, thus permitting the Moscow-directed force of barbaric Chinese Reds to move down from the north and seize the entire mainland of China. Chiang could have won if he had been loyally supported by the Americans, but he was disarmed under orders from General George Marshall, who not only did it, but boasted about it when he said, "With one stroke of the pen I disarmed 39 divisions of the Chiang Kai-shek army."

Supplies intended for Chiang Kai-shek from the United States were dumped into the sea under military orders from military superiors acting under orders from Washington, D.C.

Chiang Kai-shek and his wife Madame Chiang Kai-shek led less than two million refugees as they fled from a land sold out to their enemies by those who posed as their allies. They settled on the Isle of Formosa where they have been virtually held like prisoners — free to develop the island, but virtually forbidden by our Government to retake the homeland. On numerous occasions Chiang Kai-shek and his brilliant army could have re-invaded the homeland if they had had the encouragement of the Washington Administration, which down through the years has pandered to Moscow and Peiping. It is the scandal and the super-scandal of the century. In the history of Western civilization, traitors have been shot for doing less than one-tenth as much as has been done by people of high authority in the Washington government who have been able to issue final orders to men great and intelligent including General MacArthur.

The period of post-war reconstruction came. The American people began to take World War II and its consequences for granted, and the Western world began to reap the wealth that millions of heroic boys had bought with their blood. Shortages of everything so stimulated the economy that a dizzy people soon forgot the terrible cost in their preoccupation with a financial wealth no nation in the history of mankind had ever known.

Whenever a shortage of money appeared the currents of trade were primed by an increase in the national debt piled up by demagogues who had little or no concern for the generations unborn.

International financiers were parlayed into baronial wealth as they cleaned up on the tax-money and the borrowed money dumped into foreign countries with no thought of economy. The world began to wallow in the wealth which had been supplied by looting the American taxpayers and over-extending America's credit.

Foreign nations actually reduced their taxes while lapping up the foreign aid appropriations coming from an America whose people became taxed beyond the imagination of man.

Just when the average person thought we were settling down for a period of peace, that which some of us had known right along began to manifest itself like a malignant tumor. Facts began to come out revealing what some of us had suspicioned right along was satanically correct; Roosevelt and his cabal had virtually agreed to split the Orient right down the middle in favor of Moscow.

The native patriotism and the common sense as well as a rising understanding of the Roosevelt-Truman-Eisenhower fraud just could not absorb as much treason as had been promised by the manipulators inside the State Department and elsewhere. It was the plan of the manipulators to turn Korea over to the

Reds, but there were too many people in positions of influence to permit this. Harry Truman responded to public sentiment and the Korean engagement was undertaken as a United Nations project. The manipulators assumed that in giving the pro-appeasement, pro-Soviet United Nations a sabotaging authority there would be little doubt about the outcome.

The practical responsibility for carrying on the fight made it, in fact, an American war with American boys doing most of the fighting along with native South Koreans who were led by that great patriot Sygman Rhee, due later to be liquidated by the same gang which liquidated General MacArthur.

The pal of Alger Hiss, Dean Acheson, then Secretary of State, known to be under the influence of the Jew enigma Felix Frankfurter, issued a statement virtually assuring the Communists that they need have nothing to fear above the 38th parallel. This, in effect, committed the United States officially to the theory that the Reds could have the north half of Korea if they wouldn't come further south than the 38th parallel. It was the only instance in American history when representatives of the U.S. Government virtually surrendered before the war started.

With U.N. and pro-Soviet personalities right on the inside of our military strategy, General Douglas MacArthur was asked to win the war in Korea. He devised the military strategy which indeed was a winning strategy. Later four Generals and an Admiral were to testify before the Internal Security Committee of the U.S. Senate to the effect that but for orders coming out of Washington an overwhelming victory could have been experienced in Korea.

General Douglas MacArthur grew up in a school where treason was called by its right name. He did not know how to plan a battle action without planning for victory. The General's formula for victory in Korea was not popular among the inside conspiratorial gang which was campaigning for appeasement and defeat.

About this time the hidden hand Jewish machine, headed by the late United States Senator Herbert Lehman of New York, moved in for the kill. The background and history of Lehman intrigue as it relates to national and international affairs in its cold factual form is shocking beyond belief. Not long ago I caused to be reproduced an outline of Lehman control, Lehman tyranny and Lehman manipulation in relationship to aggressive Jewish political ambition.

One of the most evil and enigmatic proteges of the Lehman machine was a woman by the name of Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg. Mrs. Rosenberg later married a widower by the name of Paul Hoffman, who for some years posed as a 'moderate' Republican and was used as a puppet as well as a knowledgeable agent of the Lehman-Rosenberg dynasty in an effort to wreck the real Republican Party and they just about succeeded. That was the reason that men like McCarthy and MacArthur and Taft were thrown into the discard at the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1952.

Every mature-minded patriot intelligent concerning the affairs of the world was shocked to the marrow of his bone when President Harry Truman announced that he was going to name Mrs. Anna Rosenberg as the Assistant Secretary of Defense. Her associations with 'front' personalities and her activities right on the inside of the radical movements of America had even been recorded in the reports of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Dr. J. B. Matthews, one of the advanced experts on subversion in America who was the chief investigator in the days of the Dies Committee, said when interviewed by a friend of mine: "If this woman is named the Assistant Secretary of Defense, it will be the end of America."

Later, because of certain vulnerabilities in his background and because of certain ambitions that he had for employment and social prestige, I got the impression that Mr. Matthews was intimidated to the point of refusing to give that testimony under oath when he was called before the Armed Services Committee of the United States Senate.

It was my responsibility to help recruit witnesses and to find evidence in support of the theory that Anna M. Rosenberg had had Communist connections. We recruited such witnesses and we found certain evidence; but Herbert Lehman, who was not even a member of the committee, moved in like a satannical watchdog radiating threats to the effect that members of the Senate would be accused of anti-Semitism by the international Jew machine if they dared raise their voice against the willful determination to name this Hungarian Jewess (Mrs. Rosenberg) as virtually the Secretary of Defense.

The puppet General Marshall, although the Secretary of Defense at that time, had begun to degenerate both mentally and physically, characteristic of his age, and it was assumed that if Mrs. Rosenberg became his chief assistant she would in fact be the Secretary of Defense.

We were successful in mobilizing the sentiment necessary to refute the confirmation of her appointment, but the Jews under the leadership of Lehman moved in on the cowards in the Senate and intimidated them to the point where they confirmed Anna M. Rosenberg against their judgment and against their knowledge of what was right. One famous right wing radio commentator, Fulton Lewis, Jr., who had fought the confirmation of Anna M. Rosenberg turned tail and ran to cover under the intimidation of Jewish pressure.

So we awoke one morning and found Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, the left wing enigma, the product of New York State's Jewish-Marxist radicalism sitting in a position of dictatorial authority over the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the Marines. It was unbelievable. It was scandalous. It was American self-respect at at its lowest ebb.

Imagine a great General, a military scientist, a scholar and a strategist — imagine the most famous military genius of the century (MacArthur) subject to the will of a left wing Hungarian Jewess, still speaking with an accent. Her office gave her a position of unimpeachable power in the headquarters of the Government of the United States — in fact, more powerful, in some respects, than the President of the United States himself — Harry Truman.

Anna Rosenberg, Dean Acheson, Felix Frankfurter, Herbert Lehman, the remains of the Old Alger Hiss crew still in the State Department, were the ones who ran the Korean War. Pro-Communists in the State Department were being exposed by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy and already the Jew machine for assassinating characters and eliminating leadership among patriots had put the marks of liquidation upon Senator McCarthy.

Shortly before his death Lehman was given a banquet and honored by his bootlicking cabal. In his speech, he said: "The proudest experience of my life was the part I had in the liquidation of the leadership of Senator Joseph McCarthy."

Senator McCarthy was trying to expose the Communists in the State Department and the left wing experts who had helped turn the mainland of China over to the Communists, but he was being smeared and crucified by the Jew-controlled press, radio and television. The great networks virtually put all other activities in second place in order to give the time necessary to smear, destroy, annihilate and crucify Senator Joseph McCarthy.

This left wing conspiring cabal operating behind the scenes — and don't forget that Dean Rusk, who is now our Secretary of State, was a part of this cabal — had determined that the formula for victory outlined by General MacArthur should not be fulfilled. As wise as General MacArthur was, there was one thing he did not know how to do. He did not know how to commit treason.

He made a desperate appeal to get his message to the American public. He wrote an address to be read at a Veterans Convention in Chicago and President Truman forbade the reading of the address. He made a desperate attempt to reach the Congress of the United States via the Republican veteran Joe Martin of Massachusetts, but every word that was lifted in defense of his formula for victory was either given the silent treatment by the Jew-controlled press, radio and television, or was annihilated by ridicule composed of lies and misrepresentations.

One night out of a clear sky the world was notified that President Harry Truman literally fired America's greatest soldier and the individual recognized as the greatest military strategist of World War II, General MacArthur. Those of us who had watched developments realized that it was the work of the hidden hand cabal — the Lehmans, the Rosenbergs, the Atchesons, the Frankfurters and their ilk, inspired by similar personalities inside the British Empire and elsewhere.

The whole situation reduced itself to a simple formula as far as I was concerned; namely, General MacArthur was fired because he refused to purposely lose a war.

Imagine the situation. Military supplies and troops were coming into Korea from across the Yalu River. They were being supplied by ammunition bases behind the Red Chinese lines. General MacArthur was ordered not to bomb these supply lines and supply bases. In other words, let the Red Chinese soldiers and their supplies come to the Communists. Make no effort to cut off these supplies. Make no effort to cut off this march of Bolsheviks from beyond the Yalu River. Merely send our American boys up to the front line and permit them to be shot, destroyed, and captured by the Reds whose supplies and whose resources were being protected by executive orders coming out of the White House and the Pentagon.

This was too much for MacArthur, and the pressure of the Lehman-Rosenberg machine, acting through their little puppet in the White House, Harry Truman, this great, great man (General MacArthur) was held up to scorn and abuse and removed from his Korean command.

Only the reaction of American public sentiment prevented him from being stripped of his decorations and imprisoned.

When he returned to America's shores, he landed in San Francisco. He and Mrs. MacArthur were unaware of the dynamic nature of the American reaction. He even suggested to his wife that they drive into town by a back street so that they could maintain their privacy after arriving in San Francisco. Little did he realize that he would be mobbed by admirers at San Francisco, including people who had come hundreds and thousands of miles to see him drive down the street and have an opportunity to cheer his presence. Nothing like this had taken place since the time that Colonel Lindbergh had spanned the Atlantic with the Spirit of St. Louis. There has never been an outpouring of public sentiment favorable to an individual that equalled the outpouring favorable to MacArthur.

Sammy Gach, Editor and Publisher of the Jewish Voice, the largest Jewish periodical west of Chicago, wrote a feature editorial concerning the arrival of General MacArthur in San Francisco. Its contents revealed complete panic on the part of the Jews. They were frightened to death that a dynamic, fearless, Christian would come into power in America. Gach's panic defined itself in his feature editorial column in the Jewish Voice where he said: "As I viewed General MacArthur on television coming out of the plane, I said to myself, 'There's Hitler all over again.' "

Every left wing newspaper, every mind-washed radio station, every Jew-controlled journal joined in the campaign to belittle America's hero. The smear fell on deaf ears. MacArthur was invited under the pressure of public sentiment to address the Congress of the United States. The night of April 21, 1951, he flew across the Nation landing in Washington the morning of the 22nd. Strange and beautifully enough, it was the anniversary of the ride of Paul Revere.

His historic address before the Congress of the United States literally magnetized the American public. Among the intelligent and patriotic there was scarcely a dry eye in America after hearing his address on the networks as delivered to the Congress of the United States.

He proceeded to New York City where he went into a state of retirement. He accommodated some of his admiring friends by agreeing to deliver special addresses in certain parts of the Nation, but by and large he confined himself to a business enterprise and to military retirement. He made his home in the Waldorf Towers, an adjunct of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Statesmen from all over the world, as well as from the United States, traveled to New York just for the opportunity to sit at the feet of General MacArthur and absorb some of his wisdom and dynamic personality.

A year prior to the lengthy interview that Mrs. Smith and I had with General MacArthur, a group of my personal friends from Tulsa, Oklahoma, headed by one of the state's first citizens, John Frank, went to New York City by arrangements negotiated by me and visited the great General in anticipation of a great public meeting in Oklahoma to be addressed by General MacArthur. My personal secretary, Renata Legant, was a member of this committee. General MacArthur accepted their invitation and they proceeded to make arrangements for the great meeting, but circumstances arose which made it impossible for him to fulfill his engagement, but those who visited him on this occasion reflect on the event as one of the highlights in their lifetime of experiences.

Needless to say, a great sentiment developed in America which demanded that General MacArthur be nominated by the Republicans as the candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The internationalists, the appeasers and the pseudo-New Dealers within the Republican Party, of course, were in the midst of the Draft Eisenhower campaign. From the standpoint of practical politics, Senator Robert Taft was considered the leading candidate. It was virtually assumed that he had already blocked up enough delegates to be nominated. He was favored by General MacArthur.

With the use of uncounted sums of money the Eisenhower gang went into the States. They corrupted delegates. They warped the nominating convention. They coerced and bought and smeared their way into power at the Chicago Convention in 1952.

Senator Taft had promised those of us who were campaigning for General MacArthur that if he saw that he was going to be defeated he would withdraw and throw his strength to General MacArthur, but he was misled by a tricky misrepresentation engineered by Harold Stassen of Minnesota. Stassen had promised Taft that he would pull out after a certain ballot. He did not keep his word. He shifted to Eisenhower. Taft was so sincere and honest that he did not know how to detect the chicanery of an experienced liar like Stassen, and it was too late. The majority had gone to Eisenhower and he became the nominee of the Republican Party. The political influence of the great MacArthur and Taft had been eclipsed by corruption, misrepresentation, chicanery and even treason.

At the Chicago Convention of the Republican Party in 1952 conscientious patriots and statesmen who were not familiar with the arts of intrigue, corruption and conspiracy, had no doubt but that either Taft or MacArthur would be nominated. They were not prepared for the 'suitcase' boys who came in from New York City and elsewhere with their luggage packed with one hundred dollar bills prepared to buy, bribe, coerce, intimidate and bulldoze as many delegates as possible in their campaign to nominate a fake by the name of Eisenhower, who later admitted hat he had never voted the Republican ticket until he voted for himself for President and confessed that he was originally the founder of the Young Democratic Club in his hometown of Abilene, Kansas. He was the original choice of the left wing Senator from Florida, Claude Pepper; Harry Truman; Walter Reuther and a wide variety of New Deal opportunists and leftists. This man, who had accepted a $100,000.00 diamond medal from Stalin, was chosen as the spearhead and the instrument to liquidate the leadership of McCarthy, the prestige of MacArthur, and the candidacy of Senator Robert Taft.

What were people of character and conscience to do? The un-informed and the naive thought they had a candidate, but those of us who knew the score and understood the conspiracy realized that the Republican Party had been completely prostituted and betrayed and that people of character had no choice as between Stevenson and Eisenhower.

Adlai Stevenson was a political abortion. He was the result of a combination of the vote-stealing corrupt political machine of Chicago, headed by the Jew Jake Arvey, and the Alger Hiss treason committee in Washington, D. C. He had the support of every appeaser, left winger and traitor. His puppeteered conduct in harmony with the Lehman cabal had been so perfect that when Alger Hiss was indicted he used the name of Adlai Stevenson as a character reference.

The more sophisticated traitors and appeasers supported Eisenhower because they felt that his publicized military record would make him easier to elect, and if he went into office the public who had been unhappy over what had taken place would be more or less offguard. The traitors who supported him included the big business traitors who would be willing to sell America out, if need be, for more trade, even if such trade strengthened the enemy.

It became my responsibility to give conscientious people an out — a challenge. A national convention was called in the name of the Christian Nationalist Party. We nominated as our candidate for President General Douglas MacArthur, and as our candidate for Vice President Senator Jack B. Tenney. For 12 years Senator Tenney had been a member of the State Legislature of California beginning in the Lower House and winding up in the State Senate. As the State Senator from Los Angeles County, he represented more human beings in a state legislature than any person in the United States. With a population of six million people, Los Angeles County has but one State Senator. Senator Tenney had taken the lead in a campaign to purge the State and the Nation of Communist traitors. As the head of the Committee on Un-American Activities for the State of California, he did the most valuable research ever done by a state official, second only in value to the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Internal Security Committee (of the House and Senate, respectively) of the Congress of the United States.

Anyone who has a mature understanding of the political problems in America knows that a new party cannot be started that can be on enough ballots to elect a President. Political machines which control state legislation have been cunning enough to make it so difficult as to make it almost impossible in most states. However, a crusading political party is an act of conscience, and that is exactly what our project was. No matter what anyone might do or say concerning the life and activities of General MacArthur, there is one thing I can say that no other political leader can say: I was instrumental in causing the name of General Douglas MacArthur to be printed on numerous state ballots as a regular candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Of course, in comparison to the old political parties, we had no money. It was even a problem to get our campaigners from state to state and pay their hotel bills and transportation costs, but we carried on heroically, and as I look back on 1952 I think of those days as some of the most blessed days of my public career.

In the meantime, the Jews were not idle. They knew that MacArthur would not give an appointment to any left wing Jew, and most Jewish leaders are left wing, so they picked themselves a 'trojan horse' in the person of the late George Sokolsky, who for years had been a right wing journalistic columnist. Many of the things which Mr. Sokolsky wrote were correct and on the right side of the great life and death issues. His earlier contacts had been left wing. He was a philosophical Zionist, and he was thoroughly committed to the American Jewish Committee and the Jewish Anti-Defamation League. His right wing writings made him an ideal individual to call on General Douglas MacArthur in an effort to carry out a Jew-designed project.

Sokolsky visited MacArthur shortly after our nominating convention with but one motive in mind: To persuade the General to repudiate Gerald L. K. Smith and his crusading political party which had nominated the General as its candidate for President.

The result of Sokolsky's visit can be summarized in one sentence: He was repulsed. General MacArthur refused to say one word of repudiation concerning my activities or the desire of my followers and myself to present his name as a candidate on a crusading ticket for the Presidency of the United States.

Anyone who is familiar with the deep-seated realities of the American scene knows that the Jews, as such, hated the name of General MacArthur. They approved his dismissal. They fought him at the Republican Convention in Chicago. They never missed an opportunity to belittle his personality and misrepresent his magnificent career.

During the campaign in which General MacArthur and Senator Tenney were presented as candidates for President and Vice President, the most important auditorium in Los Angeles was engaged for a mammoth rally. Crusading patriots threw in their pittances and the widows gave their mites to finance this meeting which was to cost several thousand dollars. The Jewish Anti-Defamation League and its associated instruments of persecution and abuse moved in on the owners of the auditorium and after we had spent nearly $5,000.00 for the preparation of the meeting, they forced the cancellation of the rally. This, together with numerous other situations which had developed in American life only served to make ridiculous the hypocritical pretenses of Jewish organizations which are always vibrating concerning civil liberties. They want free speech for themselves and for their conspiring confederates, but they want prison, silence, quarantine, smear and abuse for Gerald L. K. Smith and other Christian Nationalists determined to keep alive the rich spiritual and Constitutional traditions of our Nation.

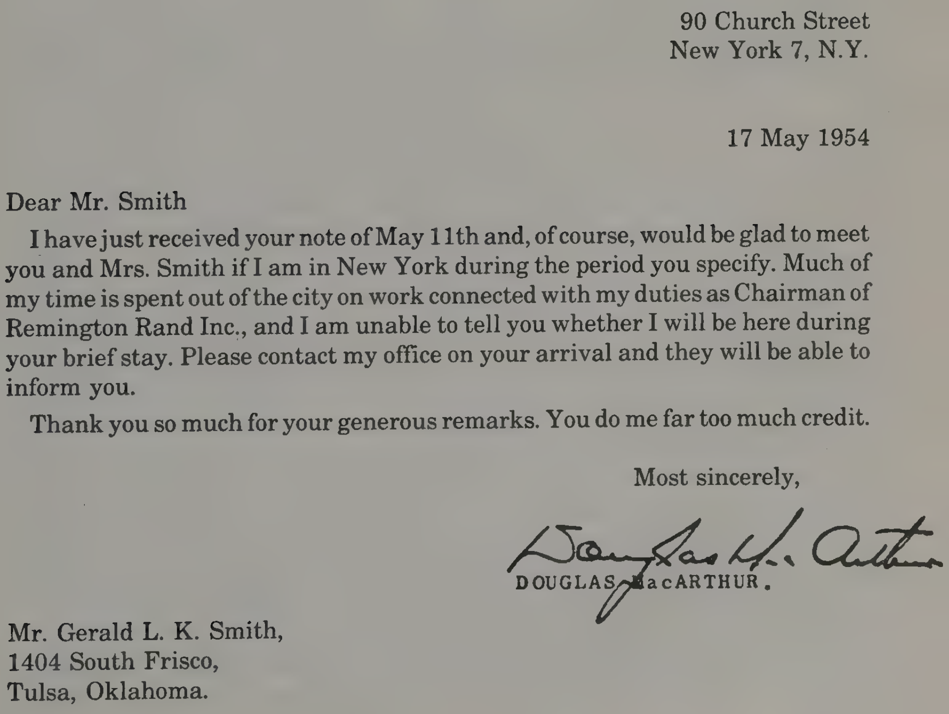
The summer and fall passed, and, of course, Eisenhower was elected, and we were in for eight years of doubletalk, compromise, mongrelization, appeasement and a general liquidation of the outspoken patriots. In the meantime our beautiful national capital, thanks to the aggressive demagoguery of Eisenhower and his gang, became a Negro slum, unsafe for even a pedestrian on the street, male or female, and virtually unsafe for an automobile driver in an overwhelming portion of the Washington, D. C., area. The appeasement policies of Eisenhower virtually created Castro.

I resumed my normal responsibilities in relation to the Christian Nationalist Crusade, a national political committee, dedicated to ten high principles, as follows:

1. Preserve America as a Christian Nation, being conscious of the fact that there is a highly organized campaign to substitute Jewish tradition for Christian tradition.
2. Expose, fight and outlaw Communism.
3. Safeguard American liberty against the menace of bureaucratic Fascism.
4. Maintain a government set up by the majority which abuses no minority and is abused by no minority. Fight mongrelization and all attempts being made to force the intermixture of the black and white races.
5. Protect and earmark national resources for our citizenry first.
6. Maintain the George Washington Foreign Policy of friendship with all nations, trade with all nations, entangling alliances with none.

7. Oppose a world government and a super-state.
8. Prove that the Worker, the Farmer, the Businessman, the Veteran, the Unemployed, the Aged, and the Infirm can enjoy more abundance under the true American system than any alien system now being proposed by foreign propagandists.
9. Safeguard America's tradition in relationship to immigration.
10. Enforce the Constitution as it pertains to our monetary system.

In the early part of 1954 I felt that the time had come for me to seek out General MacArthur in order that I might be exposed to an up-to-date 'edition' of his great wisdom. I sought this appointment, and as the reproduced letter in this manuscript indicates, he expressed a desire to visit with me and left it to his appointment secretary to consummate the appointment. The appointment was consummated, as the reproduced letter from Mr. Basco indicates, and Mrs. Smith and I, together with members of our staff, journeyed to New York City, inspired and thrilled not only because of the appointment, but because he had been considerate enough to invite Mrs. Smith and me to come to his personal residence, an apartment in the Waldorf Towers.



90 Church Street
New York 7, N.Y.

17 May 1954

Dear Mr. Smith

I have just received your note of May 11th and, of course, would be glad to meet you and Mrs. Smith if I am in New York during the period you specify. Much of my time is spent out of the city on work connected with my duties as Chairman of Remington Rand Inc., and I am unable to tell you whether I will be here during your brief stay. Please contact my office on your arrival and they will be able to inform you.

Thank you so much for your generous remarks. You do me far too much credit.

Most sincerely,

Douglas MacArthur
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.

Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith,
1404 South Frisco,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

90 Church Street
New York 7, N.Y.

19 October 1954

Dear Mr. Smith:

General MacArthur has asked me to acknowledge your letter of October 6th and tell you that he would like to see you when you come east in November. He was unable, however, at this time to set a definite date for the appointment during the period of the 10th to the 13th. If you will please get in touch with our office when you arrive here, I am sure a firm appointment can be arranged.

With best wishes,

Yours very truly,

Paul P. Basco

PAUL P. BASCO,
Secretary.

Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith,
Post Office Box 27895,
Los Angeles 27, California.

P.S. Our office telephone number is: Rector 2-9100 extensions 492 or 493.

THE INTERVIEW — THREE SECRET HOURS WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR

I had assured General MacArthur that there would be no publicity related to my visit with him until the evaporation of time had healed the wounds of controversy which had involved both of us. This pledge of secrecy was my idea. He had not requested it, but he had been the victim of so much abuse that I was determined that the Jew-manufactured smear which had been imposed upon me would not be transplanted to him. The same assassins had worked on both of us, but the formulas had been completely different. The same villainous gang which had assassinated my character had engineered his dismissal.

I knew in my own heart that nothing would inspire the venom of the Jews and the traitors and the left wing manipulators more than America's number one citizen receiving the man and his wife whom these enigmatic elements had spent millions of dollars to destroy.

About this time the Jewish journals carried a column by Milton Friedman. He said: "Although the Jewish defense agencies have spent many years and millions of dollars to destroy Smith, he and his associates now emerge stronger than ever. Smith has never been in a more powerful position . . . "

Even if the Jew-controlled press had known of my visit, they would doubtless have given it the quarantine and the silent treatment, because they have always been determined that the American people should not think of Gerald L. K. Smith as a human being with eyes and feet and with a Christian mother and father and a sweet wife. It was the Jewish conspiracy that my image should be the image of a monster, a diabolical bigot, a lunatic rabble-rouser.

General MacArthur had not been affected by this propaganda. He had studied my career through men he had learned to trust, and he knew that I had lived the life of a loyal, dedicated, fearless Christian patriot.

We rang the doorbell of the apartment. A houseman came to the door and led us into a magnificent living room decorated in the Oriental motif — Oriental vases, Oriental pictures, and furniture in the Oriental mood. Mrs. Smith and I were seated and the attendant left. Shortly General MacArthur appeared. His presence brought into the room a dynamic spiritual substance which is always the atmosphere created by the personal presence of greatness.

He extended his hand to both of us. Contrary to the smear stories of his enemies, he displayed no expression of vanity, arrogance or false pride. True enough, he did not display the ingratiating back-slapping mannerisms of a demagogue or a promoter. He stood erect. Kindness and understanding beamed forth from his face and suddenly Mrs. Smith and I realized that we were in the presence of tender, strong, intelligent, understanding greatness.

During our three hours in his presence not one thing happened and not one word was uttered which caused us to experience even a microscopic tinge of disillusionment. The greatness of some men is so exaggerated by press agents and publicists that when one meets such men they fail to measure up. MacArthur, like Niagara Falls and the Redwood forest, not only measured up to publicity, but went beyond it. We exchanged greetings, but we did not indulge in small talk. We entered at once into a discussion of the realities of the situation as they related to the survival of our great Nation.

I would not have been surprised if General MacArthur, knowing my career and my frank discussion of the Jewish question and other 'forbidden issues' — I would not have been surprised if he had given me a mild and tactful rebuke or conveyed the impression that it was too bad that one with my zeal had allowed the race issue to enter into my activities. At no time did General MacArthur challenge my judgment or my activities in this respect. On the contrary, his conversation through the entire period served not only to encourage me to carry on, but virtually to command me to carry on.

At certain intervals I, together with Mrs. Smith, would arise suggesting that we should not consume more of his time, and invariably he would implore us to be seated and remain longer.

He took time to commit himself completely to the doctrine of Nationalism. His conversation concerning Nationalism was in complete harmony with what he said in his historic address on the occasion of his 75th birthday when he said: "Be proud to be called patriots or nationalists or what you will, if it means that you love your country above all else, and will place your life if need be at the service of our Flag."

Knowing as he did that the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade is the magazine The Cross and the Flag, he launched out into a discussion of Christianity as the fundamental dynamic of this civilization and he said: "This civilization cannot survive without the dynamic of Christianity."

This was in perfect harmony with the historic remark which he had made earlier in Houston, Texas, when he said: "It is an infallible reminder that our greatest hope and faith rests upon two mighty symbols — the Cross and the Flag; the one based upon those immutable teachings which provide the spiritual strength to persevere along the course which is just and right — the other based upon the invincible will that human freedom shall not perish from the earth."

Naturally, we discussed President Eisenhower. At no time did his lip curl or did he use the tones of contempt, but he conveyed in no uncertain terms his complete lack of respect for the man who was then in the White House, the man who had joined with his predecessors in vetoing victory in Korea.

Concerning Eisenhower, the General said: "He is one of the sincerest men on earth because he believes he is the greatest man since Jesus Christ, and even in this respect he hesitates at times to take second place."

The General revealed to me that defeat in Korea was by design manipulated and ordered by individuals in the Government and in positions of final authority in Washington, D. C.

Following the death of General MacArthur a report was made by Jim Lucas, an eminent reporter for the Scripps-Howard Syndicate, in which he revealed that General Douglas MacArthur had given him a secret interview and during the interview the General had revealed that the manipulators in Washington and in London had betrayed him, resulting in the Korean defeat. Nothing General MacArthur said to me was inconsistent with the Lucas report. In fact, the General revealed to me during his interview that military strategy outlined by himself and approved by his superiors in Washington reached the enemy before he was able to enforce this strategy. In this interview he confirmed the report of General Clark who said: "I am the only General in American history forced to sign an armistice (meaning Korea) on the field of battle."

Without qualification the General revealed to me that traitors were in command and that our Nation was being degenerated by treason, weakness and corruption. Said he: "Only men like you, unafraid to be smeared and unafraid to die, can save our America from that which is being attempted against it."

It was during this secret interview that the General revealed that the pattern of government in Japan was more American than ours, because said he: "We introduced a system of Constitutional law patterned after the American original and free from the dissipations which have been imposed upon us in recent years."

Through the entire visit I was physically and emotionally calm, but at the same time we both realized that we were being favored and we were being inspired as few people had been inspired, and we were being encouraged as few people had been encouraged. Not one sentence that the General uttered in our presence had in it a syllable of discouragement or a patronizing lack of respect. It almost sounds boastful for me to say that if I had been the Governor of a State or the Ambassador from the Court of St. James I could not have been treated with greater respect. In fact, he conveyed to me that he respected me more than many

Governors and many Ambassadors and many Senators and much more than the man who was then the President of the United States or his predecessor.

The time came to depart and as we took our departure we moved toward the door. He really did urge us to stay longer, but I felt that it was the act of good judgment not to impose further upon the time of this magnificent man. It had been like a dynamic devotional. No man I have ever known has known how to utter the name of Christ in such a way as to convey profound faith more than did this man.

As we reached the door, I said: "General MacArthur, as a crusader and a very independent citizen I am not one to give blind obedience to any human being, but if I were to obey any man blindly I could be tempted to obey you. Please give us a final word by which we can live."

He put his arm over my shoulder and held Mrs. Smith's hand and looked straight into our faces with an expression which I must interpret as being one of affection and admiration. He said: "I give you just two words: Never weaken!" Then he repeated it: "Never weaken!"

The door opened and we departed. The door was not opened by his hand. It was opened by my hand. I knew that I could have stood there another many minutes and he would not have felt imposed upon. Never have we been any place and never have we been received by any individual where the spirit of welcome was more genuine and more real.

We returned to our hotel solemn, thankful, almost speechless, but reassured. I turned to Mrs. Smith and said: "Just think, sweetheart, the man we consider the greatest man of this century has given encouragement to our endeavors.

In my lifetime no President of the United States has lived who could have pinned a medal on my chest and brought as much joy to my heart and to the heart of my loved one as did this experience.

Three secret hours with General Douglas MacArthur, and every minute of these three secret hours contained words of assurance, encouragement and approval.

It is difficult to believe that a man like myself who has been quarantined, smeared and misrepresented could fulfill his life in the thought that among the numerous great whom he has numbered as personal friends have been two of the greatest citizens our Nation has ever produced — Henry Ford and General MacArthur.

I know it will sound to some slightly boastful, but since my enemies who control the press refuse to pass it on, and it is quite assuring to add to these personality medals which I have received the rich realization that the man recognized as the greatest student of American rhetoric and American literature and whose book on American literature is the most authentic reference of its kind in American universities, H. L. Mencken, was kind enough to put down in writing a statement professing his belief that I had mastered the art of public speech as no man of this century. He was not in idealistic or religious agreement with me, but friend and foe recognized him as the final authority on these subjects.

I approach the conclusion of this manuscript in a sentimental mood, and I have risked the accusation of being boastful in order that I might convey to my compatriots the understanding as to why I remain positive and uncompromising and enthusiastic concerning the idealistic crusade to which I have given my life and in which I have been joined without reserve by my companion and the central figures on my personal staff.

The enemies of America began some years ago to organize a propaganda machine and a mind-washing machine with which to completely warp, change and corrupt the American tradition. This mind-washing machine and this structure of political manipulation has by and large been controlled, manipulated and directed by Jews bent upon the complete annihilation of the uncompromising patriot. I may live and die a misunderstood man, but I shall face my Maker in the sweet assurance that without compromise I have given myself to truth even though its utterance carried with it the risk of death, imprisonment and character assassination.

General Douglas MacArthur came home after being removed from his command by President Harry Truman. The arrogant Truman held him up to scorn and rebuke, but those of us who knew the truth realized that he had been dismissed because he loved character more than compromise, victory more than defeat, patriotism rather than treason. He risked his entire career and his place in history rather than to compromise his deep convictions in the violation of his oath. His name and face will be etched in the marble permanency of history and will survive in the hearts of men long after his pigmatic detractors have been forgotten.

EPISODE 92

THE 'CRUCIFIXION' OF COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

People who are still alive and were mature, before and during World War II, know that there was a terrific movement in this country to prevent us from going into this war which was to cost million of dollars and millions of lives. The spearhead for this fight was known as the America First Committee, and those of us who believed that World War II could be avoided were a part of a movement which was led by General Robert Wood, President of Sears Roebuck, considered by many as the greatest merchant prince of this century; Henry Ford, the elder, head of the greatest industrialist establishment in America; Charles A. Lindbergh, America's number one hero; Father Charles E. Coughlin, the most listened to radio commentator in America, and myself. I was junior to all the rest, but because of my association with the assassinated Huey P. Long, and because of the large radio forum that I had, and the large meetings that I had addressed, I was considered a vital factor in this campaign.

In the midst of the nation-wide debate, Colonel Lindbergh made a speech in Des Moines, Iowa under the auspices of the America First Committee. He diagnosed and identified the forces which were trying to take us into a war that the American people didn't want, according to a recent poll showing that 81% of the people were opposed to it. He said that three forces were trying to take us into this war: (1) The British; (2) the New Dealers; (3) the Jews. If he had only said the British and the New Dealers, he would have been checked off as just another opponent of the war, but when he said the word "Jew," the Jewish complex, the Jewish journalists, the Jewish mindwashers, and the Jewish controllers of the news media went into orbit. They screamed. They became hysterical. They demanded his liquidation and almost his death. They called him a "Nazi," a "bigot," and demanded that Roosevelt repudiate him. Mr. Roosevelt joined the 'wolf pack' and identified Mr. Lindbergh as a "Copperhead," which was the word for "traitor" during the Civil War. Mr. Roosevelt soon discovered that he could not get the people into the war, and he had even been elected by falsely promising them that "our sons would not be sent to die on foreign soil." He made that promise, and later it was to be revealed that he had already agreed with Mr. Churchill that we were coming into the war with our men.

Realizing that with all the Jewish controlled propaganda that they were not going to be able to get us into the war, something had to be done. An incident was created. The best research on this subject was done by Dean Clarence Manion, Dean of the Law Department of Notre Dame University. Since that time he has become an independent crusading journalist. He and others revealed, and numerous books were written on the subject, that the Pearl Harbor crisis could have been avoided. They revealed that the Japanese code had been broken and President Roosevelt and General Marshall and others knew that the Japanese were moving toward Hawaii for the purpose of blowing up our fleet. Even though they knew it, they failed to notify the officers in Hawaii, and they stood back and allowed the Japanese to destroy many of our ships and kill 3,000 of our men. These men were murdered by Franklin D. Roosevelt and his conspiring associates, because they could have been warned.

The hypocrisy of this libertine who was President for four terms was never more obvious than when he allowed Admiral Kimmel and General Short, who were in charge of the fleet in Hawaii, to take the 'fall' and suffer the abuse of the American people for failing to be alert. The reason they were not alert was because President Roosevelt and General Marshall and others deliberately kept the warning from them after they had broken the code of the Japanese military.

The Pearl Harbor event was so catastrophic that it threw America into an hysterical reaction, and Mr. Roosevelt got what he wanted: a Jew-promoted declaration of war. He was only too happy to accord himself to the conspiracy to involve us in a war to save their imperial power in Europe and later to establish it in the Middle East; but Jesse Jones, one of his most intimate advisors and one of the most powerful men in America at that time said when he wrote his Memoirs: "Mr. Roosevelt was a total politician. He felt that he needed World War II in order to be elected for a third term."

Any man who could anticipate a war to cost billions of dollars and millions of lives, which would throw the whole world into a blood bath chaos, just to be elected for a third term should have his name recorded in the historical records as a fraud and a traitor to the American people.

Next came the 'crucifixion' of all of us who had opposed this conflict. We were branded as pro-Nazis, traitors and anti-Semites. At that time the most listened to radio newscaster was a Jew by the name of Walter Winchell, one of the most ruthless blackmailers and character assassins this Nation has ever known. He abused so many people, and he terrorized so many people by his threats of libelous propaganda that when he was thrown off the network and denied his syndicated column, he was left completely alone. He lived as a frustrated old man and died as a deserted villain. When they buried him in Scottsdale, Arizona, only two people stood at his grave.

Every Sunday night, he 'nailed' Lindbergh, myself and others on the 'cross' and 'crucified' us in public. It is estimated that he consumed a half-million dollars in radio time at least attacking me, and he consumed more time attacking Mr. Lindbergh.

No hypocrisy ever surpassed the hypocrisy of Roosevelt and his treatment of Mr. Lindbergh. Before war was declared and when people were uncertain as to which way things were going to go, Mr. Roosevelt called Mr. Lindbergh to Washington and asked him to do the country a favor. He commissioned him to go to Europe and visit the German Government not merely as a great aviator interested in the science of aviation; but he was asked to make it virtually a spy trip, a military intelligence trip. He was advised to go with a smile on his face and accept the hospitality of the German authorities and see everything that he could see. He carried out that commission, and he was wined and dined and banqueted and shown an amazing amount of their military complex. When he returned, he told Mr. Roosevelt that the military strength of the German people was so great that if we were ever to fight them, it would cost us billions of dollars and millions of lives and that he believed with the proper negotiations war could be avoided. This gave him a black mark in the book of the warmongers.

When the war had started and the Jew propaganda machine was in the business of 'crucifying' Mr. Lindbergh, Mr. Roosevelt sat back silently and allowed the controlled press to represent Lindbergh as a pro-Nazi because he had visited Germany and accepted the hospitality of the heads of the German government, and Mr. Roosevelt was too yellow, too mean, too vicious, and too hypocritical to tell the world that Mr. Lindbergh's visit to Germany was at his request.

After the persecution started, Mr. Ford invited Mr. Lindbergh to come and associate himself with the Ford Motor Co. in one of their laboratories as an escape from publicity and smear. He also extended the same invitation to General Short, who had been the victim of Roosevelt's hypocrisy, who was willing to let the world blame General Short and Admiral Kimmel for not being prepared for the Japanese attack, when, in fact, they were not prepared because American intelligence was blocked in Washington and they were not told of the oncoming Japanese air force instructed to bomb Pearl Harbor.

Mrs. Smith and I had dinner with Mr. Lindbergh in Dearborn, Michigan which is the home base of the Ford Motor Co. I tried to persuade him to take an aggressive position in the political life of the Nation. I even urged him to be a candidate for President, and I believed that if he had agreed with that suggestion, he could have become the President of the United States; but he was a very modest and retiring man. He responded by saying: "No, Mr. Smith I am going to keep out of the limelight. I do not know how to cope with these barbarians like Walter Winchell who talk about pregnant mothers and embarrassing items concerning human beings, and do not hesitate to assassinate the character of anybody. I am not prepared for that kind of fight."

He disappeared into the woodwork of anonymity. When he surfaced he was performing some of the most dangerous experiments in military aviation that could be devised. He rendered a great service to our Nation in time of war, and as indicated elsewhere, all of us who were opposed to entering the war said that after we were in it, there was only one way to end the war, and that was to win it.

Can you imagine what would have happened to us if we had been depraved enough to do what these traitors have done during the recent Vietnamese war and had visited Europe and had visited our military enemies and encouraged the people who were killing our sons? That is the thing that was done by such people as Ramsey Clark, former Attorney General of the United States, some of the members of Congress, the notorious actress Jane Fonda and a host of others.

General Robert Wood carried on as President of Sears, Roebuck. Colonel Lindbergh disappeared into the woodwork of anonymity. Father Coughlin was silenced by the Pope, and the Ford Motor Co. was virtually conscripted into the industrial mechanism of the war complex.

Here I stood alone, determined to be loyal to my country, but determined not to permit the outcome of the war to communize the United States of America.

The Jews then began to work out a formula to imprison those of us who had front-lined the fight against their precipitated war. My experience with this formula is discussed elsewhere in this book.

EPISODE 93

FREE SPEECH (?) IN CALIFORNIA

In 1945 when I began to invade California with my constructive program of Christian Nationalism, the Jews were ready for me. They had formed a committee which had raised $100,000.00 to keep me out of the State, and to run me out if I came, and to keep me from coming back if I did come. They mobilized the stupid preachers, the mindwashed educators and the cowardly politicians. When I landed in Los Angeles it was dangerous for me to walk on the street. Later on I rented some school auditoriums. The Jew left wing machine carried on a campaign to force the school boards to cancel those auditoriums, as discussed elsewhere in this book; but the American Civil Liberties Union came to my defense. The head of this organization was Rev. Dr. Clinton J. Taft, a former Congregational minister.

Time passed and I won my cases in the courts involving the use of public school buildings. In the meantime, I developed a personal acquaintance with Dr. Taft. One night I looked down in one of my meetings and there he sat, applauding my speech and expressing enthusiasm over what I was saying. Later I visited with him, and he said to me: "Mr. Smith, I have been a sincere promotor of civil liberties for everyone, regardless of their political viewpoints, their religious dogma, their popularity or unpopularity, and when an attempt was made to deny you the right of free speech, it was very consistent for me to come to your defense; but I have had an experience. I find that these people with whom I am associated want free speech for the left wingers and the Communists, but they don't want free speech for Gerald L. K. Smith, and we in the American Civil Liberties Union have been nagged, annoyed and persecuted because we came to the defense of your right to speak in a schoolhouse. But," he said, "it is too much for me. I can't stand the heat. I am going to resign." And, believe it or not, this man who was the head of the American Civil Liberties Union in Los Angeles resigned and joined the Christian Nationalist Crusade, and to the hour of his death he was a donator to our campaign. God bless his memory.

Sequel: It is now recognized that one of the most evil forces in America is the American Civil Liberties Union. It creates trouble in every community. It sabotages authority. It undermines the military. It attempts to break the morale of the Police Departments. It defends the pornographers. It encourages the criminals. It has spent thousands of dollars defending the treason of Communism. It came to the defense of the killers, rioters and treason promoters during the wave of violence that was carried on on the American campuses during the sixties. It has encouraged the draft dodgers and the deserters. It has become the ‘chicken-bone’ in the throat of self-respecting community leadership. It has promoted compulsory busing. It has encouraged forced integration. It is the legal arm of the mongrelizers.

EPISODE 94

A WORLD FELLOWSHIP

When I realized that television would be closed to me, and radio would be closed to me, with the exception of an occasional interview, I realized that I must resort to subtle methods and cunning strategies in order to carry on the Crusade. I began to write in other names, and all over the United States are circulars, tracts and brochures without my name on them which have been republished and circulated by people who would be too timid to be associated with Gerald L. K. Smith. I soon discovered that whenever I published something adventuresome and courageous, the hidden hand operators would come in and attempt to intimidate the printer. Therefore we established our own print shop with something like 25 pieces of machinery, each machine able to turn out from 2,000 to 10,000 pieces of printed matter an hour. We put no sign over the shop. We did not identify its ownership, and it ran full time turning out material which I had written. As I look over the tracts, brochures and books which I have written, I wonder where I found the time to do it all.

A knowledgeable individual who knows what is going on in the world made a survey not long ago when he reported that he believed that I had helped bring about the formation of at least 2,000 right wing groups in American in one way or another. He believed that these groups were formed with my encouragement and financial support without even knowing it, and after they came to strength, some of them were too timid even to invite me to be their guest speaker. Don’t forget, the accusation of anti-Semitism is the ‘brand of blight’ which is applied to anyone who dares stand up for Christ in opposition to the antichrist and really mean it.

The literature of the Crusade now goes to every free nation on earth. The official organ of the Crusade, The Cross and The Flag, goes into every precinct and voting ward in America. The mail which comes to my desk every day comes from all over the world, such as Tokyo, Sydney, Buenos Aires, Paris, London, as well as practically every community in the United States of America. The Jew-controlled news media has vowed silence, and many newspapers have said: “We will not mention Gerald L. K. Smith’s name until we print his obituary, because he even thrives on unfavorable publicity.”

EPISODE 95

$50,000.00 FOR A TWO WEEKS' VACATION

During the life time of Huey P. Long I was sitting with the Senator in his suite of rooms at the Heidelberg Hotel in Baton Rouge. A young school teacher had arranged for an appointment. His name was Newt Mills and came from Northern Louisiana. He was a country school teacher, and didn't have a penny. He walked up to Senator Long and said: "Huey, I'm going to run for Congress against Riley Joe Wilson. I want you to help me."

Huey Long said: "Go back and get ready for the campaign, and I'll come up and tour the whole district, and we'll put you in the Congress of the United States."

Shortly after that Senator Long was assassinated, and Mr. Mills came to see me and said: "Mr. Smith, do you remember what Mr. Long promised?" I said: "Yes."

"Well," he said, "the organization wants to desert me. It seems that certain people who are powerful in the State organization are in with Riley Joe Wilson and the big flood control program which has been developed which can mean big profits for all of them, and they want to throw me to the wolves."

I said: "I heard Huey Long promise you that he would support you, and I'll get in a sound truck and come to North Louisiana, and I'll go with you from milk stand to schoolhouse and tell them what Huey Long said."

I did it, and he was elected.

Before I went to North Louisiana, however, I was walking through the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, which at that time was the round-up headquarters of the Long organization. A man, whose name I will not mention because I do not want to sadden any member of his family even if he is gone, came up to me. This man was a very shrewd, cunning lobbyist who hung around Louisiana and worked with people for favors which meant much money to his clients.

He said to me: "Mr. Smith, I understand you are going up to North Louisiana to help Newt Mills."

"Oh yes," I said. "I was with Huey Long when he promised to do it, and I'm going to help keep that promise, although my tour will not mean what Mr. Long's tour would have meant."

He said: "Did you ever hear about the man who made $50,000.00 by taking a two weeks' vacation in the Caribbean or Havana?"

I knew what he meant, and I said: "Yes, I've heard of such men, but it so happens that I am not one such, and if you'll excuse me I'm getting ready to go to North Louisiana."

I went to North Louisiana. I kept faith with Newt Mills, and spoke everywhere. He not only was elected to the Congress, but he was re-elected on numerous occasions.

EPISODE 96

THE BIRTH OF A CRUSADING JOURNAL

In 1942 I came to the conclusion that we needed a magazine, and I proceeded to name the periodical and plan for its publication. Many different names were suggested, but I finally decided on the two most important symbols in American life — The Cross and The Flag. This was after the war started, and I was under the pressure of great persecution. When the first issue came out, a full-column story appeared in one of the big newspapers in New York City to the effect that the first issue would be the last.

What a time I had. A naive publisher who thought it would be wonderful to publish my magazine solicited my business, and after the first issue was published the Jews so intimidated him that I couldn't find him at the office. I had difficulty getting even the copies that I had already paid for. It was necessary for me to engage a different printer every month for the first four months. One printer had an entire floor in a high office building. After he had printed a whole issue, he served notice on one of my associates that he wouldn't deliver the magazines because he was afraid. He had been called on. He had been coerced. He had been threatened. I went up to his print shop, took him by the nape of the neck and held him close to a window and instructed my aide to carry the magazines out and load them, and that is how we got the magazines out and into the mail.

Finally I located a printer way down in Texas, way out in the woods, with a big printing shop, who wasn't afraid of anything, and for some years he printed The Cross and The Flag. Later we obtained our own printing equipment, and now it is published by our own presses.

I resolved that we would sell no commercial advertising, and that a feature article beginning on page 2 of every issue would glorify the name of our Lord Jesus Christ and consist of the testimony of my faith. I have kept faith with that resolution, and at this writing the magazine has lasted since 1942, I personally have written at least 80% of everything that has appeared in it.

Someone says: "Why do you write so much of it? Why don't you have others do it?"

My answer is: "Whenever I publicize the name of an individual who writes an article for me, he is immediately waited on by the Jews, persecuted, harassed and abused."

I tell people once in a while that I feel like Clyde Beatty, the courageous animal trainer must have felt. When the circus came to town, he put his animals in a great iron cage, and there were thousands of people to watch him, but when it came to walking in where the wild animals were, he went alone. It is amazing how many people agree with everything that I stand for, but they are afraid to be identified with me, and they are afraid to speak out. America will continue to be the slave of the hidden hand machine until it can overcome this timidity. There is nothing new about it. After Jesus had arisen from the dead, a little handful of disciples, 120 in number, met in an Upper Room, and the Scripture says: "They met upstairs for fear of the Jews."

When Jesus left Judea and went into Galilee, it says: "He went to Galilee, because the Jews sought to kill him."

These enemies of Christ have known how to develop the instruments of coercion and intimidation as no other group of human beings in the history of the human race.

EPISODE 97

JUDGE GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG

When I went to Fort Worth, Texas, to launch my campaign I was called upon by a very prominent man. He at one time had owned the leading newspaper of Fort Worth, the Star Telegram. He owned the Texas Steel Corporation, and he owned twenty plantations in Mississippi near Natchez. He introduced me to his lovely wife, a brilliant, attractive, loyal, patriotic lady. He tried to persuade me to stay in Texas and devote more time to the state he loved, but the pressure of responsibilities would not permit it.

As I grew to know Judge George W. Armstrong, I recognized in him one of the great citizens of America. He had written numerous books. He had dealt fearlessly with the Jewish question. He understood the war conspiracy, and he was completely fearless.

Later Mrs. Smith and I visited Judge Armstrong and his lovely wife at Natchez, Mississippi. They gave us a warm reception and did everything they could to encourage us in our difficult Crusade.

Judge Armstrong reminded me that he was establishing a Foundation into which would be fed his accumulated wealth, and he expected this fortune to be used exclusively to help finance enterprises such as mine and others who were defending American tradition. The Foundation was formed and the money was left, but the United States Government moved in with technicalities. They issued decision of sabatoge and the whole Foundation and principle was wrecked. A similar thing happened to the great Ford Foundation. I can remember when Mr. Ford said to me: "I am forming a Foundation, and when this Foundation is formed people like you, Mr. Smith, will have no problem in getting money."

After he had died the control of his Foundation drifted into the hands of people who had been enemies of Mr. Ford. In fact, the dominant figure in degenerating the Ford Foundation was the most powerful Jew in America, a New York Wall Street manipulator by the name of Sidney Weinberg, as suggested elsewhere in this book.

EPISODE 98

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

In this book are numerous references to conflicts which developed because of my activities dealing with the acute issues of the moment as well as the permanent issues faced by this Christian civilization but the fact remains that the real controversy has been stimulated because I dared challenge the conspiracy of International Zionism. Anyone who challenges this force of the antichrist is immediately singled out for abuse, heckling, persecution, character assassination, prison and death.

The unwritten law of Western civilization is: "you can criticize every force, every element in our life without the risk of lethal attack 'except the Jew.' Anyone in public life or private life who dares challenge the authority of the Jew is singled out for consistent abuse.

EPISODE 99

MIRACULOUS SOURCE OF POWER

Mrs. Smith and I have never been what some people call religious fanatics. We were raised in old-fashioned Christian homes, and we were taught to believe in God and accept Jesus Christ as His divine Son, born of the Virgin Mary. We were taught to believe the Holy Bible, and still do, and we believe implicitly in the soul salvation which comes to mankind through their acceptance of Jesus Christ. Along with these fundamental doctrines of Christian faith, we have been taught to believe in the 'power of prayer.'

During this stormy life which we have lived, there have been times when the wisdom of no friend, no associate and no advisor was sufficient to guide us and give us direction. Circumstance taught us to depend upon prayer as we had never depended upon it earlier in our lives. Crises which brought with them the threat of smear, character assassination, arrest, prison and death gave us no choice but to turn to the only original source of wisdom known to mankind, the wisdom of God Almighty. We learned to love those verses in the Bible, such as: "With God all things are possible," as well as the beautiful words, "I can do all things through Jesus Christ who gives me strength." "Ask what ye will, and it shall be granted."

As time passed I began to write to my most dependable friends and request that they agree to offer intercessory prayers in my behalf whenever I faced an emergency that human intelligence could not solve. Today, I have a file in my office containing the names of hundreds of people who have promised in writing that whenever they hear from me requesting intercessory prayer, they will make special mention of me in their prayers. Most of them, however, assure me that they pray for me constantly; but when I face a special problem, they pray for me in a special way. I believe that intercessory prayer is one of the most miraculous sources of power there is in the universe. Psychologists, skeptics and modernists like to refer to prayer as merely an emotional stabilizer. That when we kneel down to pray at night, we calm ourselves with a legendary faith; but the psychologists and the skeptics can offer no such alibi for the power of intercessory prayer, because when a person in Hong Kong, or Seattle, or Miami, or Los Angeles, or Chicago prays for me, I don't know they are praying for me, but I do know that I am the constant beneficiary of intercessory prayer. Time after time I have come up against stone wall situations and what seemed like insurmountable difficulties, and I could retire at night burdened and overwhelmed with a load that I didn't see how I was going to carry, and then in a strange and beautiful way solutions would come, burdens would be lifted and a course of procedure would be outlined. Never discount the power of prayer, man's privilege of visiting with his Creator.

EPISODE 100

HERETICS RECRUITED

Years ago there was a Unitarian preacher in Kansas City, Missouri, by the name of Dr. L. M. Birkhead. He was one of those modernist preachers who did anything to attract attention. At one time he invited Sally Rand, the fan dancer, to fill his pulpit. Later on the Jews wanted a stooge to help them with their propaganda against patriots and individuals whom they classified as "anti-Semites." Of course, the word anti-Semite is a dirty word which has been created by the Jews to apply to people who do not want Jews to run everything and own everything and manipulate the politics of the world. The so-called Dr. Birkhead formed what was known as the Friends of Democracy. It established headquarters in New York City. It was glorified by the press. It was built up by all the Jewish organizations. One would have thought that Birkhead was a great clergyman who had come out of the Midwest and had saved America from the subversion being promoted by the people who refused to accept the doctrine that Christ's worst enemies are God's chosen people.

One day when we were living in Detroit, Michigan, Birkhead was announced to speak at a synagogue, and he announced that he was going to expose Gerald L. K. Smith. I did not go to the meeting, but Mrs. Smith and two of my associates went to the meeting. The two who went with her were strong young men. The Rabbi opened the meeting, and at a certain time he introduced Mr. Birkhead. The phoney clergyman started to speak, and the moment he uttered one sentence to the discredit of my character and patriotism, Mrs. Smith, who is a very modest woman, arose, and said: "Dr. Birkhead, I am Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith and that is not the truth." This so completely upset this phoney preacher that he withdrew his subject matter and began to talk about something else. The whole audience was terrorized, and when Mrs. Smith and the two young gentlemen who were with her walked out, they stood back and gave them a wide berth as though they were visiting celebrities, and as far as I am concerned, Mrs. Smith has always been a celebrity.

Then as time passed, and the war situation became more intense. The Jews and their political slaves in Washington wanted to put those of us away who had opposed our entrance into World War II, because we wanted Hitler and Stalin to weaken each other. These elements constituting the complex of our enemies wanted to punish, persecute and imprison all of us, including Henry Ford, General Robert Wood and Father Charles Courghlin, Col. Charles Lindbergh and a list of less publicized patriots who were sincerely supporting a similar viewpoint.

Jews and their fellow conspirators thereupon began to plan dirty tricks and devious formulas for misrepresenting the patriots whom they wanted to destroy. At that time there was a magazine in New York, owned by Jews, known as the Mercury Magazine, not to be confused with the modern magazine called the American Mercury, which is published by people devoted to the patriotic traditions of America. The owner of the magazine, which was then sold in large numbers on newsstands and distributed in the manner of Reader's Digest, sent a very prominent feature writer to interview me in Detroit. I granted the interview and he visited with Mrs. Smith and myself. Later he wrote a feature story entitled "Gerald Smith's Bid for Power." It had some smear in it, but it was fairly objective. Just before this gentleman was about to leave, he turned to Mrs. Smith and me and said. "My self-respect requires that I tell you something that you are not supposed to know. While I was in New York City I began to interview people who were opposed to you and who have kept files concerning your activities. Among them was a representative of the Friends of Democracy, headed by Dr. Birkhead. The representative of this organization (Friends of Democracy) accepted my invitation to dinner. While we were eating he had too much to drink and began to brag on what he was going to do to the right wing patriots who opposed entrance into the war. He said: 'On a certain night we are going to plant swastika flags, guns and bombs in the headquarters of these organizations, and then we're going to alarm the FBI and cause these places to be raided the next day.'"

He continued: "Mr. Smith, you and Mrs. Smith are such nice people, I just don't have the nerve, even for money, to go back to New York and write a smear story on you knowing what is being cooked up against you."

We were later to discover that he had given us the right report. We put guards on our headquarters day and night to see to it that nothing could be planted in the homes of our leaders, or in the working headquarters of our organization; but three or four organizations in the East were the victims of this conspiracy, and one day blazing headlines came over in the newspapers that pro-Nazi agents had been raided and that guns, munitions and swastika flags had been found in their headquarters. The fact is, these ominous objects were planted in these headquarters by agents-provocateur paid for by the Jews.

This and numerous other experiences should help the reader to understand why I developed a meticulous understanding of the operations of what some people call the 'hidden hand' in America and in the world.

Sequel: The Jews never gave up trying to entrap me by some trick which they could use to cause me to be brought into Federal Court and tried as a seditionist or as a traitor in time of war.

One night I spoke in the ballroom of the Book Cadillac Hotel, the hotel which at that time was the most important hotel in the City of Detroit. Following the speech two women came up and shook hands with me. One with a German accent was very flattering. I shook hands with many people, and the woman with the German accent made no special impression upon me at that time.

The next morning my office manager called me and said that there was a woman who was very anxious to meet me. She was a great admirer, and she wanted to have an opportunity to talk to me. She brought great pressure on my office manager. So finally I told him to pass on the word that Mrs. Smith and I would be having lunch in the dining room of the Hotel Statler, and if she wanted to come there and visit with Mrs. Smith and me at a certain time, we would talk to her.

Shortly after being seated, the woman with the German accent, whom I had met the night before at the meeting, came to our table. After an exchange of greetings she leaned over the table and began to speak in subdued tones. She said: "I represent the Friends of the New Germany and I am authorized to spend money on our friends in the United States who are willing to get the truth out to the people concerning what is going on."

I knew immediately that she was an operative, an agent-provocateur, and very likely a secret agent of the Jews, attempting to entrap me. Much to her shock and surprise I leaped to my feet, and in the middle of a crowded dining room, I yelled at the top of my voice as I pointed at this woman and said: "This woman is a Nazi agent." It frightened her to death and she ran. In those days I always had an associate sitting in the hotel lobby keeping his eye open for people who might want to do me injury, or cause me embarrassment, so he was out in the lobby. He reported to me that this woman ran out and ran up to a Jew in a soldier's uniform. They immediately hurried out of the lobby, and he followed them, and they went directly to the headquarters of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, which I sometimes refer to as the "Jewish OGPU."

I could recite experiences like this by the dozens, but this helps the reader to understand the conspiratorial tricks which were attempted against those of us who had opposed World War II. Our opposition to World War II was not because we were pro-German. It was because we felt that Germany and Russia should weaken each other, and we should save our American lives and money, and then when it was over, we would be the strong power. But that is not what the Jews wanted. They wanted us to make a powerful Frankenstein out of the Soviet Union which they had created in the beginning. Little did they realize that when the Soviet Union matured that the saturation of their impudent power would turn the new Russians against them, even as the old Russians had understood them.

EPISODE 101

HOBBIES

One doesn't need to read very far in this book to learn that Mrs. Smith and I have lived under years of high pressure involving controversy and danger. Anyone who knows us intimately and has associated with us frequently knows that we are emotionally stable. We show no signs of neurosis or paranoia. At the time of this writing we are both strong, well and unusually healthy, especially for people 75 years of age.

Several things have contributed to our emotional stability and to our steady and calm natures. In the first place, we have a deep Christian faith. We were taught by our mothers and fathers to believe in God by way of our Christian faith, but the instruction which we received at home was very conventional and millions of people have been so instructed. But when people enter into 'Gethsemane' experiences involving the risk of death, threats, character assassination and smear, as we have, it requires a sustaining force far beyond the ordinary superficial faith of many people who call themselves Christians.

We have faced many situations where, but for the presence of God and for our Christian faith and the answer to prayer, we would have been destroyed either by outside forces, or our own weak inability to stand up to what we had to face.

We have lived by the texts that read: "I can do all things through Jesus Christ who gives me strength," and "With God, all things are possible." The main task of a believer in facing these critical moments in his life is to make sure that what he seeks to accomplish is the will of God.

Added to our Christian faith has been our great affection for each other, discussed elsewhere in this book. As this was written, we have been together 53 years in beautiful, affectionate harmony. It has been one continuous honeymoon, and I say this without any exaggeration, and if God Almighty were to report the facts, His report would agree with what I have said.

In being so controversial, we naturally became social, political and religious outcasts. For fear of the Jews, public figures were afraid to present us to their forums, preachers were afraid even to ask us to pray in their churches and, of course, all the elements of formal society were closed to us such as civic clubs and fraternities. Even right wing politicians who boast of their patriotism were afraid to be openly identified with us for fear of the Jews. This circumstance isolated us to the point where our time was consumed first, with our crusading commitments and our sacred undertakings. Under the circumstance it became natural for us to interest ourselves in something that would give us wholesome, constructive relaxation.

Early in our married life we became interested in art objects and antiques. We became prolific collectors of beautiful objects resulting in one of the greatest collections of portrayals of Christ to be found anywhere in America. This collection is now deposited in the Christ Only Art Gallery in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, near the entrance to The Great Passion Play. We also collected rare Bibles, and our collection has reached the point where it contains over 7,000 volumes in 625 languages.

Some years ago I discovered that one of the rarest animals in America was the 'miniature horse,' and I began to collect miniature horses. As this is written, we have 25 toy horses running from 15 to 34 inches high. The reader should keep in mind that the average dining room table is 32 inches high. Imagine a full grown horse small enough to walk under a dining room table. These little creatures are kept in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and have brought us much relaxation. They have beautiful dispositions, and they are as easy to pet and handle as a house dog or a kitten.

Some time ago, just for the benefit of my friends, I composed a little book containing mostly pictures of these little horses.

Along with our hobbies, we have kept through our entire lives a well-developed sense of humor. We have always been able to enjoy a good joke, to tell a good joke, and when it seemed consistent with reality, to laugh at ourselves. A sage at one time said: "Any man who can laugh at himself is sane. Lunatics cannot laugh at themselves."

Through the years I have accumulated so many humorous anecdotes that at times I have been tempted to compose a little volume made up only of jokes and humorous anecdotes, but it seems that the crusading demand upon my time in writing and speaking has been so great that time has not permitted this.

EPISODE 102

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS

All over America we broke records at meetings where I was scheduled to speak. One example was in Detroit, Michigan, when I spoke at the Olympia. At that time it was the largest and most commodious meeting place in the great City of Detroit. After the meeting was over, I received a letter from the general manager of the auditorium. The letter included the following words: "Your meeting was the largest of its kind ever held in the Olympia."

Those familiar with this great meeting auditorium know that it seated something like 20,000 people.

Through the years I spoke in the Rose Bowl Stadium in Pasedena, California and to fairground audiences that filled seating facilities. On one occasion I spoke in a park in Chicago to 44,000 people. It was necessary to have the whole park wired for sound. The attendance at my meetings was so large and the response was so enthusiastic that my enemies concluded in conspiratorial sessions that there was only one way to stop me and that was not to answer me, because I could not be answered to the satisfaction of my crowds. The only way to answer me was to give me the silent treatment, ridicule me, assassinate my character, and, if possible, kill me.

EPISODE 103

COURAGEOUS PROTECTOR AND HELPER

As indicated elsewhere in this volume, the Communists, the Jews, and my radical enemies in general organized a terrific campaign in an attempt to make it impossible for me to speak in the City of Los Angeles, or even live safely within its borders.

I was scheduled to speak in the Auditorium of the Polytechnic High School, which at that time was the leading downtown high school of the great city. It was before the community had been overrun with blacks and its attendance was made up of a typical cross section of the Los Angeles population. The meeting was well publicized among our friends as well as our enemies, and we used free admission tickets in an attempt to thin out the most hostile types of people.

As the time of the meeting approached, it was obvious that we were being picketed by between 20,000 and 25,000 people. It looked like the whole police department was in the streets.

Mrs. Smith and I worked our way to the platform under police protection but when we were seated on the platform we were not protected. Anyone out of the audience could have come up and killed me without much resistance — I thought. I turned to the right and there sat a young man about 30 years old. He turned to me and said: "Don't you be afraid, Mr. Smith. Anyone who comes toward you will be sorry." He lifted up his coat and there he held a black automatic pistol. I later learned that he was a preacher and a great student of the Bible. His name was Wesley Swift. He was a figure in my life in a very unique way. He had followed my writings. He had studied my career, and he almost idolized me. During the Los Angeles campaign, wherever I spoke, he was there to protect me, and to give me a sense of security. But that was not his greatest contribution.

One day he said to me: "Mr. Smith, I would like to bring my Bible up to your hotel room and talk to you." He did, and he made one of the greatest contributions to my life that any man ever made. He opened the Bible and demonstrated to me with the proper texts that Christ's worst enemies were not God's chosen people. He identified the 'true Israel' which gave us the Messiah, and demonstrated to me that we were heirs to the covenant that God made with Abraham, and we were indeed Israelites. He later pointed out the text which reads, concerning those who had accepted Jesus Christ who might not be able to trace their lineage to Abraham: "Ye have been circumcized by faith."

He demonstrated that the crucifiers of Christ were apostates, sons of Satan, and the seed of Cain. He proved by the Scripture that Jesus Christ was not a Jew as we now know Jews, and that God is going to give His kingdom to those who have accepted Jesus Christ, and not to those who caused His crucifixion and still justify it. The modern apostates may say that if they had it to do over again, they would not nail Him to a cross; but they, in fact "crucify our Lord anew" every day.

Later this young preacher was given a Doctor's degree. He served congregations in Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego. He did not settle with one congregation. He was such an eloquent and convincing speaker, the people did not want him to dissipate his time in one location. He not only spoke in these great cities, but he had an itinerary, and he spoke all over the State of California, and sometimes outside the State of California.

He had to die too soon, and it brought grief to the hearts of those who were familiar with the magnificent gifts which had been poured out upon this young man. The greatest gift he made to me was to help identify myself as an heir to the covenant God made with Abraham when He said: "Him that blesseth thee, I will bless, and him that curseth thee, I will curse." The Jews have used this text to cover their evil ways. This text was meant for those who are a part of the true Israel of the Old Testament and who fulfilled the purpose of God's covenant by accepting Jesus Christ as their Saviour."

EPISODE 104

TWO DEATH THREATS IN EUREKA SPRINGS

It is hard to believe that in a beautiful little village like Eureka Springs, Arkansas, one would experience the danger of death by a gun, but what I am about to tell you does not reflect on the mood and manner of the people of Eureka Springs.

Years ago I had an association with a man in Detroit, Michigan. The time came when I felt like Roosevelt was going to be able to put me in prison, and I discovered that this man had gone to Washington, D.C., and cooperated with my enemies in a campaign to increase my vulnerability. He had been working in my office, and shortly after he returned from Washington, he resigned. He later confessed that he had Jewish blood in his veins and although he worked in my office and pretended to be my friend, he at heart hated me.

Years passed, and he came to Eureka Springs for what looked like a friendly visit and to see the sacred projects. One day I received a telephone call from a man who said: "Mr. Smith, stay in the house. This man (whom I will not name because of his family) is in Eureka Springs for the purpose of killing you, and he is coming up the street with a gun toward your home." Suffice it to say, we notified the proper authorities. The man was apprehended, and instead of involving ourselves in a page one news story concerning a sensational situation, he was given an ultimatum to leave town. Later it was discovered that he not only harbored a murderous hate in his heart for me, but he had experienced some psychotic trouble and had been under the care of a mental institution. Whatever the circumstance, providence protected me.

Another man had come to the city and was engaged in a business enterprise. He claimed to be interested in the development of the Great Passion Play. He said that his one desire was to play the part of Judas Iscariot. Isn't that singular? In the course of the preparations for the production, he developed a conflict with the Director, Robert Hyde. One day he knocked on my door. He walked in. He was carrying a pistol. He served notice that he was going to shoot Mr. Hyde before the end of the day. I realized that he had symptoms of insanity, and I levelled off the conversation with soft and meaningless talk until I could get him out of the house. Then I immediately summoned Mr. Robertson and others and we proceeded to safeguard ourselves against him.

One evening we were sitting in the house, and a knock came at the door. We looked out the window, and it was this same man with a gun. Mr. Robertson went out through the back door and confronted him, only to be told that he had come to shoot us all. It seems like a miracle now, and it is almost unbelievable, but there stood the Sheriff of the county. It seemed that this man's conduct downtown had aroused suspicion, and the Sheriff had followed him to our house, and fortunately he was able to apprehend him and lead him away.

These two incidents indicate how a public figure can face danger without having done anything to merit the lethal animosity of dangerous men.

These close calls had very little relationship to the dangerous activities of my crusading career, but they are indelibilized in my memory in such a way that every time I think of them, I say, "Praise God for protection."

EPISODE 105

HUEY LONG BECOMES TEETOTALER

The assassinated U.S. Senator Huey P. Long was the most brilliant human being I have ever known. He was, in fact, a genius. His weakest point was his consumption of whiskey. Under certain circumstances, he would drink whiskey, and while under the influence he would utter statements that the press would publish to his discredit. Every time I heard of him being intoxicated, my heart sank within me.

One day we were travelling from Washington, D.C., to New Orleans. In those days the main train would stop in Atlanta to refuel, fill up on water and to change crews. I happened to know that after we had left Washington Mr. Long had joined an old friend in a Pullman room, and they drank most of the night. It was the custom for the passengers to come out on the platform at Atlanta to get some fresh air and stretch their legs. Mr. Long, who had not shaved, walked up to me and said: "Dr. Smith," (he always called me Dr. Smith) I'd give anything if I looked as fresh as you do." I decided that this was the time for me to say something, and I said: "Senator, you are the most brilliant statesman on the American scene, and there is nothing that you cannot accomplish including the Presidency, if you can break the habit of drinking alcohol." Without hesitation, he looked back at me and said: "I'll never touch another drop."

I had heard many people say that. It is usually the vow of the alcoholic and the heavy drinker that is always broken, but I was to get a surprise. He kept his word. He not only never touched another drop, but he became almost a narrow-minded teetotaler, so much so that he would not let a man come into his room to discuss plans and projects if he had the smell of liquor on his breath.

One day he was entertaining the press in his hotel suite, and he said: "Do you know who the most narrow-minded prohibitionist is in America?" The press naturally said: "Who?" He answered: "Huey P. Long."

Early in his life he had made himself vulnerable to potential blackmailers by some of his wilder activities. Men who drink heavily usually do other things. Those who were knowledgeable concerning his mistakes moved in on him in an attempt to twist favors out of him down through the years, but he did a good job freeing himself from these potential blackmailers, and the moment that he had levelled off into a lifetime of circumspection, he was within an arm's reach of the White House. As said elsewhere, Jim Farley, the most knowledgeable politician of that period said: "If Huey Long had not been assassinated he would have become President of the United States."

He had the basic qualities of righteous decency within his soul, because he had been raised by a wonderful Christian father and mother, who had engraved in his heart the Christian codes of decency. The reader must remember that although he became the most popular public official in America, receiving more mail than the President and all the other Senators put together, he was only 42 when he was shot.

EPISODE 106

ATTEMPTED BLACKMAIL

Someone has well said that the most poisonous serpent is the one that nestles within your breast.

In the middle 1940s I took a man who was recommended by good citizens as a trustworthy individual to help me with certain details in my activities as I went about over the country. He was a brilliant fellow and pretended to be very much in favor of what I was doing. Later I discovered that he had been advised to go with me, hoping that he could get something on me and use it to limit the usefulness of my career. Later he confided in a friend that he was never able to get anything on Gerald Smith, because he travels with his wife all the time, he handles money honestly, and he never takes a drink. As I have said many times, if a man is loyal to his wife, handles money honestly and doesn't drink liquor, he has solved about 98% of the problems that many public men have. The other big problem, of course, is yielding to pressures that demand compromise in the voicing of principle. The unique thing about myself is not my intelligence. There are many men as intelligent and more intelligent than I am. If there is anything unique about my public career, it is the fact that I have had the courage to stand for dangerous truth regardless of the hazards. So many public men are subject to intimidation.

When I discovered that this man was a traitor, I removed him from my staff, and he announced that he was going to hold a meeting downtown in Los Angeles and expose me. One day my secretary received a telephone call from a rather questionable figure — a woman who pretended to be our friend. She said: "I'm all upset about this man. He is going to speak, and he is going to hurt the patriotic movement, and I wish Mr. Smith would do something to stop him."

My secretary said: "What would it take to stop him?" And the woman said: "He needs money, and I think that if we were to help pay up some of his bills totaling around $1500.00 this would satisfy him."

My secretary came to me for the answer and I said: "Call the woman back and tell her that I will not give him 5c to keep his mouth shut, but I will help to pay the rent on the hall if he will go ahead with the meeting and say anything he wants to say." Before the time of the meeting, he lost his nerve.

Later on, he wrote a pamphlet 'exposing' me. About that time I was holding a big meeting in the Embassy Auditorium on Grand Avenue in Los Angeles. The auditorium was packed, and everyone who came into the place had been given a circular announcing the pamphlet which was for sale for $1.00. I came to the platform and said to the audience: "I know you have all received a circular announcing that a pamphlet has been written exposing me." I then said to the audience: "Don't buy the pamphlet. I have obtained some extra copies, and if you will leave your name and address at the literature table as you go out, I will see that you get a copy free." This blew the whole project up, and the audience, including my friends, realized that I had nothing to hide. Everything that was unfavorable in the pamphlet was a lie. Although the Jews tried to blow up the attack, it fell on deaf ears.

He tried one more trick. He sent a third party to me, and this third party after some difficulty got an appointment with me, because I never list my telephone number. When he had persuaded my secretary that I should be interviewed, he said: "I'm worried about Mr. Smith. A man associated with him has gone to the Internal Revenue Department and is going to make reports that will get him into lots of trouble." He thought that about $5,000.00 would silence the man.

I gave him this message: "I wouldn't give the man a nickle, and if he is called down to the Internal Revenue Department, the thing for him to do is tell them everything he knows, because I have nothing to hide."

It shocks evil men when they run into courage and intestinal fortitude.

Sequel: One day I received a long handwritten letter. It was from my would-be blackmailer, and he asked me to forgive him, and he used words like this: "Mr. Smith, you are a good and great man, and although I have tried to destroy you, I apologize, and I hope God will forgive me."

EPISODE 107

'CRUCIFIED' ON TELEVISION

Ambitious television and radio commentators developed the theory that one way to get financial support from the Jew-controlled television was to attack Gerald L. K. Smith. Two men climbed to questionable fame in Los Angeles by climbing up the ladder on my bones, so to speak. One was a man by the name of Tom Duggan, who had formerly lived in Chicago, and had hated me even when I used to come to Chicago to speak, and another was a man by the name of Joe Pyne. These men had 'conversation' shows, and every time they 'ran out of soap,' they would take a whack at me.

Pyne was a conscienceless libeler, and he had no respect for the truth, but although he kept hammering at me to an audience of thousands, and sometimes millions of people, our Cause continued to grow and my influence seemed to expand.

His associate, or manager, or whatever you want to call him, tried to get me to appear with him, but he was such a disreputable conscienceless character that I felt that it would blight me even to be seen on television with him, even though he had a big audience. People in the old times used to stop and listen to the village gossip. They developed the habit of listening to scandalmongering, gossiping and libeling television and radio commentators. So Pyne could never get me to submit to an interview.

Mr. Duggan, who had in him an element of decency alternated between villainy and patriotism, finally persuaded me to appear. I agreed to appear providing that I would be kept on the entire hour and a half and given time to answer every question that was put to me. So I appeared on television an hour and a half. In response to my interview, they got the heaviest mail they had ever received in response to any program. I invited the people to write to me. They did so, and I received a heavy mail. I answered all of their letters and sent them literature, and some of them are still on the Christian Nationalist Crusade list as loyal supporters.

For the benefit of anyone who does not know, both of these character assassins are dead. I hope that they made peace with God before they closed their eyes for the final sleep, because they indulged in so much character assassination and so much libel that they certainly needed the forgiveness of God, but it is not for me to judge who shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. If God could forgive the thief on the cross, and if Jesus could say concerning those who nailed Him there, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," then it is not for me to say what happened to Joe Pyne and Tom Duggan.

EPISODE 108

PROPHESIED TO THE EGYPTIAN MISSION

Shortly after King Farouk was overthrown in Egypt I was in New York City interviewing certain members of the United Nations concerning matters that I wanted to get before the world. My close associate, Charles F. Robertson, who has been with me for over thirty years came to me and said: "The gentleman in charge of the Egyptian Mission to the United Nations is very anxious to meet you. He would like to have you come out to the Mission and address his staff, because he has been a reader of The Cross and The Flag and is very much in favor of what you are trying to do. He would consider it a high honor to meet you."

After some arrangements I accepted the invitation and we went out to the Egyptian Mission where I spoke personally to every member of the staff, and then addressed them as a body. Below I give you in a paragraph a thumbnail sketch of what I said to these people:

"I am going to say something that will surprise you. Foreign and domestic policy in the United States is controlled by Jews. They are going to bring whatever pressure they can to cut off economic relationships between the United States and Egypt, and when you have been cut off to the point where you cannot buy munitions or materials, you will be forced, in order to protect yourself, to buy of Iron Curtain countries or even the Soviet Union. This will not be your fault, and you cannot be condemned for it by the United States, because we have just come through a war where the United States was even allied with the Soviet Union for what was called military strategy; but when you turn to the Iron Curtain countries and the Soviet Union for supplies, the Jew-controlled press will advertise you as being pro-Communist and allied with the Communist nations. They will do this in order to turn the anti-Communist American public against you. I realize, like all informed men realize, that Communism is a crime in Egypt, and that anyone who would attempt to organize a Communist Party would be imprisoned. You are more strict against Communism within your borders than we are in the United States of America."

The head of the Mission, who was a military comrade of Mr. Nasser, the head of the Government, found it difficult to accept my prophecy and he found it difficult to believe that it could be that bad; but later he and members of his staff were to tell me how correct I had been.

Through the years I have been a friend of the Egyptians and the whole Arab World as they have attempted unsuccessfully to defend themselves against the onslaught of the barbarian counterfeit State of Israel, which has bombed their cities and enslaved their people and stolen their lands.

EPISODE 109

MY LOBBY INSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS

Few people realize that I have been inside the United Nations almost from the time that it was established in New York City. Shortly after it was formed in San Francisco, I organized a working committee known as the Citizens Congressional Committee, and we accepted as our number one priority: the abolition of the United Nations, and we used the slogan: "Take the United States out of the United Nations and take the United Nations out of the United States."

Because of my intense interest in the ominous potentialities of the United Nations, I made it my business as Director of the Christian Nationalist Crusade to keep highly informed. I appointed certain intelligent associates in New York City to represent me, and then on regular occasions I would make appointments with delegates to the United

Nations. Sometimes I would interview these people as Gerald Smith, and other times I would interview the member under an assumed name. Members of my staff would make various representations. For instance, one man associated with me represented himself as a Protestant minister. He called on the Israeli delegation and said that he wanted any evidence which they had to expose Gerald L. K. Smith and he was interested in a trip to the Holy Land. They furnished him a whole sheaf of libelous attacks on me, and then told him if he wanted to go to the Holy Land they would pay all of his expenses. In fact, it is known that thousands of preachers have been corrupted by this antichrist machine by being given free trips to the Holy Land. Others are given commissions (bonuses) for bringing touring delegations to the Holy Land.

We never gave up our campaign to plant truth inside the United Nations exposing the barbaric violations of the State of Israel. The reader must remember that originally this organization was virtually formed under the chaperonage of the Zionist Jew machine and that this political monstrosity served as the midwife for giving birth to this United Nations, hoping to turn it into a 'world government' and then transplant it to Jerusalem thus fulfilling the prophecy of the number one Zionist, David Ben-Gurion who said: "We will make of this the Supreme Court of mankind."

People ridiculed me for trying to do anything about the United Nations, but as circumstances unfolded the United Nations, representing the sentiment of the world began to turn against the counterfeit State of Israel until today it is virtually an outcast. Whenever they commit an international crime the United Nations condemns them almost unanimously. Of course, the United Nations cannot condemn another nation officially until their condemnation has been approved by the Security Council, of which the United States is always a member. One member of the Security Council can veto a decision no matter how unanimous it is otherwise. Down through the years even though the Assembly would condemn Israel almost unanimously, when it came to the Security Council, it would always be overthrown by the Jew-controlled veto of the United States delegate.

Shortly before this was written their crimes of air piracy, violating the most sensitive rules of international law, were so brazen and so vicious and so savage that when the United Nations Assembly condemned this behavior and it came to the Security Council, our Jew-dominated delegate didn't dare veto the condemnation. As Europe, including France, England and others, cooled in their attitude toward the counterfeit State of Israel and as they lost all of the Middle East except themselves, and practically all of the Orient, and much of South America, the general feeling among knowledgeable people is that there are two Jewish-governed nations in the world: One is Israel and the other is the

United States. The power of the Jew in American politics, cultural societies, journalism, education, etc., is so terrific as to be satanic. Whoever dreamed that a nation, founded by praying Christian men and women, both Catholic and Protestant, could become a nation dominated, out of proportion to their numbers, by the enemies of Christ.

EPISODE 110

HONORED AT CARNEGIE HALL

Merwin K. Hart was a great citizen. He had the friendship and respect of some of the most important businessmen in America, including members of the DuPont family. He had established what was known as the National Economic Council and his office was in the Empire State Building on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Early in my career he developed a profound respect for my personality, my ideals and my program of activity.

One day while in New York City I received a call from him saying that he was having a convention of the National Economic Council in Carnegie Hall, one of the most highly respected places of assembly in the great city, and it was his desire that I be one of the principal speakers. I accepted the invitation and I considered it a lifetime honor to have been invited by this great man to make an address in this distinguished location.

Time passed. We became more closely associated, but we found it practical not to appear together in public, because Mr. Hart with his headquarters in New York City had to indulge in some practical precautions which one might easily understand.

One day while in New York City I was called on by a rather shifty character who had posed as a patriot and presumed that he had a right to invade my privacy with ideas and suggestions and pretended cooperation. He was one of those types that all public men have to put up with once in a while. After passing the time of day, he said to me: "How would you like to have Merwin K. Hart's mailing list?" I said: "Well, I would be flattered to have Mr. Hart's mailing list if Mr. Hart would give it to me."

He then began to talk out of the corner of his mouth and said: "I have a friend who is a member of Mr. Hart's staff, and he has agreed to steal the list if I want it." Although I know that this thing has gone on all over America, it shocked me, and I rebuked the man and gave him to understand that I was not in the least bit interested. As soon as he left the room I tried my best to contact Mr. Hart, but lo, and behold, the executive secretary in the outer office who controlled all the appointments was the very man who was willing to steal his list. He was a former

Presbyterian preacher, believe it or not. So I had to leave New York City without being able to contact Mr. Hart, because whenever I left the call he advised Mr. Hart that because of the ominous nature of the situation in general, he didn't think it would be good for him to contact Mr. Smith. If he told the truth, that is what he said; but if he didn't tell the truth, it may have been that he didn't even discuss it with Mr. Hart.

Later the Jews came up with Mr. Hart's mailing list and he was subpoenaed before a left wing Congressional Committee to be investigated, and they told him that if he didn't give the Congress a complete list of his supporters that he would be cited for contempt and imprisoned. Earlier the great patriot Joe Kamp had refused to turn over his list and they sentenced him to a year in the Federal Penitentiary. He went to the penitentiary rather than to betray the confidences of certain individuals to whom he had promised complete confidence. The Committee used this list and moved in with a great campaign of persecution against Mr. Hart and the National Economic Council. They were out to destroy any movement which was attempting to curtail the infiltration of left wing propaganda into the political, social and economic life of America. Later it came out that this ex-Presbyterian preacher who had come into the confidence of Mr. Hart and was his executive assistant controlling his appointments had sold out to the Anti-Defamation League. Later under pressure he broke down and sobbed and gave us an alibi: "I needed the money so badly that I couldn't refuse it."

How can men be so weak? One only has to read the story of our Lord's last week on earth with Judas betraying Him, with Peter denying Him and with others of the Apostles hiding, to realize that the ability of the Jew to coerce and intimidate is so terrific that it has to be satanic.

Following the death of Mr. Hart, his good wife carried on and remained an active factor in this great organization.

EPISODE 111

MIRACULOUS HEALING

In the apex of my aggresive career, it was really a tough life. I drove my own car. We drove day and night. Mrs. Smith stayed with me through thick and thin. My secretary would sit in the back seat and I would dictate editorials for The Cross and The Flag. I dictated a pamphlet concerning the mysterious death of Franklin D. Roosevelt between Denver, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah. This pamphlet was later published and is still being circulated in large numbers.

We went to bed late. We arose early. We travelled hundreds of miles per day, and we waded through picket lines and ran the risk of hostile mobs; but Mrs. Smith, my sweet and lovely companion never wavered. I also want to pay tribute to my secretary, Renata Legant Martz, who is perhaps the greatest trouper I have ever known outside of Mrs. Smith. She would take the dictation in the car. Then she would lean over, sleep on the back seat, and then when we got to the hotel at night she would put a little portable typewriter on top of the desk. By the time breakfast came she would have my correspondence all finished ready for signature, as well as the articles which I had written for the magazine and other purposes. There is no one in this world who really knows what we went through during those particular days except my secretary Renata, Mrs. Smith and myself.

We came into Tulsa, Oklahoma. This was before we established our homestead in this beautiful Oklahoma city. I had set up a meeting and had rented a tabernacle that seated around 1500 people. A large crowd came out and packed it full, and after the service a tall, raw-boned man came up to me by the name of Rev. Howard. He said: "Mr. Smith, I suppose you would be too proud and too busy to come out and attend my little church, but I want to invite you nevertheless." (The meeting was held on Saturday night.) I said: "Brother Howard, I am going to surprise you. We'll be out there."

We went out to his church. It was a little Pentecostal Church, and they had a special belief concerning the personality of our Lord. They called themselves the "Jesus Only Pentecostal Church." The building was not finished, and they were worshipping in the basement. They had some crude benches, a few chairs and a little handful of devout people. When Brother Howard had finished his sermon he announced that they believed in the healing of the body in answer to prayer, and he said: "If there is anyone here that would like to have me pray for them and anoint them with oil, I'll be glad to do so." I arose and said: "Brother Howard, Mrs. Smith has been suffering to the point of tears with bursitis, a terrific pain in her shoulder. It wakes her up in the night, tortures her on the highway, and pains her to the point of groaning agony, and although this is the first time I have ever been in a church like this, I believe that you are sincere, and would you mind praying for Mrs. Smith." He said he would gladly do it. She came to the front of the little crude church. She kneeled down. He anointed her with oil, and prayed. I tell you the truth when I say that from that time to this moment, and it has been nearly 25 years, Mrs. Smith has not had one attack of painful bursitis.

I am offering this example as no doctrinal viewpoint, because no one knows all the answers concerning the power and the will of God. I know people who have been the best Christians I have ever known who have prayed for healing and have not been healed, and I know people who have been completely new in Christian faith who have been healed in response to the prayers of the faithful. So I have concluded concerning this important subject dealing with Christian faith that it is not for us to determine whom God shall heal and whom God shall not heal. The best are healed, and the best are not healed. Some penitent sinners are healed, and some are not, so in my judgment it reduces itself to this logical explanation: "Father, not my will but Thine be done." Jesus prayed that He might be spared, and that He might not be crucified, and that "this cup" might pass from Him, but at the end of His prayer He said: "Father, not My will but Thine be done."

EPISODE 112

MONEY

I will not take the time of the reader nor space in this book to summarize the so-called sacrifices which Mrs. Smith and I made rather than to surrender to the enemy; but as time passed, my loyal friends who could not be swerved or effected by unfavorable publicity continued to stand with us financially, to the end that we were to establish a world-wide organization, which some people say has triggered, started, initiated and financed more right wing patriotic groups than any other single agency in America.

Time passed. Circumstance began to make available to Mrs. Smith and me monies in substantial quantities which came to us in inheritances. These inheritances did not come from relatives, but came from long time admiring friends. Some of these friends wanted to support us financially during their lifetime, but they feared the persecution of the enemy. However, they were able to write us into their Wills so that after they had gone, and were beyond the reach of persecution and abuse, we could be helped. Every dollar which has ever come to us has been dedicated to the two major causes to which we have given our lives: (1) The Christian Nationalist Crusade; (2) The Elna M. Smith Foundation. These two groups are completely separate and have no organic or financial connection.

Loyal friends have made it possible for us to live in these later years in the comfort and self-respecting decency required for people in positions of executive authority and great responsibility. On one occasion I was in Washington, D.C., sitting in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel. I was approached by the Assistant Attorney General of the United States Joe Keenan, who was the political fixer who worked under the direction of Franklin D. Roosevelt and negotiated what is referred to in this book as the 'Second Louisiana Purchase.' The 'Second Louisiana Purchase' represents the corrupting of the Huey Long organization after his assassination, by promising large grants of money to be spent and supervised by the leaders who were willing to trade the blood of their fallen hero to his worst enemy, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When Mr. Keenan negotiated the 'Second Louisiana Purchase' with the leaders of the Long organization, I was the only one who refused to sell the blood of our fallen hero and statesman. This only served to inspire his respect, and he viewed me with awe. He approached me on this occasion with a cordial greeting and we engaged in some small talk. He then said: "Well, Gerald, how are you doing?" I replied: "Well, I'm carrying on and I hope some day it can lead to the impeachment of your man." He smiled and responded by saying: "Mr. Roosevelt and I were talking about you the other night at the White House. He asked me what my opinion of you was. I answered by saying, 'One thing sure he is a damned fool' And the President said: 'Why do you say that?' And I answered by saying: 'He has raised large sums of money for his Crusade and hasn't kept any for himself.' I answered saying: "Well, Mr. Keenan, I imagine that would seem strange to a Roosevelt."

Later when I had forced an investigation of the corruption of the Internal Revenue Department in relationship to the 'Second Louisiana Purchase,' I was approached by a third party in behalf of Mr. Keenan who expressed great hope that I would not do or say anything that would jeopardize his position in the Government, because the investigation was making the ice pretty thin around him.

I made no commitments, but the whole circumstance should further demonstrate to the reader that for four terms under Roosevelt we were governed by crooks, racketeers, Communists, libertines and bureaucratic tyrants.

Whenever I am tempted to be careless in the expression of gratitude to God Almighty for the way He has cared for me, I remind myself that the most powerful man in the world, Franklin D. Roosevelt, vowed at one time that he would put me in a Federal prison, and he failed, and I am still carrying on the fight, and every day he is being exposed as a blight on the history of America.

Only recently his son Elliott, frustrated by the things which had been said about his father, revealed to the world that his father was a brazen adulterer and a bold libertine who slept with his secretary in the front bedroom while his wife, by consent, slept in the back bedroom. He also maintained a paramouric contact with a lady in Maryland whom he visited frequently. It is estimated that it cost something like $100,000.00 a trip for him to visit this woman, because it required special trains, Secret Service, etc.

Note: the self-righteous demogogues who vibrated with hypocritical sanctimony concerning an attempt made by one politician to get hold of another politician's records were among those who were blind to the corruptions of Roosevelt, although they knew about them.

EPISODE 113

THE ELNA M. SMITH FOUNDATION

The Elna M. Smith Foundation, named after my wife Elna, is a non-profit charitable organization which can be remembered with gifts, bequests and Wills which are tax exempt as defied by a statement of the Revenue Revenue Department.

EPISODE 114

WOLF HOUSE

I like to think that I am a genuine conservationist, but I am not an ecological nut. I love old houses, historic markers and symbols of the past related to the building of our wonderful Nation. Many people seem to forget that this Nation was founded by people who believed the work of God which reads: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you."

People who complain about conditions in America should be invited to take up citizenship in another nation. As this is written the report came out that the total production of our Nation was one trillion three hundred billion dollars ($1,300,000,000,000.00). The total personal income was over one trillion dollars.

It breaks my heart to see the destroyers demolish old mansions and beautiful buildings in the name of what they call progress and frequently for the purpose of creating losses which will give them tax shelters. One man destroyed a ten story historic building, which was indeed a work of art, in one city, and when I asked why he did it, he said: "By tearing this down and building another, I can establish a loss that will give me a tax shelter." He replaced it with one of those typical office building, the architecture of which resembles a turkey crate standing on end.

After we had established the sacred projects in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, which included the Christ Only Art Gallery, Mrs. Smith and I had occasion to go to Little Rock, Arkansas for the purpose of having some pictures restored. By agreement we decided to return by a longer and less direct route, which brought us to a little village called Norfolk, Arkansas, with a population, I later learned of around 300.

We looked up and there we saw a very colorful log mansion, two stories high. We walked up to the mansion and observed that it was in a complete state of deterioration. The roof was leaking. The floors were breaking through. The windows had been knocked out, and the building was being vandalized. Even so, it was very impressive.

We went down to the store section of the little village and drove into a filling station. I asked the man about the log mansion. He said: "Oh, that is the old Wolf House. They are going to tear it down." I wrote my name and address on a piece of paper and asked him to give it to the village president, or mayor, or whatever his title was, and tell him not to do anything until he talked to me.

I went back to Eureka Springs and made an inquiry into the history of this building. I discovered that it was one of the most historic buildings in the State. It had been built to entertain the aristocrats of the Daniel Boone period, six years after the Louisiana Purchase. It was the first house to be lived in by a white man in Arkansas. It was a stagecoach stop. It was a post office. The large room on the second floor was the court house.

A day or two later I received a telephone call from one of the village councilmen who said: "I understand you are interested in the old Wolf House." I said: "Yes, not commercially, but I can't bear to see that historic building fall down."

To make a long story short, the Elna M. Smith Foundation took it over. We restored it like it was when it was built in 1809 and furnished it with over 400 objects of the period. It is now visited by people from all over the world who pay to see it.

The American Architectural Society (antique division) in a letter to me pronounced it as the greatest piece of architecture of its kind still standing. It fronts on the White River, one of the historic rivers of America. The reason it had run down was because the political subdivisions, including the County, State and the Nation could not agree on what should be done. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and the old place was almost lost. At one time it was so important that a complete history of the house was assembled by the Interior Department of the United States Government, and this report is in my files.

EPISODE 115

I BUILD A STATUE TO HUEY P. LONG

One day some years ago Mrs. Smith and I decided to visit our old haunts in Louisiana where we lived during the days of the assassinated

Senator Huey P. Long. We drove to New Orleans, refreshed our acquaintance with old friends, enjoyed the scenery of that colorful state, ate some French cooked food in what is known as the Vieux Carre and journeyed through the French section of the state. People familiar with the history of Louisiana know that when French refugees from Canada journeyed South they settled in large numbers in Southern Louisiana and since that time at least one-third, if not more, of the population of Louisiana has been descendants of the Acadian French. The contraction for Acadian is 'Cajun,' and the common term for the French population was 'Cajun.' They lived largely in Southwest Louisiana, which is one of the beautiful areas in America. Huey Long at one time said that it was the most self-sufficient area in the United States, because this area produced salt, pepper, cotton, fish, iron, cattle, sheep, swine, horses, oysters, shrimp, alfalfa, corn, sugar, timber, wool, etc.

We returned to Eureka Springs by way of Winnfield, the hometown of Huey Long. We were shocked to observe that no monument or memorial had been built to Louisiana's greatest production, the personality of Huey Long. It seemed unbelievable that nothing had been done in his home Parish to honor this great man. For the benefit of the reader who is not familiar with the customs of Louisiana, will say that it is the one state that has no counties. Its subdivisions are not called counties. They are called Parishes.

We went over to the spot where the homestead stood, only to discover that it had been torn down and a motel had been built in its place. This brought sadness to our hearts, tears to our eyes, and we returned to Eureka Springs frustrated, amazed and unhappy concerning this matter.

Shortly after that we were the beneficiaries of a substantial inheritance by a Will, and we resolved to dedicate this inheritance to the building of a statue to the man over whose grave I delivered the funeral oration to the largest public funeral in American history. A copy of my oration over his grave appears elsewhere in this book.

We then began to survey, and without going into detail, we finally settled on the old St. Maurice Plantation, located in Winn Parish. On this spot was the first settlement of people in the State of Louisiana following the Louisiana Purchase. The first town to be established in Louisiana following the Louisiana Purchase was Natchitoches, and although it is not in Winn Parish, it is closer to the St. Maurice plantation than is the Parish seat of Winn Parish, Winnfield.

When this was written we were in the process of building the statue. The model had already been approved, and it is very likely that by the time this book comes off the press the bronze figure will have been completed, which will be nine feet high and will represent Mr. Long when he was about 35 years of age. It must be remembered that although he became the most popular public figure in America, with more mail than all the Senators put together and with more mail than President Roosevelt, he was only 42 years of age when he was struck down by the assassin's bullet fired by the Jewish doctor Carl Weiss. Weiss was killed on the spot by bodyguards.

EPISODE 116

GROUNDBREAKING

On the 11th of November, 1973, I conducted a groundbreaking ceremony in preparation for the erection of a bronze statue of the late U.S. Senator Huey P. Long. In announcing this groundbreaking, I submitted the following statement:

> This statue promises to become one of the most interesting objects in the State of Louisiana. Although it is secluded on the historic St. Maurice plantation, it is only a few moments from two national highways. Knowledgeable people are of the opinion that hundreds and thousands and eventually millions of people will come by to see the statue of this historic figure.

I was with the late U.S. Senator Huey P. Long in the State Capitol of Louisiana when he was shot. I was at his bedside when he died two days later. I delivered the funeral oration over his grave at the State Capitol in Baton Rouge. Following his death I toured the State, visiting every hamlet, parish and city in a campaign to elect those who were committed to the principles for which he gave his life.

Following the election, under the pressure of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his affiliates (Mr. Long's worst enemies), most of those who had been elected to fulfill his ideals, went over politically to his worst enemies. I refused to make this compromise by saying: "I have been catapulted into public life from the wet grave of my assassinated friend, and I shall make no deal with those who precipitated or desired his death."

This isolated me from both the State and National organizations, and I went my own way to fulfill my own ideals.

I became the National Director of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, dedicated to the preservation of Christian civilization, private enterprise, racial self-respect and national sovereignty. Political experts agree that I have triggered, organized, financed and developed over 2,000 patriotic groups within the borders of the United States.

In 1964 we developed a part-time residence in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, which is now our legal residence and proceeded to develop sacred projects which are now the most visited Christian shrines in America. They include the giant statue of Christ, seven stories high, known as the Christ of the Ozarks, the Great Passion Play, the Christ Only Art Gallery, the Bible Museum, and the New Holy Land, which is now being developed in such a way as to reproduce every shrine made sacred by our Lord's visit to this earth.

In the meantime, we have maintained my publishing and educational headquarters in Los Angeles, where we have lived half the time for 25 years.

During this past year over one million people have visited these shrines from 41 foreign nations.

Some time ago Mrs. Smith and I visited Louisiana for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances. When we returned to Eureka Springs, we came home by way of Winn Parish, only to be reminded that no shrine of consequence had been built to the greatest personality ever produced by Louisiana — the late Huey P. Long. After returning to our Eureka Springs residence, we decided to dedicate an inheritance and other earmarked monies to the building of a statue to our martyred friend.

After numerous visits and surveys, we came into the possession of a beautiful location adjacent to St. Maurice Mansion, located in Winn Parish.

We commissioned as the sculptor one of the most gifted young men in the five-state area, Robert Edward McCart. Before becoming an independent sculptor to be commissioned for numerous important works, he was assoicated with Leonard McMurray, who produced the famous Wiley Post figure and numerous figures in the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City; Arthur Morgan, who produced the Captain Shreve figure in Shreveport and the Earl Long figure in Winnfield. While associated with Bernard Frazer of Kansas University, he aided in the development of numerous figures, including the three figures of communication, located on the Oklahoma City Times Building in Oklahoma City. He participated in the carving of stone figures on the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, and as an independent sculptor he did a bronze figure of former Governor Murray of Oklahoma.

As this is written Mr. McCart has completed the working model and is in the process of completing the full-size casting model. From this casting will be developed a nine foot solid bronze figure which will stand on four feet of granite.

By special arrangement, St. Maurice Mansion will be made available as a museum. Tracts, books, manuscripts, pictures and other gift lore will be made available to visitors. Free brochures telling about the project will be distributed.

It is believed that the statue will be completed by the spring of 1977 when a special dedication ceremony will be conducted, and it is hoped by that time that the historic Mansion will be properly furnished.

EPISODE 117

LET MEMORIES BE REFRESHED

● When Huey Long became Governor, there were 33 miles of paved highway in the entire State. ● There were no bridges across the great rivers. ● One-third of the children in Louisiana were in no schools, one-third were in parochial schools, and one-third were in public schools. ● The University of Louisiana had a C-minus rating, and there were no subordinate or associated universities. The dormitories were the old barracks of the Civil War which still stood near the State Capitol. ● The primitive State Capitol was preserved for historic reasons, and a new Capitol was built. ● At one time Mr. Long said that Louisiana was the last stand of the feudal lords, which was the truth. This feudalism was broken and the tax structure was reorganized. ● Locally produced oil was given perference to alien produced oil. ● Pipe lines became common carriers so the humblest producer of oil could market his oil. ● Finance was so reorganized as to make Louisiana bonds to sell at the top of the market. ● When the bank crisis came in the depression, surrounding states lost thousands of banks, but Louisiana only lost eleven.

● James A. Farley, who was the political mentor of Franklin D. Roosevelt, said in his Memoirs: "If Huey Long had not been killed, he would have been elected President of the United States."

It was my responsiblity to tour the United States to lay the groundwork for the election of Mr. Long to the Presidency. ● During his last year in the United States Senate, he was receiving more mail than all the remainder of the United States Senators combined. ● He received more mail than the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt. William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court said: "The most brilliant and competent attorney ever to appear before me has been Huey P. Long. ● The "Share the Wealth" philosophy, was represented as a formula of demagoguery by his enemies. What he really meant was that the great undeveloped wealth of the State of Louisiana must be shared with the people who live on top of the ground, and there must be built as a symbol of this wealth hospitals, schools and roads.

● I reproduced in my original handwriting the oration which I gave over the grave of Mr. Long and I gave tribute to the man who was assassinated by his enemies and whose memory was traded off to the highest bidder by those whom he considered to be some of his greatest friends.

Since those days I have travelled millions of miles and have addressed large audiences in every major city in the United States. The media-created image of Huey Long was so bad in some places that it would have been easy for me to have soft-pedalled my love and admiration for this great man. But at no time, regardless of the cost to my reputation, have I hesitated to praise him as he deserved to be praised.

Later on I was associated in certain enterprises involving patriotic, civic and political activity with the late Henry Ford, the founder of the great Ford Motor Co. Imagine the beautiful thrill which came to me when Mr. Ford, in one of my early conferences with him, expressed his great and devoted admiration for Huey P. Long.

The Legislature of the State of Louisiana by Constitutional methods decreed that the birthday of Mr. Long should be declared a holiday every year.

EPISODE 118

EXPLANATION

Some people may have wondered why I disappeared from the political scene in Louisiana. It was because those who inherited the most political power from the assassinated Senator made a political deal with his worst enemies. No one hated Huey Long as much as Franklin D. Roosevelt. An Assistant Attorney General of the United States came to Louisiana to consummate the deal. He promised us everything, and I was the only one in a particular conference who refused to sell the blood of my fallen friend to his worst enemy.

This left me lonely and persecuted, but I carried on in the deep conviction that I would never have it on my conscience that I had betrayed the memory of the greatest man who ever lived in the State of Louisiana, and indeed, one of the greatest men who ever lived in the United States of America.

After the deal had been made and Mr. Roosevelt's representative had assured these political leaders that they would have the authority over the spending of millions of dollars which had been held back from Louisiana because of Mr. Roosevelt's contempt for Mr. Long, I issued a statement to the press referring to it as "The Second Louisiana Purchase."

Assurance: I shall not participate in any of the political activities in Louisiana. The shrine dedicated to the name of Huey P. Long will not be used except as it glorifies the name and the memory of this great man.

Note: When the statue is completed and paid for, it will be the property of the Elna M. Smith Foundation and will be managed and watched over by Charles F. Robertson who has been with me for 30 years and is the Coordinator of the Foundation. The statue is being paid for by monies coming from Mrs. Smith and me, but the final possession, control and management of the enterprise will be the responsibility of the Foundation.

Gerald L. K. Smith

EPISODE 119

THE JEWS INVADE THE CHURCH

One of the most phenomenal facts of this generation has been the infiltration of the church by the enemies of Christ through the facilities of the World Zionist Congress, the American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith and numerous other organizations.

Their invasion has had no sectarian limitations. Their infiltration into the Roman Catholic Church has been shocking and phenomenal. They have so infiltrated Protestant churchs that at times it seems that the very sermon outlines used by certain Protestant preachers have been written in the headquarters of a Jewish organization. In fact, some years ago the secret files of the American Jewish Committee were revealed and in these files were boastful memos to the effect that they were now able to prepare sermon outlines at the American Jewish Committee headquarters for clergymen.

The tradition of the church, consistent with history, is to the effect that the crucifixion of Jesus Christ was inspired by the Canaanite Jews who refused to accept the Messiahship of Jesus Christ. Anyone who is familiar with profane or sacred history knows that the Sanhedrin, led by the High Priest and other Jewish authorities in the time of Jesus, not only used their authority to put out false propaganda against Jesus Christ, but they actually met at night and framed up a conspiracy to bring about His death. Even with all the false evidence that they brought before Pilate, Caesar's representative, they could not convince Pilate of the guilt of Jesus. They finally resorted to a formula which they use on Congress and public officials even today. They told Pilate that if he did not sentence Jesus Christ to death that they would report to Ceasar that he had joined with Jesus Christ to overthrow the power of

Ceasar in Palestine and substitute a new ruler. This frightened Pilate and typical of the demagogue and the political coward, he yielded after washing his hands of "the blood of this just man," and sentenced our Lord to death on the eve of the Passover. He cried out from the judgment porch saying, "His blood be on you and your children," and they echoed back saying, "His blood be on us and our children."

Whenever a Passion Play is organized, designed to portray the last week of our Lord, the Jews organize boycotts and smear campaigns against the production and try to bring the pressures necessary to prevent the presentation of the production.

One priest in New Jersey organized a beautiful Passion Play, but the Jews brought such pressure on his Bishop that his Bishop ordered him to discontinue it. Another Passion Play in the United States felt the pressure of the Jews so much that they announced that there would be nothing in the play to offend any religious group, meaning nothing to offend the Jews. They deleted the sentences which constituted the revealing circumstances under which Jesus was sentenced to death.

Early in the spring of 1973 the American Automobile Club carried a picture of the statue, The Christ of The Ozarks, on the front cover of its magazine and a feature article concerning the sacred projects in Eureka Springs, including The Great Passion Play, The Bible Museum, The New Holy Land, and The Christ Only Art Gallery. This magazine went all over America. Immediately the Jews started a campaign to embarrass, downgrade and threaten the officers of the Automobile Club in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which had been responsible for inspiring the article and securing the material on which the article was based.

The pressure became so great that in a later issue the President of the Tulsa Club wrote an apology to the Jews for doing anything that would offend them. I wrote a letter to the President and told him that we were not going to use any of the coercive techniques among Christians that had been used against him by the Jews, but to apologize for publicizing The Great Passon Play would be like apologizing for the New Testament, because every word in The Great Passon Play is based on the account given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

One day I was called on by an eminent priest from Mexico. He brought with him one of the most important businessmen in the whole Republic of Mexico as well as a very noted physician. These men had just completed a tour through South America where they made a study of the corruption of the church by the Communists, the Jews and the materialists. They were not in any way organizing an anti-Catholic movement. They, in fact, were professing their devout respect for the Church.

They revealed that they had circulated and translated copies of much of the materials that I had written concerning the threat to Christian civilization being promoted by the enemies of Christ. They had come to the conclusion that I was the one Protestant that they knew who could write a letter to the delegates to the Ecumenical Conference warning them of the attempt to be made to infiltrate the Vatican and the delegations in favor of the demolition and dilution of the true traditions of the Church. They revealed that this campaign was being promoted by Marranos, a modern application of the term indicating Jews that have gone through fraudulent conversions in order to infiltrate the church and become Priests, Bishops and even Cardinals. They revealed that a campaign was being highly organized and highly financed by Jews to wipe out all the historical records in the Vatican, and elsewhere, indicating that the Jews had brought about the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

The average layman does not realize how powerful this movement was. I have no desire to rehash the details concerning the Ecumenical Conference. Suffice it to say, I wrote a lengthy personal letter to over 200 delegates to the Ecumenical Conference, in which I warned them of the attempt being made on the part of highly financed and highly organized Jews, posing as clerics, to change the tradition of the Church and to wipe out of the Church's history the fact that the Jews precipitated, organized and framed-up the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and are still crucifying our Lord anew.

To make a long story short, the men from Mexico City who had visited me returned after the Ecumenical Conference and were kind enough to say that my letter had prevented the extreme measures which had been attempted by the Jews to evaporate the true history of the last week of our Lord on earth. That is why they hate the Passion Play and seek to boycott the attendance of the great play at Oberammergau as well as Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Memo: The greatest book dealing with the plot to infiltrate the Catholic Church has been written by a very prominent and devout Catholic by the name of Maurice Pinay who wrote "The Plot Against The Church."

EPISODE 120

HIGHWAY TO BE BUILT NEAR STATUE VETOED BY JEWS

As indicated elsewhere in this book, Mrs. Smith and I initiated the sacred projects in Eureka Springs, which includes the giant figure of Christ, The Christ of The Ozarks, The Great Passion Play, The Bible Museum, The Christ Only Art Gallery, and The New Holy Land.

Some years ago the Ozark Improvement Association which was operating in behalf of the Government in an attempt to work out projects that would help give employment to people in the mountains and the Eureka Springs area in general, decided that it would be a good idea to build a road that would by-pass the village of Eureka Springs, speed up the north and south traffic and pass near the sacred projects which had begun to attract something like 1,000,000 people per year.

I opposed it on the grounds that it would wound our land, destroy many trees and subject the projects to too much public exposure. They continued to pressure me until I agreed, and after we had agreed to sign the easements which would permit them to go through our property, the project was approved by the Governors of four states, the Highway Transportation Commission, the U.S. Department of Commerce, the State Highway Commission, the County Road Commission and all the members of Congress from Arkansas.

The money was appropriated and they were about to begin work when a committee of Jews representing the American Jewish Congress came down to Washington, coerced and intimidated the Department of Transportation and the Department of Commerce, and the project was cancelled. It was probably one of the most flagrant pieces of religious prejudice ever to be exercised by the authority of the Government. They offered the argument that the road would be coming too close to projects which had been sponsored by the notorious 'anti-Semite' Gerald L. K. Smith.

Later we prepared a lengthy brief which was presented to the Attorney General of the United States and to the Department of Commerce, and men whom our attorney interviewed admitted in secret that we were right, but they were not strong enough to resist the coercive power of the Jews.

The Arkansas Gazette, which poses as Arkansas' leading newspaper and has always been opposed to anything that we have done, joined with the Jews and carried on the campaign, resulting in the cancellation of the highway project.

Later on when the vision came to me about the building of the New Holy Land, I issued a statement to the press which was published to the effect that we were very thankful that the road project was vetoed, because it kept the land clear and open for the building of the New Holy Land, which when completed will be the only place on the earth where there will be an area which duplicates the shrines made holy by the visit of our Lord to this earth. Even the original Holy Land has been scarred and marked by time and many of the original shrines have been completely destroyed, levelled and buried beneath the sediment of the centuries.

A lengthy brief together with newspaper clippings, pictures, etc. is available to anyone who desires it. It is one of the most intriguing stories of Jewish tyranny operating against Christian people on the basis of race and religious prejudice that has ever been published.

EPISODE 121

ULTIMATUM TO GREAT FRIEND

One of my lifetime friends has been John Frank, the great ceramic artist, formerly associated with the University of Oklahoma, and the head of the great Frankoma Pottery Co. The greatness of Mr. Frank in the realm of ceramics is indicated by the fact that he was invited to come to Copenhagen, Denmark, the world capital of ceramic art, to address conventions and conferences of ceramic artists.

As far back as 1946 he became my admirer. He attended my meetings and made donations to the Christian Nationalist Crusade. He was loyal to the limit of his intelligence and his ability, which meant a lot because he is a very intelligent man and a very able man.

The time came when I set up a big meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in the Municipal Auditorium. Whenever I spoke in this auditorium, it was usually filled. I received a call from Mr. Frank, who lived just ten miles from Tulsa in the town of Sapulpa, where his factory is located as well as his beautiful residence. He said to me: "Mr. Smith, I have just received an ultimatum. I have been called on by the head of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League who says that if I do not renounce my support of you and the Christian Nationalist Crusade and the official organ of the movement known as The Cross and The Flag, I will be boycotted all over the United States by Jewish organizations." He continued: "The purpose of my call is to tell you that I would like to prove that I have not been intimidated. I would like to introduce you at the big meeting which you have announced."

I answered by saying: "John, do you want to run that risk? There are times when we have to be as 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' "

He said: "Well, I might as well find out now as any time whether or not my business is being run by me or by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League."

He presided over the meeting. He was cheered to the echo because of his great popularity in the community, and his business has shown a consistent phenomenal growth ever since. Year in and year out the new orders for his merchandise surpass his capacity to produce.

For nearly 30 years we have given a set of Frankoma dishes to every bride and groom within our orbit of relatives and friends to whom we wished to give wedding presents.

When the sacred projects were developed in Eureka Springs, Mr. Frank and his lovely wife expressed a desire to aid in the development of

The Great Passion Play. Like a limited number of other friends and relatives, they gave $1,000.00 to help build the amphitheatre for The Great Passion Play.

Mr. Frank became one of the senior sponsors of a segment of the Youth for Christ movement. All over the Midwest area he was popular among young people, so much so that his friends are now in the process of building a John Frank Memorial Chapel at the headquarters of the Youth for Christ movement. It was the pleasure of Mrs. Smith and me to reciprocate by making a donation toward the building of this Chapel.

Mr. Frank received many honors locally and nationally. He was named the "Small Businessman of the Nation" and was cited with a medal by the President of the United States. For some time he served on the staff of the Governor of the State of Oklahoma. He spoke in hundreds of places under the theme "Thou Art the Potter, I am the Clay." He carried with him a primitive potter's wheel and created a vase or a dish in front of his listeners and admonished the people, usually mostly young people, that the One to mold their lives should be Jesus Christ.

I shall never cease to be proud of the friendship, loyalty and affection of this great man.

EPISODE 122

SECRETARY EAVESDROPS

In the earlier days it was my custom to go to New York City frequently and confer with delegates to the United States from all over the world concerning world happenings, world events and the potentialities involving the international situation. I am one of the few persons who has maintained a United Nations lobby right down through the years even though I organized the first organization to abolish it. It seems phenomenal that this organization originally designed by the international Jew to help bring about the formation of the counterfeit State of Israel has now turned violently against the whole Zionist complex. They never fail to condemn the barbarism of the state of Israel as it slaughters, enslaves, steals and invades.

It was on the occasion of one of our trips to New York City. We were staying at the historic Plaza Hotel. Our party was made up of Mrs. Smith, Charles F. Robertson and Renata Legant, later to become Mrs. Rex R. Martz. Mrs. Martz has been my secretary for over 30 years, fulfilling the qualities of competence, efficiency and loyalty. There are not many women in this world who would have gone through the danger with Mrs. Smith and myself that this lifetime associate has gone through. She never weakened in the midst of riots, mobs, threats, character assassination and smear. Many good women would have developed hysterics, but not this person. She has travelled with Mrs.

Smith and myself at least one million miles. Her home is now in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where she and her competent husband have developed beautiful properties in relationship to a successful contracting business.

After we had checked into the hotel, it developed that the single bedroom which had been assigned to Miss Legant was a part of a super suite usually reserved for Presidents, diplomats and head of foreign governments. The small bedroom had been shut off from the big suite, but the door between the small bedroom and the big suite was not too tight. In fact, the voices came through very clearly. Miss Legant was never able to identify the personalities that occupied the room. Suddenly she came knocking on our door and asked to talk to Mrs. Smith alone. She was excited and upset, and then after some conversation with Mrs. Smith she sat down with the two of us and revealed that she was listening in on some prominent friends of President John Kennedy who felt that they had been doublecrossed by the man that they had supported. Then to each other they began to brag of their loyalty to Mr. Kennedy who, of course, was known by all of his enemies as a conscienceless whoremonger. They began to tell how they had met him in Las Vegas and had brought in a whole bevy of young women so that he could have his choice. One man increased his boasting by saying, "I even brought him some Oriental women." They then went on to discuss the graphic details of the pornographic episodes, and then indulged in the language of self-pity by saying: "After all of that, he has doublecrossed us."

Even though we people who have been in the front line of every important battle of this generation sometimes think we are calloused, I never cease to be shocked at the cynical disregard that some men in power have for personal self-respect. It is a matter of common knowledge that after John Kennedy had been nominated in Los Angeles in 1960, he couldn't wait to get out of the Convention Hall to an apartment where his confederates had set up an adulterous project in relationship to call girls.

EPISODE 123

IMPORTANT AMBASSADOR BECOMES PERSONAL FRIEND

While visiting New York City for the purpose of contacting foreign representatives in the United Nations, Charles F. Robertson, who was there with Mrs. Smith and me, returned after carrying out a visiting assignment which I had outlined for him. He was a bit excited. He had called on the Danish delegation and had been introduced to the head of the delegation, Count von Moltke. The moment Mr. Robertson used my name, the Count became very excited, saying: "Oh, how I would love to meet this man. I have admired him for years, and I am a constant reader of The Cross and The Flag."

Later we arranged to meet. We had a pleasant visit and he invited my little company to be his guests at his magnificent New York apartment. Here we met his very lovely wife. It humbled me to observe that a man of such world prominence would hold us in such respectful esteem. He not only expressed his respect for us, but he began to name Europeans and world famous figures who were equally enthusiastic about what we were doing to help preserve Christian civilization.

We continued to maintain contact with him as long as he was head of the Danish Mission to the United Nations. One day the sad news came to us that he had lost his beautiful wife, and somehow we lost contact, and as this is written I do not know whether the Count is still alive or not. If anyone reading this knows, I would be pleased to hear from them, because we lost his Danish address.

The fact that Count Moltke was Danish has a special meaning to us, because Mrs. Smith comes from parents, both of whom were natives of Denmark.

EPISODE 124

TRIBUTE

This is a good place for me to pay tribute to the beautiful people, Mr. and Mrs. Soren Christian Sorenson, who presented to me the most wonderful person in my life, my dear, lovely wife. Her father was a handsome, vigorous, aggressive, self-respecting gentleman. The ultimate occupation of his life was producing sugar beets, and at the apex of his career he produced as high as 7,000 acres of sugar beets a year in relation to a great manufacturing corporation. It seemed that God desired his presence sooner than many people and he died at an age that seemed too young, 58.

This left Mrs. Smith's mother, Christina Sorenson, as the widow of S. C. Sorenson of Janesville, Wisconsin. She was the mother of five children, two sons who became prominent physicians, the older one Edmund, the younger one Wesley. The older son Edmund at one time became the President of the Wisconsin Medical Association, and the younger son, a doctor also, died in his early years, the victim of a strange tropical disease contracted when he was the ship's physician on a Caribbean cruise. Besides the two sons were three daughters: the oldest, Nan, whose early life was spent as a school teacher, and the bulk of her life was spent as the wife of a Methodist preacher. The third daughter, Belva, taught music until she and her husband, who was an educator retired.

EPISODE 125

ELNA

The second daughter is my wife Elna, who barely escaped death at the age of 14 when she was stricken with peritonitis in the little village of Union Grove, Wisconsin. There were no facilities for handling the sick in those days, and it was necessary after she had been stricken with peritonitis and a broken appendix to ride in a baggage car on a cot 15 miles to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where she was hospitalized and given tender care by the Nuns and nurses of the hospital. She lingered for weeks and months between life and death. She was so loved by the people of her community that they rang the church bell every morning at 10 o'clock and the town folk prayed for her recovery. These prayers were answered, and she did recover, and moved into a life of substantially good health until she was stricken early in our married life with a tuberculosis germ. But God had His way again and she recovered completely, and as this is written, she like myself is 75 years of age and people are amazed at how well and healthy she appears. In fact, we are both in magnificent health, but, of course, as the Scripture says: "No man knoweth the day nor the hour." To use the vernacular of the old-fashioned Christian believer, we stay "prayed up" in the belief that whenever God gives us the summons, we will be ready to receive the reward for those who die in the faith. In fact, one of the favorite texts of my life is taken from the words of St. Paul who said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

EPISODE 126

JIMMIE ROOSEVELT THREATENS TO SUE

Some years ago I wrote a booklet entitled "The Mysterious Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Suicide? Murder? Natural Death?" The booklet contained some phenomenal information, and I was one of the first who had the courage to publish some information. When it first came out, Jimmie Roosevelt, the eldest son, threatened to sue me for libeling his family, and I invited him to proceed. I said: "The suit will give me an opportunity to bring out information which was not in the book, and then we could make it a part of the permanent court record."

Jimmie withdrew, and the suit was never brought.

Speaking of Jimmie Roosevelt. When he ran for the U.S. Congress from California his election demonstrated the willingness of people to elect a man to office, if he is properly publicized, regardless of his character. When one of his wives sued him for divorce, he begged her to drop the divorce, and she agreed to drop the divorce if he would write her a letter summarizing the names of prominent women with whom he had cohabited, and as my memory serves me, he included nine very prominent women. Naturally, the agreement was to the effect that this letter would never be published; but later on his wife broke her agreement and sued him again for divorce. When it came to trial the names of these women, whom I will not recite here for the sake of their families, were all brought out in court and Jimmie lost his divorce suit. One would naturally think that when a public figure had admitted in writing that he had cohabited with nine prominent married women that that would finish his public career.

He announced that he was going to be a candidate for Congress from one of the Districts in Los Angeles, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. In fact, at one time he almost became Governor of the State of California.

EPISODE 127

DINNER WITH LINDBERGH

Henry Ford, the elder (founder of the Ford Motor Co.) was a great admirer of America's hero Charles A. Lindbergh. When we were threatened with World War II, Mr. Ford joined with those of us who believed that we should not go into a war with Communist Russia as an ally, but that we should referee the conflict between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia and allow them both to weaken themselves and save the strength of the United States of America. Of course, we were defeated in this policy, but among the prominent people with whom I was associated in this battle was General Robert Wood, President of Sears Roebuck; Henry Ford, the elder; Charles A. Lindbergh; Father Charles E. Coughlin, who at one time was the most listened to radio commentator in America. His attacks on Franklin Roosevelt were so severe that Mr. Roosevelt finally succeeded in persuading the Pope, through Father Coughlin's Bishop, to silence the outspoken Priest. In the heat of the campaign to avoid the war, as indicated elsewhere in this book, Mr. Lindbergh was invited to make a speech in Des Moines, Iowa, at which time he accused the British, the New Deal politicians and the Jews of trying to promote us into the war. The Jews went into orbit and demanded his complete liquidation, and the newspapers were filled with smear, character assassination and downgrading stories against America's most popular hero. These people are past masters in crucifying anyone to whom they take a dislike whether it be Charles A. Lindbergh or Jesus Christ.

For those who have come on and matured since that time, it is almost impossible for them to realize how completely smeared, demolished and downgraded Mr. Lindbergh was by the Jew-controlled press, the Jew-controlled media and the patriotic cowards who were afraid to remain loyal to a great man.

Mr. Ford invited Mr. Lindbergh to come to Dearborn and seclude himself in the scientific experimental laboratories of the Ford Motor Co. in an attempt to escape the diabolical crucifixion techniques of the Jewish complex which had been mobilized against him.

Later when I ran for the United States Senate in Michigan on the Republican ticket, one of my heaviest contributors was Mr. Lindbergh. I still believe that I got a majority of the votes, but the Jew-controlled Republicans and Democrats in the City of Detroit closed the polls long enough to steal my votes into defeat.

By special arrangement Mr. Lindbergh, Mrs. Smith and I had dinner together at the Dearborn Inn, which is a sophisticated hotel built to satisfy the needs of distinguished guests coming to visit the Ford Motor Co. and the Ford family. During the dinner I reminded Mr. Lindbergh of his great popularity and I appealed to him to stay in the political scene. I expressed the belief that if he would stay out front and fight with the rest of us that he could be elected President of the United States. But Mr. Lindbergh wa a very modest and retiring man. He didn't like publicity. He didn't enjoy battling with character assassins and opponents who strike below the belt.

Of course, he had already passed through a great 'Gethsemane' in the kidnapping of his little son when the publicity hounds and the newspaper barbarians exploited his misfortune to the misery of the whole family and to the consternation of all concerned. It was one of the most scandalous abuses of a great man in the history of humanity. Then to add to this experience, this mobilized hatred by the Jews because of his stand on the war, was the final blow.

He confided in me that he held me in high esteem, but that he was going to disappear into the woodwork of anonymity, which he did. The war came on and he offered his services, and I need not go into detail as to how he almost lost his life on several occasions. In fact, he even passed out in high altitudes because of his adventuresome experiments.

If anyone ever has any doubt as to the purpose and motive of my life, it is to bring about a situation in America where great men like Mr.

Lindbergh cannot be 'crucified' and destroyed merely because he disagrees with the opinionated determinations of the organized Jews.

EPISODE 128

SUED FOR $750,000.00

A man by the name of Albert Leavitt, was at one time the American Ambassador to the Virgin Islands. He later became an instructor in the Law Department of the University of California. He hated the late U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy with almost a murderous hate. He was constantly issuing venomous statements concerning this great patriot. Following one of these statements I wrote an editorial in The Cross and The Flag in which I said, in effect: "The words that have dripped from the lips of this Jew are typical of the bloody daggers which are being driven into the back of this great statesman. This man typifies the libelers who have assassinated the character of this great statesman, Senator Joseph McCarthy."

Shortly thereafter, I was processed by the courts and sued in the Federal Court of Judge Westover in Los Angeles for $750,000.00 libel. I received a letter from an old friend of mine about this time indicating that I had made a serious mistake by saying that Leavitt was a Jew, that he was not a Jew. So when we came into the court room I said that if he wanted to sue me for libel for calling him a Jew, let him do it, because then he would be asserting that it is a disgrace to be called a "Jew." If a man calls another man a Methodist, when he is a Baptist, it is not considered libel. It is considered a mistake. So the Jew angle was dropped, and although I received some rather convincing evidence that Leavitt was not a Jew, it was never documented.

Every one of his lawyers was a Jew, however. The case took on the color of Jewish persecution. They hoped by this suit to absolutely demolish me and get a judgment against me that would make it impossible for me to carry on my campaign financially or otherwise. It is interesting to know that at one place the Judge ruled that it is considered libel to call a man a "liar" in public even if he is a liar. That was combing the technique for character assassination pretty fine, but we didn't flinch. We held the line. We made no compromises, and the Judge pronounced me guilty and gave the plaintiff a small judgment.

I told my attorney, the eminent Christian patriot Bertrand Comparet of San Diego, that although I was able to pay the judgment that I refused to confess guilt by paying it. Therefore, I insisted on an appeal. It was carried on up to the U.S. Court of Appeals and we won — not only did we win, but the brief and the preparation of the case was so well handled by Mr. Comparet that the Law Journal of California later wrote it up as a brilliant piece of work. Mr. Comparet also discovered that there was a special law that if you sue a man for libel and lose, you have to pay the expenses which have been incurred.

By this time Leavitt was no longer associated with the University and he disappeared into the Northeast and was advocating Harold Stassen, the perennial candidate for President, as a candidate for President. He managed to stay where we could not process him for the money he owed us due to his defeat. Finally we caught him in California and we recovered not all that we had lost, but we recovered enough to make us completely victorious in the case.

EPISODE 129

A HAZARDOUS FLIGHT — WORLD GOVERNMENT DEFEATED

It is difficult for the younger reader especially, to realize that the time came when we were within a hair's breadth of approving a world government which, if it had happened, would have subordinated the United States to a world organization that would have made of the U.S.A. just another state, even as Missouri and California are states in the United States.

The campaign, which I called the treason campaign, was promoted by an outfit called the World Federalists. One of the leaders in this World Federalist enterprise was a man who (unfortunately) at this writing is a member of the U.S. Senate from California, Alan Cranston. As a younger man he used to attend my meetings and try to heckle and encourage picket lines. These World Federalists had gone all over the United States and succeeded in getting the approval of 28 States.

We organized a nation-wide campaign and began to enlighten the State Legislatures on what they had done. Many of them had voted blindly under pressure, and it is amazing how much legislation is passed that way. When they discovered that they had voted against the preservation of the sovereignty of the United States of America, they began to reverse themselves.

In this campaign to promote reversal, I was invited to appear before a committee of the State Legislature at Sacramento, California. The time was so short that it was necessary for me to fly and I took a young man with me, Dr. Wesley Swift, and we flew first to Oakland. In attempting to buy tickets from Oakland to Sacramento, we discovered that all the plane reservations were taken. I was informed, however, that I could rent a plane from a young man. I was introduced to the young man, and while we were talking, a newspaperman was protesting loudly that if he didn't get to Sacramento he would be fired. He had to get there. I told him that I was about to rent a plane and if he wanted to fly with us he could. So I came to an agreement concerning the cost and we went out to the landing field and lo, and behold, the plane, facetiously speaking, was just a little larger than a good-sized kite. We boarded the plane putting our newspaper friend and Dr. Swift in the back seat, and I sat in the front seat with the pilot. The doors were as loose as an old Model T-Ford, and the plane sounded like an oversized coffee mill. We took off. Because of the size of the plane we had to fly low and absorb all the air currents which develop in those rocky mountains, so we began to dive up and down and fly up. Every drop felt like we were going to hit the ground. The greatest assurance was the calmness of the boy at the wheel. He seemed to know his plane and we assumed that there was no danger. As we went over the highest peak of the mountain range that runs between Oakland and Sacramento, the door on my side came open. Immediately in front of me was a raw unpainted gas pipe which was used to solidify the construction of the plane, so I just grabbed the pipe with both hands, after slamming the door shut, and held on tight. All three of us seemed to absorb what seemed like a dangerous, uncomfortable flight without any threat of hysteria, excitement or fright, but I will confess that I was thankful when we landed.

We went immediately to the State Capitol and the Legislative Committee was in session. I appeared before the Committee and outlined the danger of the so-called world government project which was being launched by the World Federalists. It didn't take the Committee long to see the danger, and the project which had been approved earlier was rejected and their recommendation when carried to the full membership of the Legislature was approved.

It was just another example of how a few determined, dedicated people can accomplish great purposes if they have the nerve and the intelligence and the courage to carry on.

Our organization was influential all over the United States in helping to rescind the approvals which had been made by numerous states by what we called a 'treason plot.' No telling what would have happened to America if that world government plan had been finally approved. It would have meant the death of the sovereignty of the United States of America. I do not claim full credit for its defeat. History will reveal that I was one of the important factors in turning back this scheme to make the United States of America just another State in a world government.

EPISODE 130

BEDBUGS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

It seemed wise that I should confer with my leaders in St. Louis, Missouri. St. Louis is centrally located and people could come from the

Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Illinois and even further without too much inconvenience. Due to Jewish pressure I could not rent a meeting place, so I went to the Hotel Jefferson and rented the Presidential suite which had in it two bedrooms and a parlor that would seat about 100 people. That was enough room, because I did not expect over 50 to 100 leaders to attend the conference.

We checked in the night before the conference and prepared to go to bed when Mrs. Smith turned down the sheet in the Presidential suite and there she saw a bedbug. Imagine our excitement. We called the management of the hotel, and believe it or not, that room was emptied completely of every stick of furniture, every rug, every drapery, and everything else in the room and completely refurnished and equipped in less than two hours — fumigated, cleansed and refurnished. It was quite an experience to watch that efficient hotel operate. And of course, it wasn't a good idea to have the word go out that this beautiful hotel had bedbugs in the Presidential suite. We saw no more signs of the little creatures. We held our conference.

It was at the apex of what I called the violent period. It was in the days, as referred to elsewhere, when people were calling meetings and actually announcing to the public that they were raising money to hire some gangsters to kill me. It will be difficult for the younger people to realize that a story to this effect appeared on page one of the leading daily newspaper as referred to elsewhere in this book.

In those days policemen were policemen. We eventually rented the Kiel Auditorium for a meeting. The Communists and the radicals came out hoping to break the meeting up. They were met by the police, and something like 78 people were laid out unconscious on the front lawn by the police of the City of St. Louis. That in itself indicates that there was a day when it was different than it is now. Now the people who attempt to break up meetings are not laid out by the police and they make it impossible for even the President of the United States to address a public meeting in many places. We will not restore the self-respect of our people until we have established a discipline that will make it possible for any man, of any opinion, who is a law-abiding citizen, to hold a meeting undisturbed within the borders of the United States of America. Anyone who attempts to break up a meeting is violating the Constitution of the United States, because he is conspiring to deny the announced speaker his civil rights; namely, the right of free speech.

EPISODE 131

MRS. SMITH HURT

I was scheduled to speak in the public auditorium in Cleveland, Ohio. Another speaker who was announced was the Rev. Father Terminiello of Alabama. He, like myself, was part of a movement to prevent a World War that the American people did not want, but the Jews wanted us to annihilate the Germans completely and build up the Russians, and they had their way with Roosevelt and his conspiratorial gang.

As we approached the auditorium accompanied by the police, we observed that it was surrounded by pickets, hecklers and rioters. I had arranged for Mrs. Smith to go with some ladies on the assumption that they would be safe, but as Mrs. Smith approached the auditorium she was brutally struck and blood was drawn on her body. I will not develop the gory details of this unprecedented incident. This is one of the answers to the question which has been put to me down through the years: "Mr. Smith, how do you keep your enthusiasm?"

Father Terminiello was with me in a taxicab accompanied by the police, and as we approached I said to this naive Priest: "Be careful when you get out, and walk directly into the entrance, or you might get hurt." Unaccustomed to the violence of these situations, the Priest ignored my suggestion and when we got out of the taxicab I walked directly into the entrance accompanied by the police, but he, with the pastoral habits of a Priest, turned around and proceeded to greet the people who were watching him, and the first greeting he got, being a bit pudgy in build, which is a polite way of saying short and fat — the first greeting he got was from an agitator who walked up and kicked him violently in the stomach, which brought groans and cries of pain. The police came to his rescue and helped him to get into the auditorium. He was barely able to recover when the time for his speech came. Thereafter when we spoke in other places, he was in a mood to accept the formula which I laid down for making the visit as safe as possible.

I have never been afraid, I have never been discouraged, and I have never run away, but I have been judicious in the way I handled myself in the presence of barbaric people who will do anything under the agitation of revolutionary leaders. At that very time there was a price on my head and people could have been rewarded financially for either wounding me or killing me.

Everyone who knows Mrs. Smith knows that she is a rare and phenomenal personality. She has the grace, appearance and the charm of a queen. Even my worst enemies refer to her as one of the most beautiful and handsome ladies they have ever seen. Through the years she has never winced, or gotten hysterical, or proposed compromise in the face of danger. I have addressed meetings where great violence was planned, but invariably she sat beside me in that calm and dignified manner which has won her loving and admiring friends all over the United States and all over the world. However, we have not travelled all over the world. We have not gone out of the United States with the exception of crossing the Canadian border a time or two, and to cross the Mexican border a time or two, without going into the mainland of either. I have been such a controversial figure through the years that passports would have been difficult and in certain nations which I might have visited I would have been framed up, imprisoned or assassinated. Today things have changed, and because of the courageous stand I have taken on Zionism and other dangerous issues, my materials are read and translated into numerous foreign languages, and I have received official invitations from the heads of government, who in their invitations have expressed great admiration for the principles to which I have dedicated my life.

Speaking of Mrs. Smith, we were dining in the Statler Hotel in Detroit one time and a stranger walked up to us. He said: "I am the artist, Ward Trevor. I did Mr. Lindbergh and other famous personalities and I have come here to do the Governor of the State of Michigan, but I want to say to you that your wife is one of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen."

Of course, it took some time for him to introduce himself so that we might know that he was who he said he was, and then after these adjustments had been made, he said to me: "Mr. Smith, if I can persuade your wife to pose for me I will take her picture to New York and exhibit it in an art show and return it to you as a gift."

We consented, and he kept his promise to the letter, and returned this beautiful oil painting of Mrs. Smith when she was approximately 40 years of age. He was kind enough to tell us how many people in New York City, had admired the picture and the charm and beauty of the subject.

Our 52 years of marriage have been one beautiful honeymoon, and it now seems that our hearts beat as one and that our blood flows through the same veins.

The dedication of Mrs. Smith to the causes to which I have given my life is demonstrated by the fact that she has had some handsome inheritances, and with these inheritances she could have gone around the world. She could have shopped in Hong Kong and Paris, but she dedicated every possession which came to her to the causes to which we have given our lives. In fact, as this is written we virtually possess nothing. We have deeded everything we possess to the development of the sacred projects in Eureka Springs and to undergirding the Crusade to which we have given our lives. There is no organic connection, financially or otherwise, between the Christian Nationalist Crusade and the Elna M. Smith Foundation. The two of them represent the consuming interest of our lives, and we expect to die almost penniless, reserving enough to carry our bodies to the little private cemetery which has been established near the giant statue, The Christ of The Ozarks, in Eureka Springs.

EPISODE 132

HUEY LONG AND THE BANK HOLIDAY

Huey Long was one of the greatest students of public finance who ever held office. He knew how to distribute the tax burden in such a way as to help the man in modest means without destroying business. He knew enough not to 'kill the goose that laid the golden egg.' He fought the feudal lords, the masters of monopoly, and certain conspiratorial bankers who wanted everything.

Older people reading this book will remember the bank holiday during which time all the banks were closed, and there was considerable question as to how many could reopen. That 'iron curtain' fell on America which kept thousands of banks permanently closed. Texas lost hundreds of banks. Mississippi lost hundreds of banks. Arkansas lost hundreds of banks as did the other states of the nation, but not Louisiana. Huey Long called the bankers into a conference at Baton Rouge. He gave them a dinner at the Governor's Mansion. After the dinner, he announced that they were going to be his guests for some time. The state troopers were at the door, and he virtually held the bankers prisoner for a matter of days until they had counted their money, distributed their cash holdings, and without injustice to anyone worked out ways and means to protect the little fellow with frozen assets until his customers could get cash for their cotton, or their sugar cane, or their livestock, or whatever their resource might be. No bank was saved that had mishandled its accounts. All banks with legitimate resources, even though they were temporarily frozen, were protected and saved. With thousands of banks being lost all over America, Louisiana only lost eleven banks.

Louisiana is a great oil state. When Huey Long came to power the oil men of Louisiana were starving because the big monopolies were bringing in oil from Venezuela and elsewhere at a reduced cost based on slave labor. Huey Long initiated a legislative act which required imported oil to pay a service charge, thus bringing the domestic oil producer into favorable competition with the foreign oil producer. This created a murderous resentment on the part of the monopoly, and it will be difficult for the younger reader to believe that the Standard Oil Co. and their executives actually organized a gun-carrying army. They met at the airport at Baton Rouge and attempted to march on the State Capitol and take over the government by a coup d' etat. They failed, however, but this circumstance only serves to indicate the bad blood that existed in that state and the desperation of the enemy to liquidate the leadership of Mr. Long. It is not difficult to see how someone was persuaded to shoot him to death.

After the banks had been saved, Mr. Long announced that he would keep a 'hot line' open for any bank president that was threatened with a run. In those days there was not banking insurance, and a mere gossip on the street could utter a false statement concerning a bank's condition, and the panicked population would rush in and start drawing out their money in a way that would paralyze the bank. The moment Mr. Long received an emergency call from a bank president he would send his auditors to the bank, he would order extra currency from one of the big source banks, and by the time the people lined up to get their money, there would be enough cash in the bank to protect it from being paralyzed by withdrawals. The moment the people discovered that there was plenty of money in the bank, they would quit withdrawing, and the bank would be saved.

Huey Long was loved by the businessmen who were not tools of the monopolies in Louisiana. Imagine an ordinary family that had discovered one or two wells on their property which had been closed because they could not compete with the monopoly. Imagine how good they felt toward Mr. Long when he initiated legislation to protect them against foreign oil.

Another thing he did during his days of leadership in Louisiana was to initiate the common carrier principle with pipelines. When he came to power the pipelines were all owned by the monopolies, and when oil was discovered by a poor man, he couldn't market it because he didn't own a pipeline. Therefore, he had to take the thieving price offered to him by the big monopolies. Under the leadership of Mr. Long the pipelines were made common carriers. It was not uncommon for him to say: "You don't have to own a railroad to ride on a train, and you shouldn't have to own a pipeline in order to market your oil." It is easy to understand how we raised his campaign funds, because these people who had been blessed by the intelligent courage of Mr. Long were only too happy to pitch in and furnish the campaign funds necessary to fight the enemy. Their worst enemy was the Standard Oil Co.

Time has passed and moods have mellowed, and many of the men who have become subordinate executives in the great corporations of Louisiana are men whose fathers were loyal supporters of Huey Long.

EPISODE 133

BELLY LANDING IN NEW YORK CITY

I was a pioneer airplane passenger. I flew back when most people were afraid to fly. I bought airplane tickets when it was almost like buying a membership in a country club. The airlines would call up, remind you of your reservation, send a limousine to pick you up at your residence, and give you all the courtesies that they could extend. The average passenger plane didn't seat over 15 to 30 people. It was noisy and flimsy. The pilot didn't have the advantage of mechanical landing facilities, lighting facilities, or beams, electric eyes or any of the facilities which are now available to the airlines. He virtually had to look out the window to decide where to land and how.

One day I was flying to New York City, and the little plane couldn't lower its wheels, and it had to scoot in on its belly. Word had been sent ahead concerning our problem, but I was sound asleep and I didn't know that there was any trouble until I felt the roughness of the landing. We scooted in on the rough airport, and, of course, the great fright was that the gasoline line would be ignited. The first I realized that there was any trouble was when I looked out the window and there came all the fire trucks and emergency ambulances.

Fortunately, we were able to get out. They led us into the basement of the airport, because they didn't want the newspapers to find out, because the airlines were having a hard enough time to convince the American public that it was safe to fly. Before we had reached the airport a representative of the company had telephoned Mrs. Smith in Detroit to assure her that although we had had a hazardous landing that her husband was safe and well. She knew that I was all right before I even got into the airport station.

At another time I was flying from New York to Philadelphia, which even then was only about a ten to twenty minute flight. After I had boarded the plane I asked the stewardess to open the washroom. She said: "We don't open the washroom between New York and Philadelphia, because the flight is so short." We kept flying on and on, and soon she came by and offered me a magazine, and I said: "How come? You said you couldn't open the washroom because of the shortness of the flight, and we've been flying over a half-hour, and now you offer me a magazine to read." She blushed and said: "We're having trouble finding a place to land." So we flew around over Philadelphia for about an hour, and eventually the pilot found a little hole in the cloud and landed us about 50 miles in the country. We were brought into Philadelphia through the fog without anyone getting hurt.

Mrs. Smith and I were flying into the South one time. When we got over Alabama, the plane had to make an emergency landing, and it zipped into a cotton field. We looked out the window and saw all sorts of cotton plants and cotton bowls flying through the air. It gave us a little scare, but we were not hurt.

One time I had occasion to fly from Seattle, Washington to Los Angeles, California. When we got over Los Angeles there was no way to land at the regular airport, and the pilot flew around and around, and someone said to him: "Are we in any danger." He replied: "Oh, we are in no danger. I still have enough gasoline to last five minutes." That wasn't very reassuring. We made a rough landing on the desert, and the limousines were there to meet us to take us safely into the city.

So I have had some narrow escapes, but it has been a part of an exciting, dramatic existence.

EPISODE 134

BUZZI DALL AT ELKHORN

During the aggressive prime of my lecturing career, my aged Mother lived in Delavan, Wisconsin, where she is buried. Because of her age she was unable to travel to distant places to hear me speak, so I arranged to rent the County Court House for a meeting. I advertised the meeting and set it up for just one purpose — so that my Mother could attend the meeting and hear me speak. A large number of the local citizens came out. The Court House is located in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, just five miles from Delavan. Elkhorn has been the hometown of Mrs. Smith's distinguished brother, Dr. Edmund Sorenson, who at one time was President of the Wisconsin State Medical Association, and his wife Mildred.

Without attempting to boast I must tell the reader that whereas a considerable number of the local citizens had experienced mixed emotions concerning the purpose and principles of my life, the representative audience which came out to hear me speak was favorably impressed and my Mother received many congratulations by telephone and on the street. This made her very happy. It is not an easy thing to be the mother of a son that the conventional world defines as "off-beat" or "eccentric." That is the accusation which comes to a crusader when he is determined to speak the truth that most men fear to speak, write the things which most men fear to write, and defy the elements whether they be murder, prison or smear in order to take stands which should be taken in defense of our civilization and of our American tradition.

Near Elkhorn is an exclusive military academy known as St. John's Military Academy. Imagine my interested surprise when I learned that Buzzi Dall, the grandson of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt was in the audience. Because of my severe attacks on the political philosophy of Eleanor and the political regime of Franklin D. Roosevelt, I expected nothing but jeers and cynical comment from young Dall, the son of the President's daughter Anna. Imagine my pleasant surprise when he came up at the close of the meeting and shook my hand and told me how much he enjoyed the speech.

Later I was to discover that there were situations in the family circle that tended to produce cynicism on the part of the younger generation. It will be recalled that upon the orders of Franklin D. Roosevelt, his daughter Anna divorced her husband Curtis Dall, because of his conservative viewpoints and because of his opposition to the pro-Marxist New Deal. For more than 30 years Curtis Dall has been my personal friend admiring the stands that I have taken and the principles to which I have given life. He confided in me that his wife really did not want to divorce him, but that the divorce was forced upon him by the power of the President of the United States, FDR. Not only was he divorced under pressure, but some time after the divorce had taken place, a special court hearing was initiated and his two loving children, Sissie, the girl, and Buzzi, the boy, whose legal names were Dall, came into court with their Grandmother Eleanor, and the Judge approved a petition to change their names. These young people who were born legally Dall took the name Roosevelt. This circumstance defines the cynical ruthlessness of the Roosevelt clan in a unique and special way.

It is rather easy to understand why Elliott, the son, got his stomach so full and got saturated up to his chin to the point where he let some sensational cats out of the bag, such as revealing that his father was a complete libertine, who slept with his secretary in the front bedroom, and by special arrangement his wife Eleanor slept in the back bedroom, and at the cost of about $100,000.00 a trip for Secret Servicemen, etc., he visited a paramour in Maryland, discussed in my book "The Mysterious Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

EPISODE 135

ENTERTAINED BY BILL SKELLY

When I was a young minister at Shreveport, Louisiana, I was a civic leader with an aggressive interest in every constructive enterprise. The Southwest was young, the cities and towns were being laid out, and the National Recreation Association prevailed upon me to address important leaders in these cities urging them to plan their cities to leave plenty of room for playgrounds and recreational facilities for the children and the young in general.

I was invited to come to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to address the most exclusive club in this, the Oil Capital of the world. The man who was known at that time as "Mr. Tulsa" and was one of the spearhead pioneers in the oil industry in the former Indian territory was Bill Skelly, founder of the Skelly Oil Co. He was chairman of the meeting. I addressed a noon luncheon and was received enthusiastically with standing appreciation and loud applause. I was 33 years of age.

Following the address, Mr. Skelly Said: "Where are you staying?" I said: "I am staying at the Mayo Hotel," which was the leading hotel of Tulsa and still is. In his hospitable and commanding way, he said: "Check out and come home and stay with me." We went out to his home, which was indeed an elaborate mansion. He and Mrs. Skelly extended to me the warmest and the most genuine hospitality. We had a pleasant visit and I counted it as a rich experience.

Later the city embraced the principles which I enunciated concerning the laying out of areas for playgrounds and recreational facilities.

During the evening visit Mr. Skelly told me of an interesting event in his life. Like many of the prominent, rich oil men, he liked to gamble and he had in his basement roulette wheels and poker tables. One evening he was entertaining his friends and during the evening one of his young aides came to him and said: "Mr. Skelly, we're in trouble." "What is it?" asked Mr. Skelly. The aide replied: "Harry Sinclair (founder of the Sinclair Oil Co.) is down in the basement gambling with everybody, and he has won all the games and he has won all their money."

This required some practical adjustments, which Mr. Skelly said he made.

In recounting this story it should not be construed that I approve of gambling. It is merely to help the reader to understand the characteristics of one of the most colorful men that ever came across the American scene.

When Mr. Roosevelt came to power Harold Ickes was the Secretary of the Interior, and he proceeded to persecute the oil companies. The Marxist psychology of the New Deal brain trust was pitted against anyone who had succeeded in the big business world. First they gave the Nation the National Recovery Administration, which forced all businesses to organize, stand together and set prices and wages in order to go through the depression. Then as they were beginning to come out of the depression, these oil companies carried on the same formula for collaboration. For this, numbers of the top executives were indicted for violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. They were taken to Wisconsin for trial and they were virtually held by house arrest.

One day I was walking through the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., and I ran into Mr. Skelly. I said: "Mr. Skelly, how are you?" He said: "I'm a prisoner. I am virtually under house arrest in Madison, Wisconsin, at the instigation of this fellow Ickes. They allowed me to come up to Washington to look after some business, but I have to go right back and report to them."

The trial went through the wringer. The men were vindicated, but it was only an example of the way Mr. Roosevelt and his Jewish, New Deal, Communist brain trust persecuted the successful businessmen of America. Roosevelt had been such a business failure that he had developed an inferiority complex which made it a pleasure for him, as well as his wife, to persecute, downgrade and abuse the American businessman.

EPISODE 136

SETTLING IN TULSA

In the late forties we had travelled all over America. We had visited most of the major cities in the Nation emphasizing the principles to which our lives had been dedicated as summarized elsewhere in this book. We came to Tulsa, Oklahoma, a beautiful, progressive, typical American city. I spoke in the Municipal Auditorium. I spoke in several other meeting places and ballrooms and became attracted to the city. (At that time, we had no residence. Everything we possessed for daily use was in our automobile. We were, in fact, gypsies for America.)

We didn't know what rest or vacation was. We worked day and night. We would travel 500 to 700 miles a day and wind up in a town picketed and mobbed by Jews, Communists and radicals of a wide variety, but we carried on without any thought of discouragement or retreat.

As indicated elsewhere, I had developed a cyst on my back which became about as large as a grapefruit, so much so that it was necessary to have my clothes altered to fit it.

We went up to our hotel room in Tulsa one night after a speaking engagement and I turned to Mrs. Smith and said: "Sweetheart, I am weary. I wish we had a home. I wish we could rest."

She agreed with me. The next morning I inquired of the Chamber of Commerce the name of the President of the Real Estate Board. His name was Seth Hughes, and we later discovered that he was one of the most prominent citizens in the community, a member of the most exclusive clubs, a successful businessman, and a member of an old family.

When I gave him my name he recognized at once who I was and was quite intrigued, because my name was in the press frequently, and I was represented as a highly controversial personality. I told him that I wanted to lease a house all furnished. He came over to see me at the hotel, and we discussed the sort of house we would need. It would require a den for me to use as a temporary office. It would require a workroom for my secretary, Renata Legant, and the other ordinary facilites required by busy people with much responsibility.

A few hours later he came up with a home located on Yorktown Place in Tulsa. He revealed that it was a home which belonged to a subordinate executive of an oil company who faced the necessity of changing locations under orders from his company. He was willing to rent the house furnished and ready to be used at once. We paid the rent and moved in.

Among the Jews and the radicals in Tulsa, and there were not too many then, it created considerable excitement. The next day a front page article appeared in the Tulsa paper suggesting that we had chosen Tulsa as a place of residence. Mr. Hughes insisted that he was not properly quoted, but the paper carried the following remarks: "Gerald L. K. Smith chooses house on Yorktown Place as a place of residence. Mr. Smith looked up and down the street and said: 'Mr. Hughes, are there any Jews on the street?' Mr. Hughes said: 'No.' Mr. Smith said: 'I'll take the house.' "

Of course, I never said that, and Mr. Hughes never said it, but some enterprising newspaper reporter thought it would be a subtle trick to play on me, because the big campaign of the Jews and my enemies has been to brand me as an anti-Semite. Of course, the word "anti-Semite" is a dirty word coined by the Jews as a brand for anyone who disagrees with their policies.

Shortly before this book went to press the American Examiner, one of three largest Jewish newspapers in America carried a feature article to the effect that the most anti-Semitic book in the world is the New Testament, and that anti-Semitism could not be evaporated until the New Testament had been rewritten. That should indicate something to the naive reader, who is tempted to take at face value the implications and the lies which the Jew-controlled press is inclined to tell about those of us who stand immovable and uncompromising in defense of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Pastor of the First Christian Church at that time was Dr. Claude E. Hill, one of the most prominent Pastors in the denomination. It was very singular that Dr. Hill, considerably older than myself, had been my student pastor when I attended Valparaiso University in Valparaiso Indiana. I was one of the leaders among the young people in his church, and the First Christian Church in Valparaiso was a large and important church. Dr. Hill learned to love me and was one of my early boosters, as discussed elsewhere in this book.

After we had settled, we decided to take membership in the First Christian Church in Tulsa, which church incidentally has now degenerated into a modernist church, a part of the Disciples denomination which embraces all the modernist offbeat doctrines of the National Council of Churches and the World Council of Churches. What a tragedy! What a tragedy!

In those days the church was fulfilling its traditional responsibility of teaching the original doctrines of the New Testament and of the Bible in general, operating a great Sunday School and devoting itself consistently to winning souls to Jesus Christ.

As we walked down the aisle to take membership in the church, we were greeted by Dr. Hill took time to say: "These are two of the finest people you will ever meet. This man, when a student, belonged to my church in Valparaiso, Indiana, and was one of the most valuable young men we had in the church. He has continued to give his life to what he considers to be the highest principles related to the preservation of our nation and of our Christian civilization, and we welcome him into this great congregation." We were treated with warm hospitality by most of the congregation.

It wasn't long, however, until Dr. Hill retired and a new Pastor came to the church. I was very popular among the men of the church, and one day a committee waited on me and asked me to become a substitute teacher for the Men's Class with the understanding that I would only be called when it was convenient for me to be in the city, because I travelled much. The word went out through the church, and there was one aggressive man in the congregation who was a part of that fraternity of liberals and opinionated bigots who hated Gerald L. K. Smith. He brought such pressure on the Men's Class that I was waited on by a committee who withdrew their invitation, and I did not become the assistant teacher of the Men's Class, although the President of the class, who has been my lifetime friend, Paul Estill, insisted that I offer prayer every time that I was in the class. He held me in high esteem. He was always cordial and warm to Mrs. Smith and me.

After the church went modernist, we withdrew our membership and since we have lived in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, we have become members of a little old-fashioned congregation known as the Eureka Springs Christian Church, committed to the preaching of the Gospel, full belief in the Holy Bible, and devoted to the preservation of traditional truth which has come down to us from the days of the New Testatment.

I am not one who believes that God made heaven for just one denomination. I can have fellowship with all the lovers of Christ whether they are kneeling at a station cross, shouting in a Pentecostal revival, meditating in a Quaker meeting house, or in a soul-winning campaign in behalf of any one of the great denominations which are still committed to the authority of the Scripture and the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Treason, atheism, materialism, perversion, sex degeneration, etc., have so infiltrated all the denominations that we who remain the uncompromising lovers of Christian tradition and of the personality of Jesus Christ and of His saving Gospel must unite and stand together. As the old slogan goes: "If we do not hang together, we will be hung separately." This does not mean that I believe in ecumenical compromises. The so-called ecumenical movement usually is not characterized by dedication. It is characterized by compromise. I believe that every believer in Christ should follow the leading of the spirit to do what he seems called to do. Everything that is done will not be identical, but it will be to the glory of our Saviour. The so-called preachers of the Gospel who have graduated from modernist theological seminaries and have been preaching everything else but the saving Gospel of Christ from their pulpits, have disenchanted millions of people. Hungry souls who have come into their church buildings to receive bread have been given stones. That is why we have so many confused people wandering the face of the earth in what might be termed a spiritual desert. Now that certain people have had the courage to carry this Gospel into the highways and the byways we see springing up movements which seem eccentric to some people, but they represent associations of people completely dedicated to the personality of Jesus Christ. God bless them.

We lived in Tulsa, as our legal residence, until we transferred that legal residence to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. The homestead in Tulsa in which we lived for some twenty years was sold, together with all its contents and donated to the Elna M. Smith Foundation for the purpose of establishing the sacred projects in Eureka Springs referred to elsewhere in this book.

EPISODE 137

ENTERTAINED BY TRUMAN'S FRIEND

General Harry Vaughn was the military aide of President Harry Truman. Because of a combination of circumstances, he grew to admire me, and on one occasion when Mrs. Smith and I were in Washington, D. C., he invited us to be guests in his home. On this occasion he told us many interesting things including the fact that President Truman would never accept Bernard Baruch, the enigmatic powerful Jew who allowed himself to be publicized as the 'advisor of Presidents'. He revealed to us that although Mr. Truman had yielded to Jewish pressure when he won a surprise victory in 1948 over Thomas Dewey, Jewish aggression bored him. At one time he was called on by a committee of aggressive Jews, making all sorts of unreasonable complaints and summarizing a series of unreasonable demands. General Vaughn revealed that Mr. Truman experienced a complete saturation and began to jump up and down and almost yelled: "Is there anybody else in the world but Jews?"

He realized in 1948 that he was out of money and that the political money was mostly on the side of Thomas E. Dewey. The Jews saw an opportunity and came in and paid the bills and so obligated Mr. Truman that it was necessary for him to give a sudden recognition to the counterfeit State of Israel. He was surrounded by engimatic figures; including the notorious Communist Jew, who lived like a serpent in his breast, David Niles.

After talking with General Vaughn and others, it did not surprise me that Mr. Truman did some naive and eccentric things; The Trumans were completely snubbed by the Roosevelts. They were seldom invited to the White House. Mr. Truman was not taken into the confidence of President Roosevelt at all. When Roosevelt died, or was murdered, or committed suicide, according to the viewpoint of mature observers, Mr. Truman had no advance knowledge of the operation of the government in the White House. He had to begin from the ground up. He didn't know anything about foreign policy except as any well-informed citizen might know about foreign policy. He was as completely outside of the White House routine as any member of the Senate, or the House of Representatives, or any ordinary well-informed citizen.

After he got in, he made some serious mistakes including his confidence in General Marshall and his employment of Anna M. Rosenberg the Hungarian Jewess who was considered by many as a Communist agent. Under her influence and others, he fired the greatest soldier America has ever had, General Douglas MacArthur. Even so, he was a good man and compared to the family of libertines who had been in the White House, it was a relief to look upon his kind, good, decent wife and their lovely, well-mannered daughter. When the objective students of history write the story of these decades, they will put Mr. Truman close to the top as a man who wanted to do the right and who had in himself qualities of greatness that were not always completely exercised. Surrounded as he was by a ready-made political machine, he had to operate on the philosophy of possibility. In other words, he could only do what was possible, not everything he wanted to do. He had made an enviable reputation for himself by exposing graft and overcharges among people who were making munitions for the war.

Mr. Truman was, indeed, a product of the notorious Pendergast political machine in Missouri, but he demonstrated a characteristic which always inspired admiration. The press, of course, has always gloated in smearing and playing up and taunting men that they called political bosses. I am not so sure but what if we had some good political bosses in our great cities we wouldn't have the chaos which we have now. The demagogues, the do-gooders and the nuts have almost destroyed our great cities.

When Pendergast died, he, of course, had a bad press and Mr. Truman was President of the United States. Everybody knew that Pendergast had been the one who had sent Truman to the Senate and had made him politically, in the beginning. The question arose: "What will the President do?" He did the manly thing. He flew to Kansas City, attended

Pendergast's funeral, and gave respect and honor to the man who had given him his political start.

EPISODE 138

MY FRIEND IN THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

One day I received a letter from a gentleman in Canada by the name of Norman Jaques. I learned that he had been a consistent reader of our literature and was my admirer. He revealed to me that he had been asked by the Canadian government to come down and represent Canada in a special conference at the United Nations. He, like myself, was aware of the fact that this organization had been formed in the beginning to give respectability to what later turned out to be the counterfeit State of Israel, but he had a formal responsibility to fulfill and he wanted to take advantage of his visit to the United States and have a good visit with me. I wrote back and told him that I would be glad to meet him, and we met him and his good wife in New York City. We were later to become good friends until the hour of his death. At that time he had a protege in Canada by the name of Ron Gostick, who was carrying on a sort of "Junior Gerald Smith" program in the Dominion of Canada. He expressed a desire for me to meet Mr. Gostick, and later it was arranged.

During the time of Mr. Jaques' visit to New York City, it was the apex of Jewish aggression in Palestine. Patriots were being slaughtered, even diplomats were being killed. Hotels were being blown up, and the Zionist Jews were in the beginning days of physical, bloody invasion and genocide against the Palestine people.

One of the refugees from this holocaust was a young Arabian attorney from Jerusalem by the name of Issa Nakhleh. He was a graduate of Oxford University. He had come to New York to appeal to the United Nations and others to do something for his suffering people. We were introduced to him by Mr. Jaques, and he later became a lifetime friend.

Strange as it might seem, although the Jews were running the Arabs off their land and out of their homes, the conventional and formal Arab-organizations in New York were so immersed in the tyranny of bureaucracy that they were afraid of anyone who might be referred to as being anti-Semitic, and they actually gave Mr. Nakhleh and his associates the cold shoulder, to the point where he almost starved. It was the privilege of the Christian Nationalist Crusade to appropriate a monthly allowance to his family in helping them to survive the cowardice of their own people and the antipathy of the Jew-controlled political complex. Mr. Nakhleh, however, held on and became one of the most important Arab figures in the world, and since that time, in behalf of his people, he has visited practically every nation on earth and is considered one of the best informed students in world affairs to be found anywhere.

Later we invited Mr Jaques, member of the Canadian Parliament, to come down and speak to us at Philadelphia. I will never forget an amusing incident which took place. When he got off the train, he said: "Mr. Smith, I have had a misfortune. I have lost my glasses. I said : "Oh my, that is terrible." He replied: "Oh no, that is not terrible. I want to go to a dime store like Kresge's or Woolworth's. I get all of my glasses at these stores."

There I was, with a member of the Canadian Parliament, looking for a pair of glasses in a five and ten cent store. We found a dime store — I forget which one it was — and we went to the glass counter where there was a great pile of glasses, and he began to pick them up and try them on. Finally he found a pair that fitted his eyes, and he was completely satisfied.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Jaques visited in Hollywood, California, and they were so intrigued by the drama, and the color, and the fantasie of this interesting community. It was a great loss to the world when this great Christian statesman was taken in death.

Issa Nakhleh is still alive and very much a part of the fight. He visits me occasionally in Los Angeles, and we have continued to cooperate with those who are trying to save the Arab world from the genocide, napalm, bondage, slavery and the profanity of the counterfeit State of Israel.

Later we invited Ron Gostick to come to California. He made numerous addresses and even considered coming down into California for a special duration, but later changed his mind. After he returned to Canada, he again wanted to visit us, and this was during the time when I was being smeared completely by Walter Winchell and the other Jews who were "nailing me to the cross." I was represented to the world as a dangerous and bad character. When Mr. Gostick came to the United States border and revealed that he was coming to visit me, they cancelled his pass and refused to allow him to cross the border. Can you imagine the bigoted state of mind that these Jew mindwashers had created against people who had opposed their conspiracy to get us into World War II, which we didn't want.

EPISODE 139

MY FRIEND ORVAL FAUBUS

Orval Faubus was the Governor of Arkansas for twelve years. He was caught between the upper and nether millstones of aggressive mongrelization and the pre-Civil War slavery mentality.

Like all good Christian men, Mr. Faubus was opposed to any abuse of any human being regardless of race, creed or religion, but he was opposed to the tyranny of forced mongrelization and integration imposed upon the American people by bureaucratic tyrants.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, the city had built a beautiful multi-million dollar school building for blacks. The white children attended a high school which was older and not as attractive as the one attended by blacks, but the demagogues and the aggressive 'reformers' couldn't be satisfied with that. Under the tyranny of an abortive Supreme Court decision, President Eisenhower ordered the State of Arkansas to integrate the school system. Governor Faubus objected, but the State was invaded by the United States Army and, believe it or not, the General of that Army which invaded Arkansas was the man who was later to become one of the most controversial and persecuted patriots in America — General Edwin Walker. Under orders from higher authority, the bayonets were drawn, the people were subdued, and the sovereignty of the State of Arkansas was destroyed.

The conduct of Governor Faubus inspired the admiration of the people of Arkansas, and they continued to re-elect him as governor. He served six terms of two years each, and undoubtedly did more for the State of Arkansas than any other Governor. He will go down in history as one of the truly great men in this Nation, along with Huey Long of Louisiana and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

When the Democrats met in their convention in 1960, I formed a committee and we organized a parade in California supporting the slogan: "Orval Faubus for President." We did that as a protest against the "no choice" nominees which were given to us at that time. Special banners were made. Special "Faubus for President" pins were manufactured and it proved to be a vignette in the political history of America.

Since we established our legal residence in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, our friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Faubus has developed beautifully, and we visit back and forth. When we celebrated our Golden Wedding, one of the beautiful gifts which we received was from Governor and Mrs. Faubus. Like many other great men, he will not be truly and completely appreciated until he has gone. The objective students of history will appraise him for his true greatness.

EPISODE 140

ROLAND LEE MORGAN — STRONG RIGHT ARM

I have a cousin by the name of Edith Morgan. She is the wife of Roland Morgan. Their home is in Oregon, Illinois. Down through the years as I embraced high principle, too controversial for some people to understand and too dangerous for some people to embrace even though they did understand it, the Morgan family was one who stood with me. Some of my relatives almost evaporated for a season, but most of them have returned to the fold of understanding where they realized that we in our devotion to high principle, were led by the Holy Spirit. The Morgan family grew up on The Cross and The Flag, the official organ of the Christian Nationalist Crusade and were taught to believe in the integrity and the principled conduct of Gerald L. K. Smith.

One member of the family is Lee Morgan, whose legal name, in fact, is Roland Lee Morgan. The name "Lee" has been used to distinguish him from his father in mentioning his name. He admired me as a teenage boy. He journeyed with me on occasion. He was always proud to introduce me to his friends. It was always the custom in our family never to address an older person by his first name, so we were taught even if we had a cousin or a relative that was older than we were to refer to that older relative as "Uncle" or "Aunt." Therefore, the Morgan children developed the custom of calling me "Uncle Gerald," which would indicate that I was indeed their uncle, but I am, in fact, their cousin; but down through the years I have referred to Roland Lee Morgan as my nephew.

At the proper time he became of draft age and volunteered for the Air Force. He became a security officer and spent some years in the Philippines.

On his way to the Philippines he stopped off in response to my invitation at Los Angeles for a visit, and I casually said to him: "My name is not cupid, and I have no desire to give you any formula for matrimony, but I certainly wish you could meet the oldest daughter of my lifetime friend Charles Robertson. Her name is Brittarose Robertson."

I had to be careful in this discussion, because I didn't want Brittarose or Lee to think that I was trying to be a matchmaker. They met, however, and they spent three or four days together, and then when he had to take the plane for the Orient from San Francisco, the elder Robertsons and Brittarose went with him and saw him off. These young people only knew each for approximately a week, but they fell in love, and this affection continued through the years, and although young Brittarose would accept invitations to go with other young men, she was almost as loyal to Lee as if she had been married to him, although there was no engagement. Somehow they both felt that they were meant for each other.

He fulfilled his service in the Far East and came back and within less than two weeks he had proposed marriage, and they were united in wedlock. It was my honor and inspired privilege to perform the wedding ceremony in a little church in Glendale, California.

Since that time the family has matured. They have three beautiful children. They lost one infant at birth. Their compatibility and their companionship is one of the most beautiful things it has been my privilege to observe.

When Lee returned from military service, like most young men, he was uncertain and confused as to what he wanted to do. I told him that we would give him a bread and butter job in the office of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, but he could feel free to leave the office any hour of the day that he thought he had an appointment where he might get a job that would fit into his needs and help him to support his family.

Time passed, and he continued to read the literature which we were putting out, and eventually he became more familiar with what I had written than any other person who has ever been associated with me. I have written hundreds, if not thousands, of pamphlets and tracts, and, believe it or not, he is familiar with all of them. The day came when he indicated his desire to stay with me as a permanent helper. Even then he was immature in his understanding of the strategy of the Crusade and was subject to my direction.

The time came when it became necessary for Charles Robertson, who has now been with me over 30 years, to leave Los Angeles and fulfill his responsibilities in Eureka Springs, where he became the Coordinator for the direction and management of the sacred enterprises in Arkansas. It seemed only natural that Lee should step into his place. He seemed to mature overnight. His observations through the years as a subordinate employee ripened into a logical understanding of his responsibility, and today he is one of my strong right arms. He is faithful, he is intelligent, he is loyal, and he has developed the qualities of a responsible executive. Mr. Robertson never could have left Los Angeles to fulfill his new responsibilities in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, if it hadn't been for Lee Morgan. Much credit goes to his lovely wife, Brittarose. The names of the three children are: Roleen, Kym and Gerald. The reader must forgive me if I express special pride in the fact that Lee's only son has been named after his Uncle Gerald.

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EARLY BACKGROUND

My Mother's father was a veteran of the Civil War. He fought in the Northern Army. His name was George Washington Henthorn. He married into a well known Southern Wisconsin family by the name of Chitwood. They were both devout, genuine, intelligent, lovable people. They were the sort that made America. When I was united in marriage to Elna Marion Sorenson in the Christian Church at Beloit, Wisconsin, my aged Grandmother Henthorn came to the altar to congratulate us and press a kiss upon our cheeks. Before she left, however, she said: "Gerald, remember, the woman doesn't live that has ever been loved too much." This sentence as lived with me, and I think it has much to do with helping us to establish and maintain the years of matrimonial happiness which at this writing is 53 years.

* * * *

MY FATHER

The best Christian man I ever knew was my Father. He never did anything at home to disillusion me. He earned his living by business methods and preached on Sunday. In the latter part of his life, he gave himself exclusively to the Pastorates. He was never asked to move. The congregations so loved my Mother and Father that they only changed Pastorates when confronted with personal circumstances that made it seem advisable. He treated my Mother the way he told people from the pulpit to treat their wives. He treated my sister and myself the way he told other people to treat their children. He loved God. He preached Christ. He believed the Bible. He presided over a family altar. We would sit back from the table after supper and read the Bible. As soon as we children were old enough to read, every member of the family would read a few verses. He would open the reading, and Mother would follow. Then we children would read our verses, and he would close the reading. Then he would look across the table and say: "Does anyone in this family have aught against another?" If there had been a quarrel or misunderstanding we would petition each other for forgiveness, and he would invite us to kneel down beside the table and pray.

It is my belief that the family altar is one of the greatest institutions that was ever established by Christian people in America. If the family altar were as common now as it was when I was a young boy, I am inclined to believe that our problems of juvenile delinquency would be much less than they are now. What could bless a family more than to read Scripture and pray together every day?

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BAER BROTHERS

Max Baer was a world champion prize fighter. His brother Buddy Baer was also pugilistically inclined. In the 30's when I was very conspicuous and highly publicized, I happened to be in Des Moines, Iowa. I was approached by the two Baer brothers who congratulated me. I was rather stunned and amazed, because the Baers were known as Jews. My little adopted son was with me, and it was necessary for him to catch a plane in order to get to his school, a Military Academy. His plane was late and I was under the pressure of a serious appointment, and the Baer brothers promised me faithfully that they would put Gerry on the plane and see that he made his connection. I trusted them. They were so wholesome, so cordial and so genuine that I knew that they would take care of him.

Time passed. Max Baer died. Members of the Buddy Baer family became important movie stars. In fact, one of the Baer boys became a star in the much listened to television comedy known as "The Beverly Hillbillies."

Why am I telling this story? Before Max Baer died, he went to a good friend of mine who at one time had been his sparring partner and said: "You tell Gerald Smith that I am not a Jew. When I went to New York we were in the midst of the Hitler controversy and my promoters said that the thing for me to do was to call myself a Jew so that if you whip the German boy, it will be highly publicized by the Jews." He told my friend that he was foolish enough to take that advice.

I received this report with a 'pinch of salt' and with reservations, but later on after Mr. Baer had died a feature article appeared in a national magazine with all the documented evidence that Max Baer was not a Jew, and that he pretended to be a Jew in order to get Jewish publicity, and he told my friend that he would regret that deception as long as he lived.

We have been lifetime collectors of art objects, and this has brought us into contact with many insteresting and refined people. Some years ago we became acquainted with the owner of an art store in Palm Springs, California, by the name of Carl Rosieka, who is married to a Princess, the daughter of King Ferdinand. They were refugees from the Iron Curtain persecution of Communist tyranny. They are people of dignity, refinement and culture. Their art gallery in Palm Springs is known as Her Majesty's Art Gallery, given this name because Mrs. Rosieka is, indeed, a Princess. Mr. Rosieka became an admirer of mine, and on one occasion on his return from visiting relatives in Europe he came by Eureka Springs to see the Great Passion Play and visit the Christ Only Art Gallery and other sacred projects.

One day while I was in Los Angeles, I received a call from Mr. Rosieka, and he said that he had a beautiful carved wooden figure of Jesus, approximately four feet high, in polychrome, which he wanted to donate to the Christ Only Art Gallery. He said: "The young man who burnt himself to death in Czechoslovakia was a friend of our family, and his father was one of my best friends, and I want to give this figure of our Lord to the Christ Only Art Gallery in memory of this young man who gave his life to demonstrate his love for God and country."

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MARTIN L. DAVEY

Governor Martin L. Davey of Ohio, now deceased, was a friend of mine. He set up one of the biggest meetings in my public career, which I addressed in Akron, Ohio. It was estimated that the meeting was attended by over 10,000 people. Mr. Davey was the scion of the firm known as the Davey Tree Surgeon Corporation.

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RESEARCH

Years ago I became acquainted with a knowledgeable man, a courageous patriot, by the name of Joseph P. Kamp. He maintained his office on Madison Avenue in New York City. He was a dedicated research student, together with his lovely wife, now deceased. He is one of the most profound students of the treason complex to be found anywhere in the United States. For years the leading patriots of the Nation have come to seek his counsel and advice and to find information necessary for their patriotic campaigns.

One day he was called on by Robert Welch, later to become the head of the John Birch Society. Mr. Welch asked if he could peruse his files. He spent considerable time in his office. In fact, several days. He recorded many things, and with the facts he found, he began to lay the foundation for his organization, but in view of the fact that Mr. Kamp had the courage to comment on the Jews, Mr. Welch later repudiated and condemned Mr. Kamp to whom he was obligated for much of his research. Intimate friends insist that Mr. Welch understands the Jewish question as well as anyone, but he has been completely terrorized by the Jews. Furthermore, he does not emphasize Christianity in his program of patriotism.

There are many fine people in the John Birch Society. It has never been my policy to nit-pick other patriotic groups; but for the record, it is well for the reader to know that Mr. Welch, who at one time corresponded with me and sought information from me, repudiated me because of my alleged anti-Semitism and issued a special bulletin to his people warning them to the effect that I was a dangerous character. He instructed that anyone associated with me be purged from the John Birch Society, but this purge never turned out to be very successful. Ever since its foundation I have had key people in almost every unit of the John Birch Society. His big mistake was in announcing arbitrarily in one of his publications that President Eisenhower was a "Communist." Mr. Eisenhower did many things with which I disagreed. In fact, I wrote a manuscript one time entitled "Is Eisenhower a Communist? No, but . . ." Then I summarized something over 30 things that demonstrated that he had given dangerous cooperation to the Communists at home and abroad.

Mr. Welch personifies the people who make 'mountains out of mole hills' in some areas, but shudder with fear when the word "Jew" is mentioned.

A formula for terrorizing human beings that was used on St. Peter the night that Jesus was sentenced to death, even to the point that His leading apostle denied Him in the presence of His enemies — this formula of terror is still practiced on people who call themselves good patriots.

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A DOCUMENTARY?

The Columbia Television Network decided to do a documentary in attempting to smear, destroy and downgrade the right wing patriots. One day I received a long distance telephone call from a friend in Evansville, Indiana. He said the members of his organization had been called on by representatives of the Columbia Network (television). They said they wanted to do a documentary on the organization, and at first my friend thought it was just a program for gathering news, but later they found out that it was a conspiracy. The Columbia man began to take some of their members aside and urge them to make extreme statements. They offered a bonus for bringing attendance into a meeting, and then urged these people to issue statements such as: "Hang the Jews," "Sterilize the Jews," "Kill the blacks," and a wide variety of extreme statements. The trick was to run this film with all of these wild statements in them along with news stories concerning my activities, the activities of Dean Manion and other patriots in America. As soon as I got this information I called a very important friend in New York City and told him that I had discovered this conspiracy and that I was about to report it to one of my friends in Congress with a petition to investigate what should be called "rigged bigotry." When my friend visited the headquarters of the Columbia Network, the documentary had almost been completed, but this report so frightened them that they discarded it and it was never used.

I have never apologized for referring to the big Jew-controlled networks as the "treason machine."

* * * *

DR. HAROLD OCKENGA

I spoke in Boston at the Old South Church. I was mobbed by Jews and Communists. They would not be quiet long enough even for prayer. We had to adjourn to the Parker House Hotel.

We were there over Sunday, and it was my privilege to hear one of the great preachers of America who was then the Pastor of the Park St. Church. His name was Dr. Harold Ockenga. Later he was affiliated with one of the great seminaries for the training of believing preachers in Pasadena, California.

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GEN. GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELEY

General George Van Horn Moseley was in charge of the whole Southern Army before his retirement. His headquarters were in Atlanta, Georgia. He became an admirer of mine. He visited St. Louis and addressed one of our conventions. He was greatly persecuted by the Jews and the treason machine. I was a guest at a dinner where he spoke under the auspices of the New York Board of Trade at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The address was so pointed and so uncompromising that he was put on the purge list of the American Jewish Anti-Defamation League. It is an inspiration to recall that I was honored by this great soldier.

* * * *

JACK PRESTON

One day when we were in Hollywood, living in a leased house on Fareholm Drive, we looked out and here came 'Santa Claus.' A knock came on the door and in walked a man that we later learned was a Mr. Jack Preston. His wife was an executive secretary at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Motion Picture Corporation. He informed us that every person who came to our house was being photographed from a neighbor-ing window. He was so anxious to see us that he decided to dress up like Santa Claus so he could come in unidentified. He and his lovely wife proved to be great friends. They developed a special personal friendship for my secretary, Renata Legant. They visited back and forth, and through his wife he kept me informed concerning the reaction of the great motion picture corporations to my campaign to clean the Communists out of Hollywood. Mature observers will admit that we were largely responsible for getting a Congressional investigation of the film colony, which at one time was virtually turned over to the Communist propaganda machine. We filed a lengthy petition with the Congress of the United States calling for an investigation of Hollywood, and the petition was rolled up and down the aisles of Congress by the courageous patriot Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi, who lived and died as my personal friend.

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PASTOR SHULER

In 1945 when I invaded Los Angeles with big meetings and was picketed and mobbed by Jews and Communists, the most influential preacher in the city was the Rev. Bob Shuler, Pastor of Trinity Methodist Church. He attended one of my meetings in the Polytechnic High School. He was molested on his way into the meeting and knocked down and pushed into the gutter by pickets. He came into the meeting with his hair hanging over his eyes, and he was one of the most angry preachers that I have ever seen. Because of his influence in the community, he was able to talk to the Mayor. He called on the Mayor and effected a conference with the then Mayor Bowron and with Mrs. Smith, myself and members of our staff. The Mayor apologized for the way we were treated even though he had cooperated with the enemies in smearing us before we got there. He later changed his attitude toward me, because he realized that he had sided with the Communist elements innocently, high-pressured by the Jewish community.

From then on Rev. Bob Shuler was one of my great admirers, and was not ashamed to say so from his pulpit to the hour of his death.

Below is a statement Dr. Shuler published in his periodical known as "The Methodist Challenge" which went out to important preachers all over the world:

"At times I am courageous enough to sit down in a shady place and contemplate a bit. At such times, I am forced to conclude that I have been somewhat of a coward during the past few years. I refer to my seeming shrinking nature when men like Gerald L. K. Smith appear on the horizon. Not that Smith is always right. Nor am I. In fact, Smith is right more times than I have been when I urged my lame alibis rather than stand up like a man, put my armour on and go to battle by his side. If we had a hundred men like Gerald Smith scattered over this nation, we wouldn't need atomic bombs. Their very presence would notify the human buzzards that now prey on humanity to take their flight.

In this final number of The Methodist Challenge I wish to apologize to my readers for having been too cautious. You would be surprised to discover how many burning hot editorials I have watered down. I am an expert at deleting what I ought to have had the nerve to leave in and underscore. The hour has arrived (just as I am about to die) when I feel the surge of a new resolve within my old ailing heart. I want to say something and say it with the force of a thunderbolt — something that certainly ought to be said. Gerald L. K. Smith has been saying such things while I have timidly 'rubbed them out' and tried to be 'sane' and 'cautious.'

But the die is cast. The Rubicon is behind me. I take off my hat to Gerald L. K. Smith, whom I have seen tested by mobs and hounded by so-called 'patriots' without flinching. All he lacked of being killed on more than one occasion was the fact that his enemies and the enemies of this nation were more afraid of him dead than alive."

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A GREAT LAWYER

Maximilian St. George was a great lawyer in Chicago. His office was on LaSalle Street. He was a devout Catholic of Bohemian descent. He could speak many languages, and in the early days he represented a wide variety of Europeans who had not yet produced a generation of lawyers who could speak their own language. He became a great admirer of mine, and every time I went to Chicago he did everything he could to help build up the meeting.

When I was arrested for inciting to riot, as discussed elsewhere in this book, he was my attorney. He was not ashamed to defend me anywhere.

I received a letter from him one time saying: "Mr. Smith, every day on my way to work I stop at the church and I make a station cross prayer for you."

This man lived in a home that now would be valued at a quarter of a million dollars. He was a man of great prominence, but he was a humble believer in Jesus Christ, and he never failed to pray for me. God bless the memory of this great man.

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"ALFALFA BILL" MURRAY

One of the most dramatic and intelligent public officials ever to live in the United States was 'Alfalfa' Bill Murray of Oklahoma. He was married to an Indian. He was devoted to the cause of the Indians, and when

Oklahoma ceased to be an Indian territory and became a State, Governor Murray wrote the Constitution. He was considered one of the greatest students of governmental constitutions in the world, and even today Oklahoma's Constitution is considered one of the finest Constitutions in the United States.

Governor Murray was a friend and an admirer of Huey Long and became a friend and an admirer of mine. He later wrote a reference book to be used by the schools to the State of Oklahoma. In order to prove his respect for me, he gave a full page to my picture in his book, the history of Oklahoma. God bless the memory of Alfalfa Bill Murray. He was elected during the depression and refused to live in the Governor's Mansion. He insisted on living in the garage, and he grew a garden in the front yard of the mansion. He knew how to dramatize his love for the common people while at the same time avoiding the demagoguery that some men have used to destroy governments, states and economies.

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J. G. SOURWINE

J. G. Sourwine has been one of the most valuable public servants ever to live in the City of Washington, D.C. For years he has been the chief investigator of the Internal Security Committee of the United States Senate, headed in recent years by U.S. Senator James O. Eastland. Perhaps no man has locked up in his head more information concerning treason, sabotage and revolutionary techniques than J. G. Sourwine. When I would send my representatives to Washington, D.C., he would always treat them with great politeness and expose them to unimpeachable and established information concerning the treason machine. His activities and the activities of the Committee have been sabotaged by traitors, radicals and demagogues down through the years, but thanks to the Chairman of the Committee and other forces in America, the Committee has remained steadfast.

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COURAGEOUS PREACHER

There is a preacher in Minneapolis by the name of Rev. C. O. Stadsklev. He is a courageous and intelligent student of Holy Scripture. He established an independent ministry and was not afraid to introduce Gerald L. K. Smith to his people.

I travelled to Minneapolis together with Mrs. Smith on one of the coldest days in American history. When Minneapolis gets cold, it makes a mid-Southern winter feel like summer. But when I got to the place of the meeting, the auditorium was packed, and we were cheered to the echo. The courage of Rev. Stadsklev lives in my memory.

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AN ARAB

Dr. J. T. Tannous is an Arab. When the Jews invaded Palestine and drove the citizens out into the desert, Dr. Tannous owned the building which was occupied by the General Motors Co. He was one of the important Doctors in Jerusalem. His son was returning from work, and as he got off the bus the Jews deliberately shot him, not because he had done anything, but in order that they might terrorize the community. The Tannous family was given two hours to vacate their home in which their family had lived for over fifteen centuries.

Later he was appointed by the refugees to come to New York City and try to enlighten the members of the United Nations as to what had been done to the Arabs by the barbaric Jews who had invaded their lands and stolen their homes. Because of my courageous stand in their defense and my willingness to chastise the barbarism of the antichrist, Dr. Tannous asked to see me when I came to New York. We visited him in his office, and his lovely daughter prepared a meal for us in their very humble and impoverished apartment. They had lived the lives of aristocrats and wealth in Jerusalem, but now they were reduced to poverty. The beautiful daughter prepared a Mideastern meal for us, and we shall never forget it. At this writing, I do not know whether Dr. Tannous lives or not. We have lost contact. He was one example of the suffering that the barbaric Zionist Jews inflicted upon his people.

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TOBERMAN AND McCLENNAN

C. E. Toberman is the most important bank personality in Hollywood. His privately financed bank underwrote most of the important theatres in Hollywood. He is a devout Christian. His influence reaches into a wide orbit. At this writing he is very old and he recently lost his lovely wife. Both Mr. and Mrs. Toberman have been admirers of ours for years. He was instrumental in establishing the Hollywood Bowl as well as the Pilgrimage Play, which, for years, presented the story of our Lord's last week; but the story was dissipated and degenerated by Jewish influence that insisted on deletions which would not be offensive to the Jews. The public lost interest, and the play ceased to be presented even though it had liberal financial backing and was presented by the most experienced dramatic artists in the film colony. As indicated elsewhere, one of the most significant things that Mr. Toberman ever did was to invite us to meet the pastor of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, who was then Dr. Stewart MacClennan. In a private conference in Mr. Toberman's bank office, Dr. MacClennan confessed that he held me in great esteem, but he didn't dare express it openly because it would have been catastrophically suicidal for him to allow the Jews of Hollywood to know that he admired Gerald L. K. Smith. It is amazing how many good people in America are held under this bondage. I threw off this yoke years ago, and although I have suffered much because of it, I have maintained my self-respect and I have always been able to face my God with the thought that even in the face of persecution and abuse and attempted assassination and imprisonment, I have had the courage to resist the antichrist and stand foursquare.

Walter Trohan was for years the highest paid newspaperman in Washington D.C. He was the head of the Chicago Tribune Bureau in Washington, and for many years one of my close personal friends. When he retired, he moved to Ireland and built for himself a beautiful home. Shortly before he left America we had a good visit in California. One time I said to him: "Why can't I get any news into the Chicago Tribune?" He answered by saying: "Mr. Smith, the time has come when it is difficult for me to get news expressing my convictions into the Chicago Tribune."

Since Mr. Trohan left the Tribune, the trend toward liberalism inside this historic, conservative journal has been increasingly shocking.

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MAJOR ROBT. WILLIAMS

Major Robert H. Williams was associated with Military Intelligence until he retired from the Army under pressure from the pro-Communist Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna M. Rosenberg, the Hungarian Jewess, associated with Communists in New York, who parlayed her way into the Government of the United States under the kind of arm-twisting pressure that caused her to be appointed as the Assistant Secretary of Defense, believe it or not. She hated Major Williams because he wrote a book entitled "The Anti-Defamation League and Its Use in the World Communist Offensive." The introduction was written by the famous former NBC commentator Upton Close. The book referred to can be obtained as indicated in the back of this book.

Major William retired from the public scene some years ago, but his exposẽ of the conspiratorial, satanic intelligence program of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, supported by the fraternity, the B'nai B'rith, will immortalize his name among people who appreciate crusading literature that men put out at the risk of life, limb and liberty. Major Williams rendered a great service to America.

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A BEAUTIFUL LADY

One day I was addressing a gathering of Christian women in Los Angeles. I spoke on the subject "Communists Infiltrate the Church." I showed how Communists had been ordained as ministers, atheists were actually wearing clerical garb, and sympathizers with world Communism were influencing large church organizations and entire denominations. In emphasizing this point, I discussed at length the life and career of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of the Methodist Church, who at one time or another had belonged to 33 Communist-front organizations. He had been investigated by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and he was recognized as an agent of the Communist complex inside the United States and around the world. He associated himself with a wide variety of treasonable groups and left wing revolutionary enterprises.

When I had finished speaking, I opened the meeting to questions, and during the question period a beautiful lady, about 70 years of age, arose to ask a question. She was obviously a lady of charm, enlightenment and sophistication. She began her statement by saying: "Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam married my daughter."

"Oh, oh," I said within my heart, "here comes trouble." But lo, and behold her next sentence was: "Everything that you have said is true. I remember when my daughter and her husband, now Bishop Oxnam, were good, simple Christians, but they came under the influence of the Moscow machine, and now they are giving their influence to the enemies of America."

This was the beginning of a great friendship. The lady who arose to make the statement was one Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher. She was the widow of an oil millionare and was a person of great influence. She belonged to the Board of Regents of the University of Southern California. She was a devout Christian. She understood the Jewish question and she was an understanding student of the doctrine that identified the lovers of Christ as the true seed of Abraham. She made modest contributions to the Christian Nationalist Crusade, and one day a friend of mine confided that she had planned to remember the Crusade in her Will. Later she was lifted out of Los Angeles and moved up to Santa Barbara, as an aging, helpless, elderly woman. Her Will was rewritten under the orders and influence of Mr. and Mrs. Oxnam.

The personal life of G. Bromley Oxnam, now deceased, was one of the most scandalous records in the history of a public figure. How a man of this character, whose sex life was messy and whose perversions were known and whose skepticism, atheism and pro-Communism were matters of public record — how any man like this could become the chief Bishop of the great Methodist Church is one of the mysteries of this century.

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CHAS. HORN

Charles Horn was one of the top executives of the Hearst Corporation on the West Coast. In the early days he had initiated the idea of the Want Ad, and he became an important factor in the advertising fraternity. At one time, he was President of the Advertising Club in Los Angeles.

One day a friend of mine called on me and said: "There's an important man in this town who would like to meet you." I was taken to the residence of Mr. Charles Horn where Mrs. Smith and I met not only Mr. Horn, but his beautiful wife. He remained a confidential, secret, important friend of mine to the hour of his death. He knew that if it had been known by the newspaper organization and others that he was my friend, he would have been immediately liquidated. Frequently he came to visit us in our home, and we visited him in his home. The confidence and respect of this important citizen meant much to us.

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J. EDWARD JONES

J. Edward Jones was an important, independent oil executive in New York City. When Roosevelt came to power, Mr. Jones was appointed as a member of the commission known as the NRA, the National Recovery Administration, to be associated with the department having to do with the independent oil companies. After he had been in Washington a little while, he became suspicious of the motives of Mr. Roosevelt, and he issued a statement accusing Mr. Roosevelt and his brain trust of trying to establish a Fascist, political and economic dictatorship, and thereupon resigned.

From then on, he was the victim of great persecution, and he was moved in on by the Securities Exchange Commission. The head of that Commission was Joseph P. Kennedy, the father of the late President John F. Kennedy. Joseph Kennedy was chosen as the instrument, representing Franklin D. Roosevelt, to work revenge on Mr. Jones. The story of this man's experience is so fantastic and unbelievable that if I had not accumulated the documented evidence to support the story, I could never have believed it.

When Winthrop Rockefeller was elected Governor of Arkansas, he could have been defeated if Mr. Johnson, with a big following, and Mr. Faubus, with a big following, had not been feuding politically. If they had united their strength they could have defeated Mr. Rockefeller.

They raided his office. They looted his files, and they indicted him. After he had been indicted, he was called on by an enigmatic figure who told him that he knew the name of a man who could 'fix' the case so that he wouldn't be convicted. He laid a trap for the man who came to his office, and he proved to be a representative of the Government. He announced to Mr. Jones that for something like $25,000.00 he could rewrite the report in such a way that it would vindicate him. Mr. Jones held a straight face in the office where he had planted a dictaphone. He took down the whole conversation, and arranged to meet the man in his residence at Scarsdale, New York, the following Sunday. He told him that he would have the money ready. He had the money ready. He gave it to the man, but he had the house loaded with FBI agents, and he not only caught the man who was to receive the bribe, but his superior officer was hiding behind a tree to divide the loot. This turned into a big scandal, and later Mr. Jones wrote a book, now out of print, entitled "And So They Indicted Me."

Mr. Jones became a personal friend of mine, and we had much in common in expressing our deep convictions concerning the forces that had attempted to promote treason and chaos inside our own Government and our own national life.

DARYL HUTCHINS

When I went to San Francisco to protest the formation of the United Nations, together with a staff of helpers, one of the announcers for NBC in San Francisco was a young man by the name of Daryl Hutchins. He was an admirer of mine and a friend of my friends, and wherever the propagandists for the United Nations, like the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, would bring in a speech to be broadcast over the air, he would give me a copy. He was instrumental in helping me to get meeting rooms. He served even as an errand boy. He and his mother became two of my most valuable helpers during this hectic stay in San Francisco where I was present in the city in violation of a rule which had been laid down by Alger Hiss, the Secretary-General of the United Nations who was running the whole show. It is difficult to realize that in that first United Nations Conference, the man in full charge was a man later to be exposed as one of the number one traitors to the United States of America — Alger Hiss. The exposure of Alger Hiss by a young Congressman by the name of Richard Nixon was so complete that the left wing elements of this Nation never have forgiven Mr. Nixon for this patriotic service.

Daryl Hutchins is gone. He was taken in death, even though he was a young man, but he will live in my memory as one of the fine friends of my life.

Later on he fulfilled a very confidential mission for me which I cannot reveal at this time, because it could expose other people who might be embarrassed.

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QUESTION

People sometimes raise the question: How do you keep your enthusiasm? All one needs to do is to read this book and review the experiences which I have had with Jewish tyranny to know why my enthusiasm keeps up. Someone said to me not long ago: "Do you think 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' are genuine?" I replied: "I don't need 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' to know the formula for persecution and abuse which has been cooked up by the organized Jews of the world, because they have written their program with my blood, and they have branded their abuses on my body, and they have poured the acid of their Christ-hating tyranny upon my soul. All I need is my own personal experiences to know the techniques, the programs and the plans of the antichrist."

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ARKANSAS SUPREME COURT

Jim Johnson was a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Arkansas. He was a son of an old friend of mine who used to travel down to Louisiana to hear Huey Long speak and to hear me speak. Even after he became a member of the Supreme Court, he was always willing to do me a favor.

One of the most interesting events which I experienced while associated with Mr. Johnson was following the 1960 election when Kennedy theoretically defeated Richard Nixon for President. Of course, since that time it has been revealed that the election was stolen in three states, and if it had been thoroughly double-checked, Mr. Nixon would have become the President instead of Mr. Kennedy. It wound up so close that the independent electors in five Southern States could have swung the election to Nixon. One of those states was Arkansas. I flew from Los Angeles to Little Rock to visit with Governor Faubus. I knew that his influence, plus the influence of two or three other Governors, could have swung enough electoral votes to have frightened the Kennedys at least.

I arranged to meet my old friend Supreme Court Justice Jim Johnson at a Little Rock Hotel. He contacted Governor Faubus and brought him over to our suite where he spent three hours at breakfast in our room. I tried to persuade Mr. Faubus to join with other Governors in holding up the vote of the independent electorate until they could get some favors from John Kennedy, but I wasn't able to make that point. I told Mr. Faubus at that time that if Huey Long had been in the same position, the headquarters of the United States would have been in Little Rock for a little while, and I said: "You can, at least, scare this Kennedy until he will give you some Southerners on the Cabinet whether you switch to Nixon or not."

Justice Johnson contacted other Governors and with a little deliberation the plan could have been put into action, but it was not, and the day of persecution began, and the Kennedys invaded the South with armies and military threats; the greatest threat to Southern liberty since carpetbag days.

Later Justice Johnson flew to Los Angeles and addressed a meeting under my auspices at the Embassy Auditorium.

EDITOR ELLIS O. JONES

Ellis O. Jones, former editor of Life Magazine, was my personal friend. He was a true patriot. He opposed World War II along with Henry Ford, Father Charles E. Coughlin, General Robert Wood, Charles Lindbergh, myself and others. Because of his activities, he was indicted by a conspiratorial Grand Jury, influenced by the Jews. They even brought him to Washington, D.C., in leg irons. Later he was acquitted. He was a brilliant, cunning, wonderful man. One of his close personal friends was Walter Trohan, head of the Chicago Daily Tribune Bureau in Washington, D.C. He lived and died my friend. I honor the memory of Ellis O. Jones, former editor of Life Magazine and my personal friend.

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TYLER KENT

Tyler Kent was a code expert. His father and mother were diplomats. He could speak the Russian language without an accent. Before World War II came along he was stationed by our Government in London. He decoded the messages that were exchanged between Churchill and Roosevelt. He discovered that right while Roosevelt was promising that he would not go into World War II he and Churchill were cooking up World War II.

Mr. Kent went to a man he thought he could trust and told him what was going on. The man immediately tattled to the Intelligence Department, and Kent was picked up and thrown in prison and sentenced to live on the Isle of Wight.

It must be remembered that he was imprisoned during the Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt at which time he was a Code Clerk which decoded the messages which passed between Churchill and Roosevelt. These messages revealed a complete program of political hypocrisy. Mutual friends visited me in Detroit and urged that I help start a movement to free Mr. Kent from the prison to which he had been assigned by Roosevelt and his gang. I carried on the fight, and it continued into the term of President Harry Truman.

President Truman released Tyler Kent, and he was brought back to the United States. He had been promised several thousands of dollars to write his story for the Hearst papers, but one night he was called on by a representative of Mr. Roosevelt's government. He was told that if he published anything that he knew, or any experience that he had had, he would immediately be thrown into prison again. This terrorized Mr. Kent as well as his mother. He disappeared into the woodwork of anonymity, and I do not know where he is now. He has surfaced two or three times, but his appearance has been ineffective.

I have experienced the same kind of threats, but one of the great satisfactions that I have had has been in refusing to yield to the arm-twisting intimidations which have been imposed upon me by my enemies. There have been times when I have written and said things which could have cost me my life or effected my imprisonment, but I have continued to live by the axiom of Patrick Henry who said: "Give me liberty or give me death."

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DETROIT SYMPHONY

The symphony orchestra in Detroit, Michigan, had gone broke. It was disorganized. It was unable to make a public appearance.

One day the first violinist called on me, knowing that I was a personal friend of Henry Ford, and said: "Would you be willing to intercede with Mr. Ford to help us re-establish the Detroit Symphony Orchestra?"

I told him that I would do my best. In a day or two, I conferred with Ernest Liebold, who had been Mr. Ford's private secretary for 34 years. He laid the matter before Mr. Ford and got this message: "If these men can find a Director who doesn't look like the leader of a Jewish street band, I'll be glad to help underwrite the reorganization of the Detroit Symphony."

Some weeks later I received a telephone call from the first committee who had interviewed me (their names have left me), and they said: "Mr. Smith, we have a gentlemen we would like to have you meet."

I went down to the Statler Hotel. We then lived in Detroit. There I was introduced to a gentleman by the name Karl Krueger from Kansas City, a tall, handsome, clear-eyed gentleman with all the mannerisms of an artist. We got in a car and went out to the Ford Motor Co., and Mr. Liebold was introduced to him. We had a pleasant visit. Mr. Liebold ordered the keeper of the Museum to bring over three or four violins valued at from $25,000.00 to $50,000.00 each. The first violinist of the Symphony orchestra, which had disbanded, entertained us by playing classical numbers on these priceless violins.

The personality of Mr. Krueger impressed Mr. Liebold, and without going into detail, the result was the reorganization of the Symphony Orchestra of Detroit. At that time I was one of the few people who had the confidence of both the Dodge family and the Ford family. These families had not exactly feuded, but they were not exactly friendly toward one another. They both got behind the Symphony Orchestra and it became one of the great orchestras of the world. Mr. Krueger was a man who could direct a complete concert without looking at any music. He memorized all the music. His fame spread across the face of the earth.

At the apex of his fame, I was suffering from great persecution. I had been smeared by the Jews as had all the people who had opposed World War II, and I made no appearance with Mr. Krueger, because I did not want to blight his magnificent influence. But one night I received a call from him and he said: "Mr. Smith, I want to pay tribute to you. I owe my fame to the opportunity which you caused me to receive."

Later Mrs. Smith and I visited him in New York City. His wife was a cripple, bedfast because she had been injured by an attacking criminal in Hollywood some years before.

The personality and artistic qualities of Karl Krueger will live in my mind and heart as long as I live. Mrs. Smith and I hold him in the highest esteem.

We lost contact with him in recent years, and I do not know whether he is still with us or not.

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RUSSELL MAGUIRE

Russell Maguire was a rich oil man from Texas. He came to New York City. He was full of patriotic zeal and editorial ambition. He purchased a magazine known as the American Mercury Magazine, back in the apex of its popular reception. That was back when the magazine was received by magazine stands and circulated along with the Reader's Digest and other similar magazines. The great rhetorician and editorial writer H. L. Mencken at one time owned the magazine.

I have bound volumes of the American Mercury Magazine which were published during the ownership of Russell Maguire. They are historic and dynamic because they contain articles which practically no one outside of myself had the courage to publish.

Mr. Maguire was a professed admirer of mine. One day when I was in New York City he invited me to visit him at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, one of the most exclusive hotels in the world. It was the same hotel where Mrs. Smith and I were entertained by the late General Douglas MacArthur. He expressed his great admiration for me and expressed his desire to cooperate with me, but I could see that he was very nervous. He seemed to think that if he happened to be identified with me in the public press that it would ruin him. I realized that this man was suffering from one of the most frustrating circumstances that a man can experience; namely, to know the truth and love the truth, and still be afraid to espouse it completely and openly. He knew the Jewish question, but he was frightened to death of the Jews.

My experience with Mr. Maguire helped me to understand how he could become so intimidated and disappear from the American scene when threatened by a potential blackmailer.

One day Mr. Maguire was called on by an enigmatic character who exploited Mr. Maguire's intense concern for the destiny of America. He tricked Mr. Maguire into saying some extreme things, and then later threatened to blackmail him and tell the world what Mr. Maguire had tried to hire him to do. The report doubtless would have been false, but inasmuch as the individual who threatened the blackmail came when Mr. Maguire had no witnesses to the conference, it created a great concern. Mr. Maguire disappeared from the public scene and moved to a Caribbean island, and later died in obscurity. It is dangerous to publish the truth, but when the enemy moves in, if one allows him to see the 'white of his eye,' he is finished. There is no solution for coercive threat including blackmail and physical attack except complete, uncompromising courage.

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JOHN MARAGON

John Maragon was a Greek from Kansas City. He was a lifetime friend of Harry Truman. He was in the Government and in the confidence of President Truman. The political enemies of Mr. Truman made much of Mr. Maragon's activities and represented him as a grafting monster, which was not the truth. He was a good-natured, cunning Greek, short on academic education, but long on loyalty. He 'took a shine' to me. Every time I went to Washington, he came to see me.

One day he prevailed upon me to have my picture taken at one of the leading photographers, because he said: "Mr. Smith, you are in your prime, and if you don't have your picture taken now, you will be sorry." We yielded to that pressure and Mrs. Smith and I both had our pictures taken, and now these pictures which were taken upon the insistence of Mr. Maragon are some of the prize picture which remind us of the days when we were in the prime of our physical activity.

Mr. Maragon was later the victim of great persecution and abuse. The publicity hounds who enjoy sadistically in tearing down a man based on gossip and rumor have no limit to the exercise of their sadism.

This was at the time when Mr. Truman was being abused by the same formulas of abuse which were recently exercised against Mr. Nixon. His popularity had dropped to less than 30%, according to the polls of public opinion. The wolf pack was determined to completely destroy him. They failed.

REV. L. L. MARION

Leland L. Marion was young Christian Church preacher. He was the Best Man at our wedding. When I was the Pastor of a little church at Footville, Wisconsin, I was a single man. During this Pastorate I was introduced to the beautiful young woman who lived in Janesville, Wisconsin, who was later to become my wife. Her maiden name was Elna Marion Sorenson.

Rev. Marion was the Pastor of the First Christian Church in Janesville, Wisconsin, and his home was located only a few blocks from the Sorenson residence. I would come in on Thursday nights to visit with my fiancee, and then I would go around to his residence to spend the night. It so happened that he had experienced a great sadness. His loving wife had died in childbirth and had left him with a beautiful little baby girl. He used to joke with my friends and acquaintances by saying: "I always knew that when Gerald came in it was time to get up and feed the baby." That was somewhat of an exaggeration, but we passed it off in good humor.

When we were married on the 21st of June, 1922, at Beloit, Wisconsin, in the Christian Church. Brother Marion was my Best Man. He not only was our Best Man, but he furnished the car that gave us the honeymoon escape, and we were taken to Rockford, Illinois where we spent our first honeymoon night at the old Nelson Hotel. The next two nights we spent in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago, later to wind up at Hudsonville, Illinois, where my father, Rev. L. Z. Smith, was the Pastor.

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CONDE McGINLEY

Conde McGinley for years published a tabloid crusading journal known as "Common Sense." He avoided me because of my alleged anti-Semitism. One night I spoke in Philadelphia, and when I had finished my speech a man came walking down the aisle and cried out, "I am Conde McGinley. Up until now I have been afraid to take my stand with you, Mr. Smith, but I apologize, and I want to tell you how right you are and I want to encourage you in all you are doing."

He carried on as the persecuted editor of a paper which, in the eyes of many people, was more extreme than editorial columns of The Cross and The Flag. Later an enemy influenced him and no will ever know what the basis of that influence was, but he never mentioned my name in his paper. I praised his paper. I quoted from the paper. I urged people to subscribe to it, but for some reason or other he was afraid to mention my name. Perhaps it was because he felt that it would bring down upon him even increased persecution beyond that which he had already experienced.

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GEORGE MAINES

George Maines was a reporter and public relations agent for the great Hearst Corporation. He lived in New York City. At one time he was the publicity manager for the New York Daily Mirror. He was the press agent for some of the most outstanding Broadway stars. He was an admirer of Huey Long. I met him first in Louisiana. Later he and I became personal friends. He journeyed with us to San Francisco when we went out to oppose the formation of the United Nations. No one was supposed to be able to register in a leading hotel at that time without the O.K. of Alger Hiss. He ruled against my coming to San Francisco. I went anyway, and George Maines was instrumental in persuading the clerk of one of the leading hotels to allow our staff to stay there providing we would give the clerk a bribe of as much money as the regular hotel bill. We did so and stayed as long as we wanted in this city where the enemies of America were trying to set up a world government that would have destroyed the sovereignty of the United States. They failed. Later I organized what was known as the Citizens Congressional Committee dedicated to taking the United States out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the United States. We failed in this, but we succeeded in emasculating the Charter in such a way that no rules could be imposed upon the American people without the consent of our Congress. The U.N. was really formed to give respectability to the new outlaw state called Israel, but they 'fouled' their own brood, and today the United Nations is unanimously opposed to the policies of this counterfeit state.

Perhaps no man that I ever knew was on a personal speaking acquaintance with as many prominent people as George Maines. Occasionally I would retain him to work for me, and he could consummate an interview with anyone that I wanted to meet, regardless of how prominent.

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RICHARD ARENS

My friend, Richard Arens was the Chief Investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He was a great patriot. Perhaps no man in this Nation understands the machinations of the traitors and the un-American propagandists more than Mr. Arens. Because of his outspoken integrity, he became the victim of the liquidation gang, and became advertised by the enemies of America as a dangerous man. In all of my experience, I have never met a more brilliant, dedicated man than Richard Arens, a fine attorney, a stalwart patriot, a valuable citizen.

* * * *

THE ROBERTSONS

When I first went to Los Angeles I was the victim of an organized hate campaign that would make President Nixon at his lowest point of popularity look like a national hero. Every newspaper, every left wing propagandists, every blind, stupid organization of deceived people like the Ministerial Association and the educational leaders were against me. I was represented as a monster and a dangerous man. Thousands and thousands of dollars were raised to keep me out. Other thousands were raised to run me out, and other thousands were raised to keep me from returning whenever I went back to the East, but they failed. They failed so dismally that I established my national headquarters in Los Angeles where literally millions of pieces of literature expressing my sentiments and the commitments to which I have given my life have been mailed out and sent out all over the world. It consummated and ripened a lifetime of activity during which period I travelled over two million miles and spoke in practically every major city in the United States and many small ones.

When I first came to Los Angeles, I couldn't find any printer who would do my printing. Even when I got out a form letter, I had to get it out in an ambiguous form at a letter shop and then rubber stamp the missing lines into it back in our headquarters. The average reader can scarcely believe that an American citizen from four generations of clergymen, who grew up in the Middle West and loved his God and country and his Saviour Jesus Christ, could be subjected to such persecution merely because he dared oppose the political machinations of international Jewry. That was the big crime. That is the big unforgiveable sin in America. You can criticize a Baptist or a Catholic, a Democrat or a Republican, a Socialist or a Communist, a businessman or a labor leader and although you arouse opposition, you are not likely to be stilled. If you commit the unpardonable sin of ever suggesting that there is anything wrong with the political machinations of organized Jewry, then you are on the blacklist and you are due for liquidation.

One day a person came to me and said: "I know a fine Christian woman who owns a print shop, and she is helped by her two, fine Christian sons. She says she is willing to do your printing." I went to this print shop. It was located in Los Angeles on Glendale Boulevard, and it was owned and run by Mrs. B. N. Robertson and her two sons, Charles and Bert. I found that she was an admirer of mine as were certain members of her family, especially her son Charles. First she did hundreds of dollars' worth of printing for me. Then she did thousands of dollars' worth of printing for me. Then came the time when her son Charles grew into my life and became my strong right arm. He has now been with me over 30 years. What a loyal, beautiful, valuable friend he has been! I wish everyone who has a blood-born son was being treated as well by their offspring as this fine man has treated Mrs. Smith and me.

I do not want to leave this discussion, however, without paying tribute to Britta Robertson, the mother. She was one of the finest Christian women I have ever known — solid, intelligent, loyal and fearless. Only God in heaven will be able to judge how much value she contributed to this world-wide crusade which due to the help and courage of this beautiful woman became a world-wide influence. A few years before this was written, this wonderful woman passed away, but she was ready to go. She loved her Lord. She was a devout Christian. She was prepared to enjoy the peace and the comfort provided for all who love His name. Death must have seemed a bit welcome to her, because during her latter years she suffered the torture of arthritis. Now she is in that home of many mansions where there is no sin, no pain, no sorrow, and I say to her as she looks down upon us: "I hope some day to complete my visit with you, one of the sweetest and best friends Mrs. Smith and I ever had."

* * * *

WRONG TRAIN

As a young preacher, I had agreed to go down into Texas and help a friend of mine who had trouble paying off the debt of his church. I took Mrs. Smith with me, of course, as I always have, and we returned by way of New Orleans, Louisiana. We had reservations back North on the famous Illinois Central Railroad, which at that time had one of the most fantastic passenger trains in the world. As we steamed into Memphis, Tennessee, where I knew we would have a brief stop, I said to Mrs. Smith: "I think I'll get off and go to the magazine stand and get some reading material." It was a very hot summer night, and I left the train in my shirt sleeves wearing a pair of white velvet trousers which was quite the style in those days. I came back from the magazine stand and our train was moving and I realized that I might miss it. I ran to the rear of the train, grabbed the brass rail and swung up over it, just barely making it, but as I swung over the rail I caught on a sharp piece of iron and tore the entire seat out of my trousers. I picked up a newspaper and used it to cover the wound in my trousers and proceeded to walk back to the berth which was occupied by Mrs. Smith and myself. I walked the entire distance of the train and couldn't find my berth. There was no sign of Mrs. Smith. It took me a little while to discover that I was on the wrong train with the seat out of my trousers, no money left, except a few pieces of change, and no identification and no ticket. I approached the conductor and he advised me that the train had two sections and I had gotten on the first section. The one I was on wouldn't be leaving for another ten or fifteen minutes. This proved that my first calculation was correct. My second calculation was wrong because I had boarded the wrong train.

I was concerned about two things: First, how to get back on the right train, and how to relieve Mrs. Smith from great worry. In those days trains had an unusual system of communication. They would put a note on a bent bamboo stick and then plant it in a certain outside location, and when it passed a preconstructed hook, it would catch that hook, leave the message, and the next conductor coming along would know that there was a message for him. The conductor wrote this message to Mrs. Smith on the second section of the train: "There is a man on this train who claims to be your husband. We will leave him off at the first stop at Fulton, Kentucky." Fulton, Kentucky was a long way, but this was a fast train, and fast trains didn't stop for anything except water, fuel and emergencies, so there I was, stuck on the wrong train, no place to lie down and with the seat completely torn out of my trousers. It was a long evening and it took us until about midnight to reach Fulton, Kentucky. The conductor left me off, and the place where we stopped was as dark as pitch, so there I stood by the water tower waiting for the second section of the train. She came along about a half-hour later. It was the most welcomed train that I had ever boarded, and when I reached the berth occupied by Mrs. Smith and myself, we both had a good laugh. The experience has lived through our minds through the years as one of the amusing experiences of our lifetime.

* * * *

ACCOMMODATIONS

We have crossed the Nation many times. Years ago when we would cross America the roads were not good. The accommodations were poor. It was hard to find a good place to stay all night. It was even more difficult to find a good place to eat. In Flagstaff, Arizona, there was just about one safe place to stay and eat, and that was the hotel. They had a coffee shop and a dining room, but we were hungry and the coffee shop was closed. So we made a search and found a little restaurant down on the main street. It was quite an inferior place, but it was the only escape that people had who didn't go to the hotel. Along with a sandwich I ordered a glass of milk. When the milk came, I tasted it, and I said to the young waitress: "Do you belong to church?" "Yes," she replied. "Do you believe in God," I said. "Yes," she replied. I said: "Do you believe the Bible where it says all liars will go to hell?" She said: "Yes."

"That being the case," I said, "I want to ask you is this milk half-water?"

She blushed, looked back at me and said: "Yes."

In those days there was little inspection and people would serve anything the people would buy. In many of the communities we went through, it was not even safe to stop and drink water. On numerous occasions we would buy distilled water at the drug stores. In most instances, the food was atrocious — more like garbage. It required the skill of a detective to discern safe places to eat and sleep enroute. As I have often told young travellers, the most expensive thing that you can experience in travel is food poisoning and bed bugs. Many people have experienced both of these troubles in the practice of false economy. I would rather travel half as far and have quality service than to make a long trip and practice the false economy that brings food poisoning and bedroom filth.

* * * *

SHE FAINTED

When I was Pastor of the Kingshighway Christian Church, I had many weddings, because the church building of the congregation was one of the most beautiful buildings in the South. One day I was telephoned by a nervous groom who said that he wanted me to perform a marriage ceremony. I agreed and went to the church. He wanted the marriage ceremony to be in the church auditorium, so that the ceremony would take on the spirit of worship, which was indeed a fine idea. I performed the ceremony, they exchanged vows, and the moment the bride spoke her last word, she reeled and fell into my arms in a dead faint. I held her up in my arms and handed her over to the groom. I said: "Young man, here is your wife." She regained consciousness shortly. It has lived in my mind as a singular experience.

* * * *

A SENSE OF HUMOR

In this dramatic life which Mrs. Smith and I have lived involving persecution, abuse, misunderstanding, victories, joys and fulfillments, we have never lost the following: (1) Our deep affection for each other. (2) Our Christian faith. (3) Our sense of humor.

One who is engaged in a life-and-death battle will find that a sense of humor is constructively therapeutic. I hope the following anecdotes that thousands of people have laughed at will be of interest to the reader.

SYMPTOMS OF A SENSE OF HUMOR

A ventriloquist walked into a saloon leading his dog. He knew how to throw his voice into the dog's face so that it would sound like the dog was speaking. As they walked up to the bar, the dog said: "Good morning, Mr. Bartender." The bartender flipped, saying, "What's that?" And the little dog said: "I am the talking dog." The bartender said: "If I had that dog I could make big money. How much will you take for him?" The little dog said, "Don't sell me, master, please don't sell me." The master said, "I'll take $500.00." The bartender hit the cash register and brought out $500.00 and said, "Here is your $500.00." The owner turned the leash over to the bartender, and as they separated, the little dog said, "Just for that, I'll never speak another word."

* * * *

A deacon in the church was not only prominent in the church, but he was prominent in the community. His wife belonged to the important clubs, and they owned a nice horse. One day the deacon came home and said to his wife, "We're in trouble. We owe more bills than we have money to pay. We're going to have to sell the horse."

The wife started to cry and said, "What will the girls at the club say?" The husband replied, saying, "They may say something, but it won't be as bad as what they will say if we don't pay our bills."

The wife said, "What are you going to do?" He replied, "I'm going to advertise the horse for sale."

He put an ad in the paper: "For Sale. Nice saddle horse, $200.00."

The next morning a fellow by the name of Abbie Cohen called on him and inquired: "Are you the man who has the horse for sale?" The deacon replied, "Yes." Mr. Cohen said, "I would like to see it," so he took him out to the barn to look at the horse and said, "That is what I am looking for. I'll take him."

So he gave a check for $200.00 with the understanding the deacon would keep the horse overnight, and Mr. Cohen would pick him up in the morning.

He rushed to the bank with the check and immediately began to write small checks to pay the little bills which had accumulated, and he went to bed relaxed and relieved.

The next morning he went out to the barn to feed the horse, and lo, and behold, the horse was dead. This brought great distress and he returned to the house and said to his wife, "Now what are we going to do. I've deposited that check and paid those bills and the horse is dead?"

The wife responded by saying, "Well, the horse that died wasn't yours." "No," said the deacon, "but the horse is dead and I can't take money from that man for a dead horse, but I'll disappear today. I'll just go away and when he comes, see what he says."

The deacon came back after dark and inquired of his wife. She said, "Believe or not, he came here, went out to the barn, and left, and pretty soon he returned with a flat-bottom truck and three men. They loaded the horse and carried him away without saying a word."

This mystified the deacon and his conscience was wounded. He said to his wife, "I can't go to church and I can't go to prayer meeting until this is settled."

He allowed a week to pass. Finally tortured by his conscience, he said to his wife, "If we have to put a mortgage on the house, I'm going to take that money back to that little Jew."

He went downtown and found Mr. Cohen in an old rundown office building up on the fourth floor in a little one room office with a shabby desk. As he walked in, he said, "Good morning, Mr. Cohen. Do you remember me?" He said, "Yes, you are the man I bought the horse from."

The deacon responded by saying, "What was the condition of that horse?" Cohen replied, "It was dead."

Continued the deacon, "You didn't come out very good on that horse, did you?"

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Cohen, "I raffled him off to a hundred people for $10.00 a share, and the one who won kicked like --------, but I gave him back his $10.00. That still left me with a profit of $990.00."

EPISODE 141

ROBBED BY A CON MAN

In 1940 I lived in Detroit. I was known and respected by the most important people in the area, including the Fords, the Dodges, and numerous other men of importance. I was invited to come down and address the leadership of the City of Toledo. I spoke in the Toledo Club, and I outlined a formula which I believed could carry the County for the Republicans, even though it had never gone Republican. When I had finished my talk, the men who represented the business and political leadership of the community were completely sold on my formula. The Chairman of the Republican Committee for the County said that even if they lost the County by 15,000, they would consider it a victory. This was the year that Robert Taft was running for the U. S. Senate for the first time and John Bricker was running for Governor. Quite a pair.

After I had finished my talk, they asked how much I thought it would cost to do what I thought should be done. Of course, in those days campaign funds were small compared to what they are now. I answered by saying that I thought it would cost between $15,000.00 and $20,000.00. They immediately subscribed that much money and I told them that I would send a representative to pick the money up.

I went to a very important friend of mine and asked him to recommend a gentleman who could be trusted to go down to Toledo and pick up the money which had been promised by these important citizens. He recommended a gentleman whom I shall not name, and he went down and picked up the amount subscribed, which was something like $17,000.00. I never saw him again. He disappeared with the money and never returned.

You can imagine the suffering which I experienced. I knew that if I told these men that we had been robbed that they would question my judgement in selecting such a man, and I did not want to name the very, very important man who had recommended him. So what did I do? I went into my limited private possessions and Mrs. Smith and I put together the $17,000.00 which had been stolen. I did exactly what I had promised to do and for the first time in years the County went Republican and that meant that Bricker and Taft both carried. The result was so phenomenal and sensational that the word spread, and it was called the "Toledo Plan." Based on the Toledo Plan I was invited to come to Chicago and address the Executives Club. The invitation came at the initiation of Colonel Robert McCormick, the multi-millionaire owner of the Chicago Tribune.

Note: Solicitors for politcal campaign funds are notoriously dishonest. Many of them are downright thieves especially in the old days when they solicited money from individuals who said: "I'll give $1000.00 or $500.00, or $2,000.00, but don't say anything about it." Those were the days when they feared the persecution and reprisals of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The techniques for reporting names, etc., were not as highly developed as they are now. Solicitors would go out to a man, and get $1000.00, who would say, "Don't say anything about it," and then when he turned it in, he would probably only turn in $200.00, and the man and the committee who were robbed didn't dare say anything about it or make any legal complaint. Otherwise the confidence that had been requested would be destroyed. All through this period of time certain men became almost rich stealing political campaign donations.

Another man who was connected with one of the most important business organizations in Detroit raised enough money to finance the complete campaign of a U. S. Senator, and then went off to Florida, got on a yacht, hired an orchestra and stayed out on a drunken spree until it was all spent. I happened to be one who was called on to raise an emergency fund to save this Senator's campaign.

EPISODE 142

THE WASHINGTON PRESS CLUB

In 1936 the New York Herald Tribune was considered the most sophisticated newspaper in New York City. Its most prominent feature writer was Mark Sullivan.

Following my invitation to address the Washington Press Club, Mr. Sullivan wrote a three column article for the New York Herald Tribune for August 16, 1936. It appeared on page 2 and included the following comments:

> "When Mr. Smith appeared at the National Press Club, the chairman introduced him as a combination of the late William Jennings Bryan, the Rev. William Sunday and the late Senator LaFollette, the elder. Mr. Smith, expert in every detail of the technique of spellbinding, was quick to take notice of that introduction. He knows that one of the most deadly things which can happen to a speaker, or to anybody in any walk of life, is to be over-recommended. He knows that the picture painted by the introducer becomes in the minds of the audience a standard which unconsciously they expect the speaker to live up to. Mr. Smith with ingenious skill proceeded to move himself gently out of that hot spot. He did so by telling a story. He told it superbly. It was the story of a widow at a funeral who in the midst of the laudatory eulogistic sermon got up and walked over to the coffin to make sure it was really her husband who was in the box. 'That,' said Mr. Smith, 'illustrates how you make me feel by this eloquent and exaggerated introduction I received from the chairman.'
>
> "He did not really need to disavow the chairman's description. He has much of Bryan, and the part of him that is comparable to Bryan is as good as Bryan except that he has not Bryan's range of voice. He is better in his art than Billy Sunday. He has much of the late Senator LaFollette and intensity of passion, and he has humor which the late Senator never had. There was no sign in Smith's Press Club address whether he has the late Seantor LaFollette's familiarity with statistics. Although it seemed to me that he has an exact mind on occasions when exactness is necessary.
>
> "Disregarding the comparison that goes with pastworthies, there need be no question whatever that Mr. Smith is the livest wire on the platform in this campaign. There are three men who, of course, the

> public will want to see and hear just because they are the Presidential candidates: Roosevelt, Landon and Lempke. But omitting these, take all the speechmakers that the Republicans and the Democrats have put on the boards, and all combined will not as spellbinders make one Gerald Smith."

The reader will forgive me for quoting these flattering remarks, but they appeared and I treasure them as gold medals.

It is too bad that the gift of public speech is a disappearing art. When one reflects, it is not easy to think of someone who can stand before an audience of 5,000, 15,000 or 20,000 people and grip them for two hours without any noticeable movement or restlessness. So many of our public men have adjusted their speech form to television and radio that when they stand face to face with a great audience, they do not have the voice habits or the clarity necessary to reach these large audiences. Perhaps the assembling of large audiences is no longer necessary in view of the fact that millions can be reached by radio and television, but it saddens my heart to think that these great dramatic assemblies have about disappeared in our national life.

Note: The reader is doubtless familiar with the fact that that the Press Club in Washington is made up of the hundreds of recognized journalists and newspapermen who cover the National Capital. To be invited to address this Club is considered a mark of great distinction.

* * *

Precious Moments

from the life
of
Gerald L. K. Smith

Photo Credits

Huey Long funeral pictures - *International News Photos, Inc.*

Formal dinner with wife and staff -
King's Photo Service, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

With wife Elna at Forth Worth Rally -
Kent Bellah Studio, Saint Jo, Texas

Initiating support for MacArthur photo -
King's Photo Service, Inc. Los Angeles, Calif.

Testifying before Committee of Congress photo -
Acme Newpictures, Inc., New York, N.Y.

Signing bond - *Associated Press Wirephoto*

As Gerald Smith appeared in 1940's - *John Henderson*

Two pictures on the steps of the U. S. Capitol with wife Elna -
Chase News Photo, Washington, D.C.

At dedication of MacArthur Monument -
King's Photo Service, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

With wife Elna and miniature horse -
Chrispi's Photos, Los Angeles, Calif.

Speech making in later years - *Arteaga Photos, St. Louis, Mo.*

Age two.

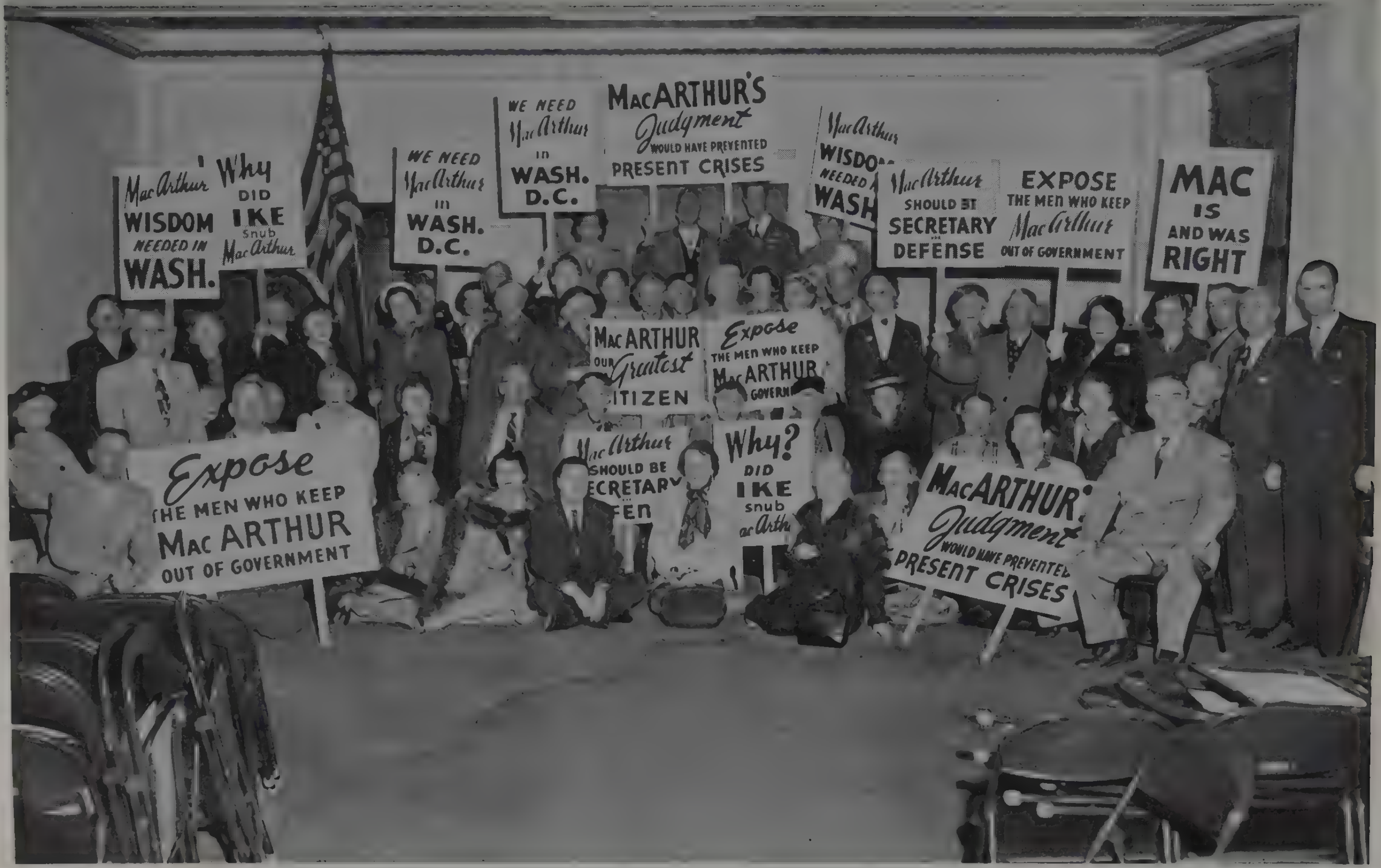
Rev. Smith conducted services at the Huey Long funeral and is shown in the dark suit with back to camera.

Final resting place of Senator Huey Long.

A formal dinner with wife Elna and Staff.

With wife Elna at rally at Fort Worth, Texas.

Greetings from followers with wife Elna.


MacArthur WISDOM NEEDED IN WASH.
Why DID IKE snub MacArthur
WE NEED MacArthur in WASH. D.C.
WE NEED MacArthur in WASH. D.C.
MacARTHUR'S Judgment WOULD HAVE PREVENTED PRESENT CRISES
MacArthur WISDO NEEDED WASH
MacArthur SHOULD BE SECRETARY DEFENSE
EXPOSE THE MEN WHO KEEP MacArthur OUT OF GOVERNMENT
MAC IS AND WAS RIGHT
MacARTHUR OUR Greatest CITIZEN
Expose THE MEN WHO KEEP MacARTHUR GOVERN
Expose THE MEN WHO KEEP MacARTHUR OUT OF GOVERNMENT
MacArthur SHOULD BE SECRETARY
Why? DID IKE snub
MacARTHUR'S Judgment WOULD HAVE PREVENTED PRESENT CRISES

Initiating support for General Douglas MacArthur.

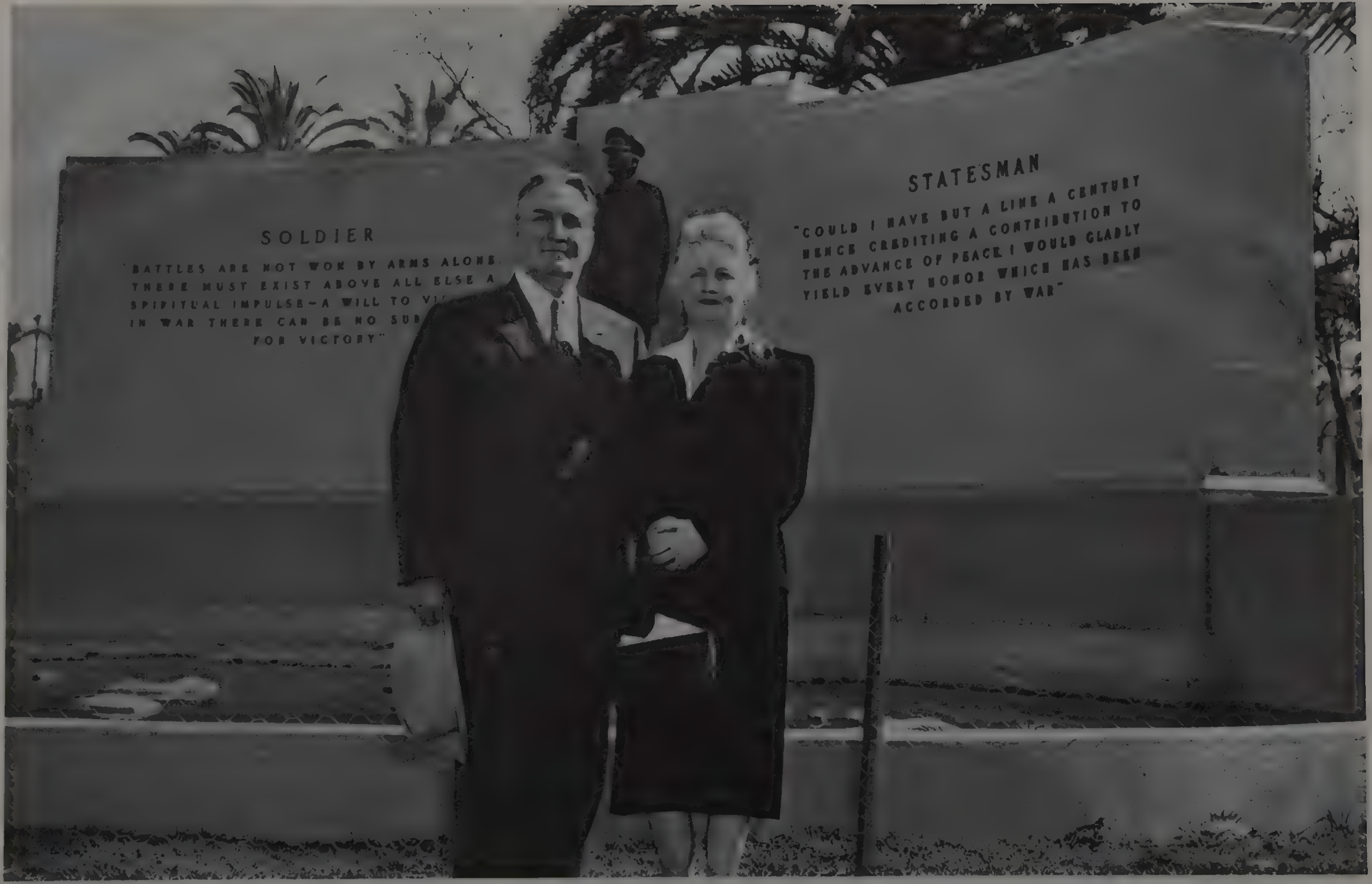
Testifiying before Committee of Congress.

As he appeared in the 1940's.

Posting bond in Chicago following disturbance at Chicago Woman's Club.

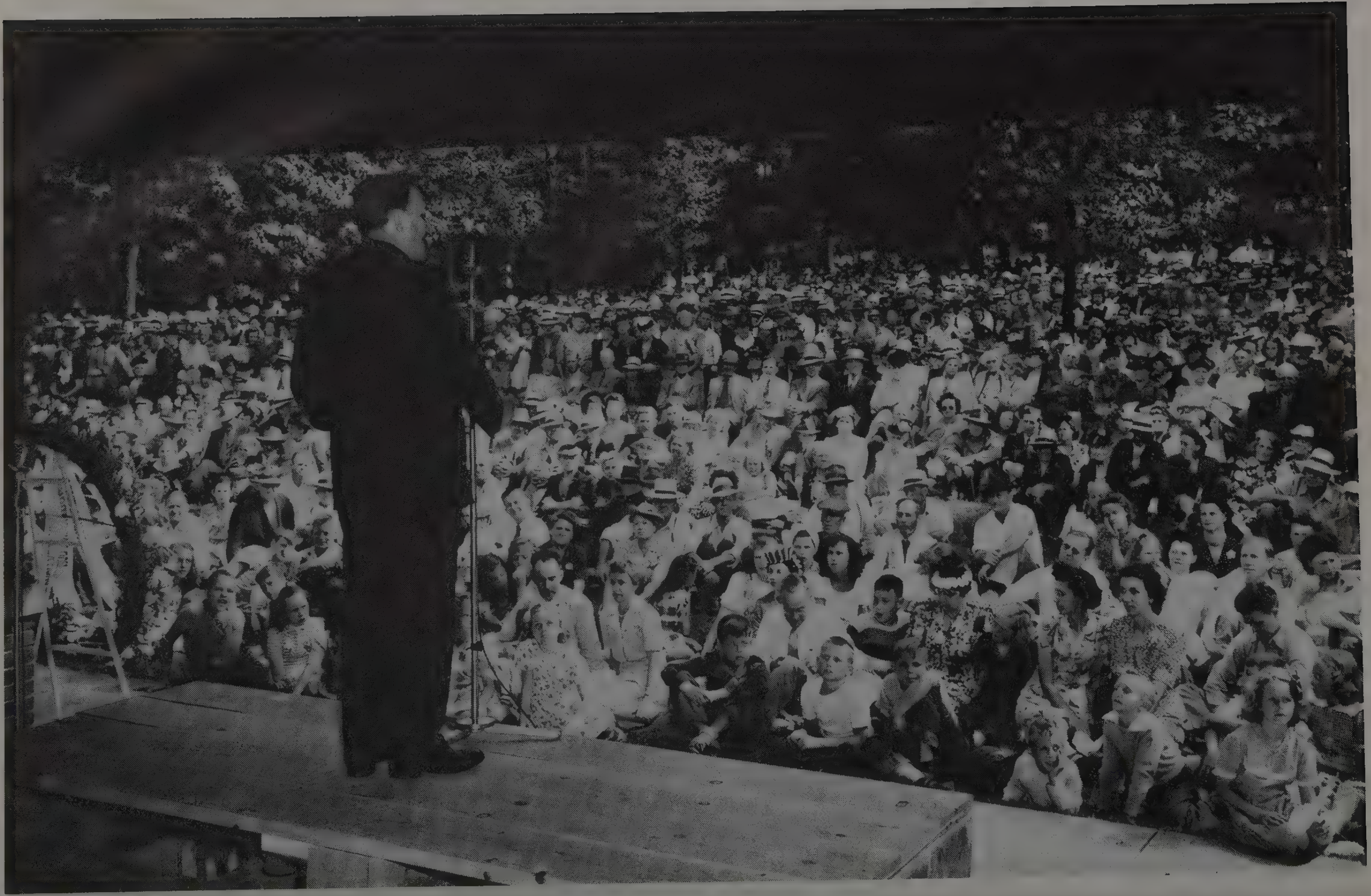
As he appeared in the 1940's.

On the steps of the U. S. Capitol Building with wife Elna.


SOLDIER
BATTLES ARE NOT WON BY ARMS ALONE
THERE MUST EXIST ABOVE ALL ELSE A
SPIRITUAL IMPULSE—A WILL TO VI
IN WAR THERE CAN BE NO SUB
FOR VICTORY"
STATESMAN
"COULD I HAVE BUT A LINE A CENTURY
HENCE CREDITING A CONTRIBUTION TO
THE ADVANCE OF PEACE I WOULD GLADLY
YIELD EVERY HONOR WHICH HAS BEEN
ACCORDED BY WAR"

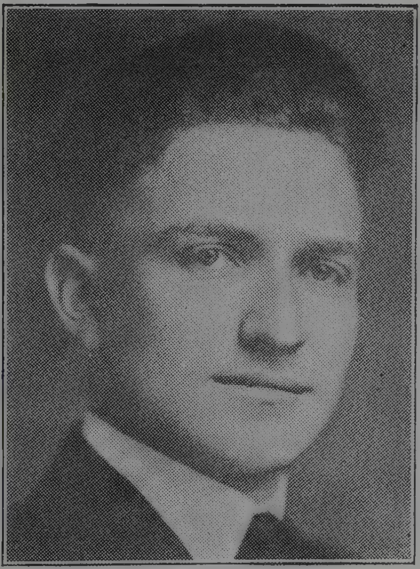
At dedication of MacArthur Monument with wife Elna
at Los Angeles, California.

Speaking with Elna at his side at a home town reunion held in his honor in the city of Veroqua, Wisconsin.



Speech-making in Veroqua, Wisconsin.

With his parents Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Kenneth Smith.



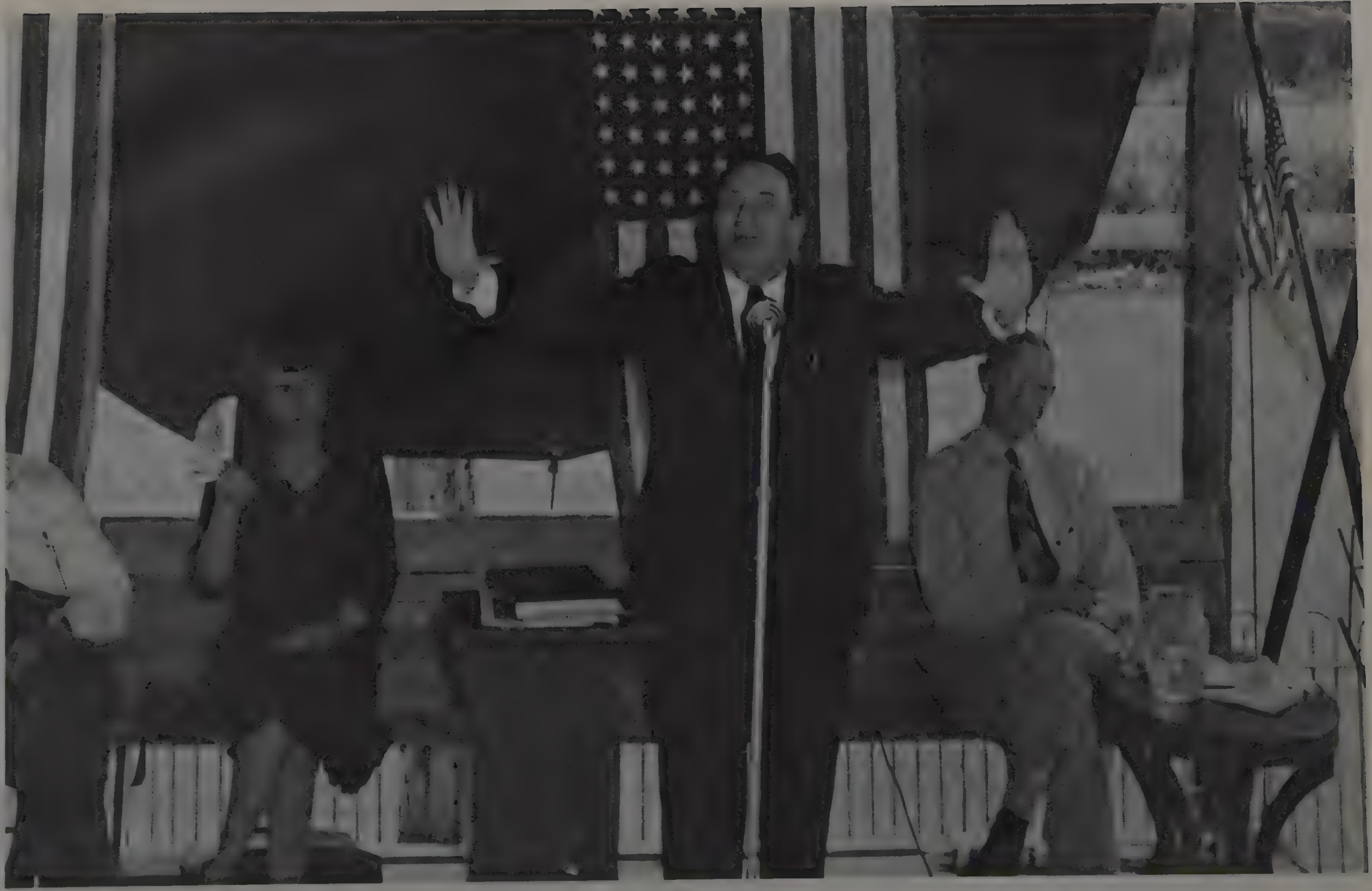
CHURCH OF CHRIST

FOOTVILLE, WIS.

a—The largest Rural Church in Rock Co.
b—Active seven days in a week.
c—Social organizations for all ages.
d—A Community Center for all.
e—Sunday Bible School and Religious day School.
f—Everybody Welcome to Everything the Church has to offer.
g—No Creed but Christ no Book but the Bible.

GERALD L. K. SMITH, PASTOR

An early church in Wisconsin.



Speaking at a rally in Ohio in the 1940's.

Standing before U. S. Senate Building in 1954.

Standing before United Nations Building in New York City.

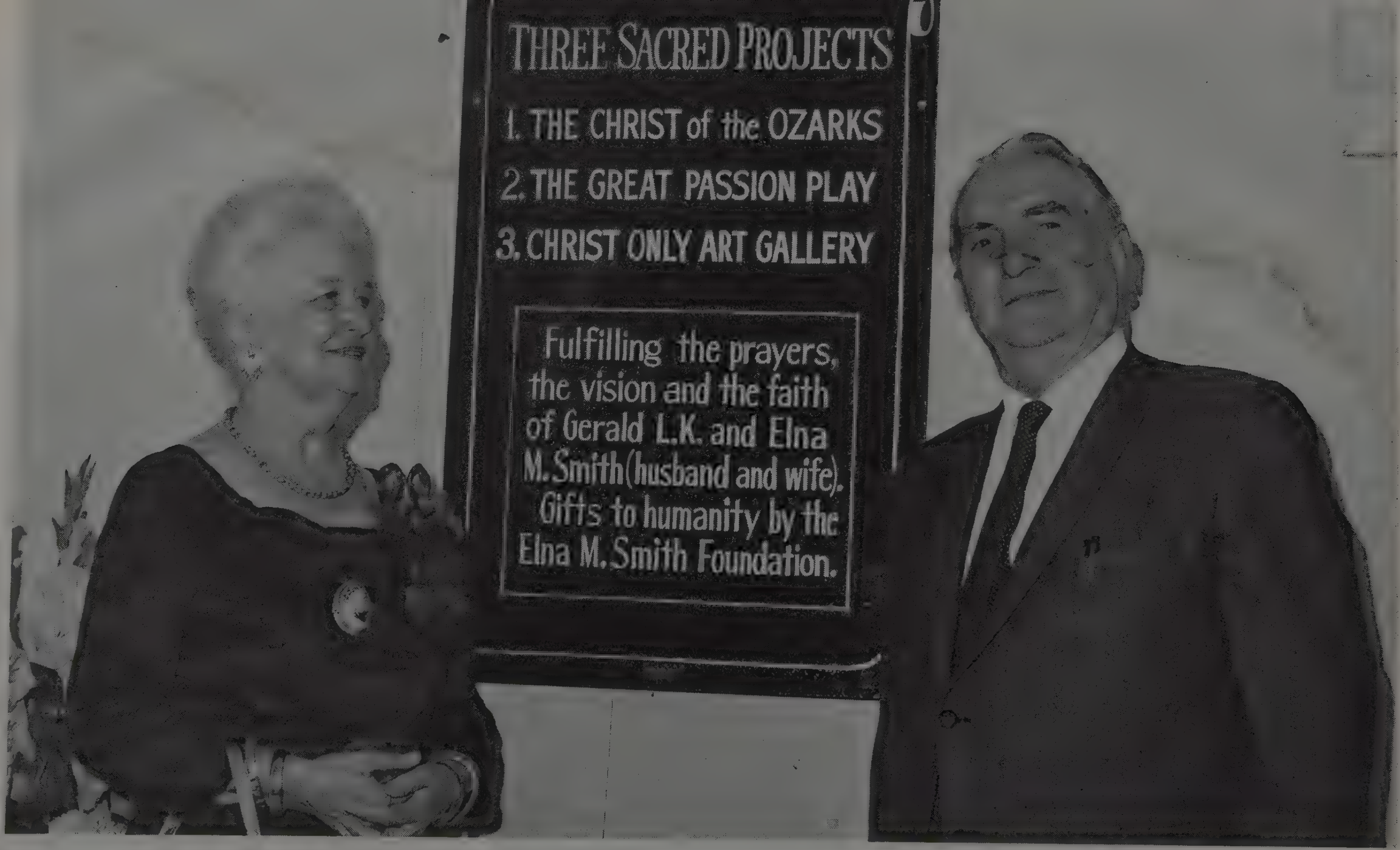
With Wife Elna at the United Nations Building in New York City.

Gerald L. K. Smith.

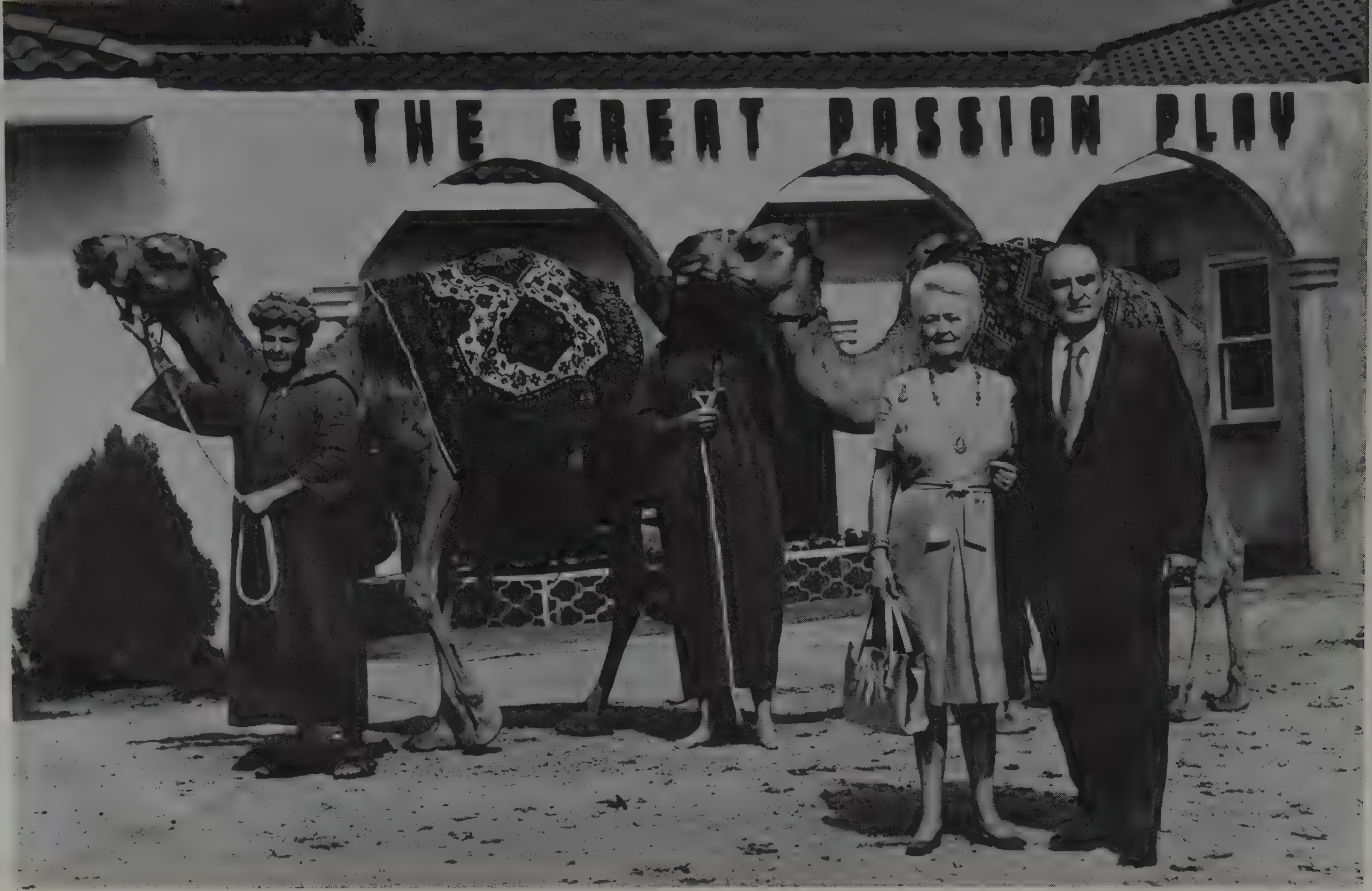
Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith.

With wife Elna on the steps of the Nations Capitol Building.

With wife Elna and miniature horse 'Kojac' prior to Kojac's appearance on the Diana Shore Show.


THREE SACRED PROJECTS
1. THE CHRIST of the OZARKS
2. THE GREAT PASSION PLAY
3. CHRIST ONLY ART GALLERY
Fulfilling the prayers, the vision and the faith of Gerald L.K. and Elna M. Smith (husband and wife). Gifts to humanity by the Elna M. Smith Foundation.

With wife Elna standing before a plaque telling of the Sacred Projects taking place at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. (Please note since this picture was taken, two additional Sacred Projects are to be added: the Bible Museum and the New Holy Land).


THE GREAT PASSION PLAY

With wife Elna standing before two camels, Hezekiah and Obediah, who participate each night in the great Passion Play in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

At the dedication ceremony in 1966 of the Great Christ of the Ozarks statue in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

With wife Elna standing before the great gates under construction which will be the entrance to the New Holy Land in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Continued speech-making in the later years.

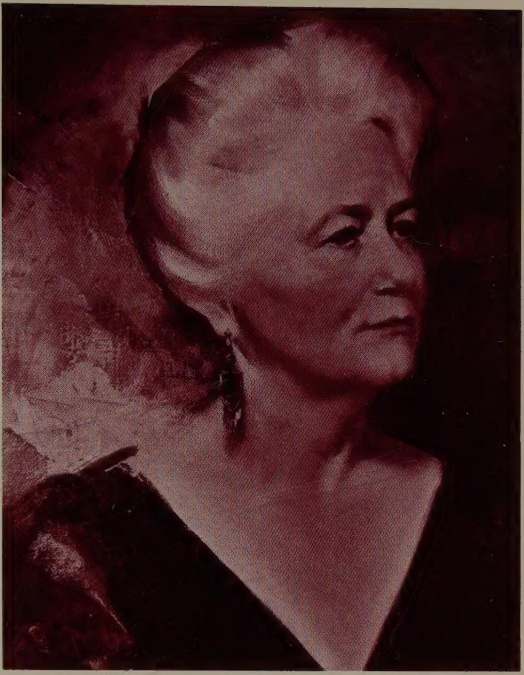
Inside their Eureka Springs home with wife Elna and faithful dog Rocky.

'Penn Castle', the Eureka Springs home of the Smiths.

The Smiths in their Eureka Springs home in 1974.

SMITH
GERALD L. K.
APRIL 15, 1976

Final resting place on top of Magnetic Mountain near the great Christ of the Ozarks statue.



Elna M. Smith...

Besieged Patriot was edited for publication by Elna M. Smith, Gerald Smith's loving wife for over 50 years. Considered by her husband as the "most beautiful young woman" he had ever seen, Mrs. Smith recently celebrated her 80th birthday. Mrs. Smith was a constant traveling partner of her famous husband and her own dramatic experiences in life would comprise a volume as large as this.

Gerald L. K. Smith...

"Gerald L. K. Smith is the most eloquent and courageous orator in America."

--Lowell Thomas

"As an orator, Gerald is the greatest of them all-not the greatest by an inch or a foot or a yard or a mile, but the greatest by at least two light years...He is the master of masters."

--H. L. Mencken

"I wish Gerald L. K. Smith could be President of the United States."

--Henry Ford Sr.

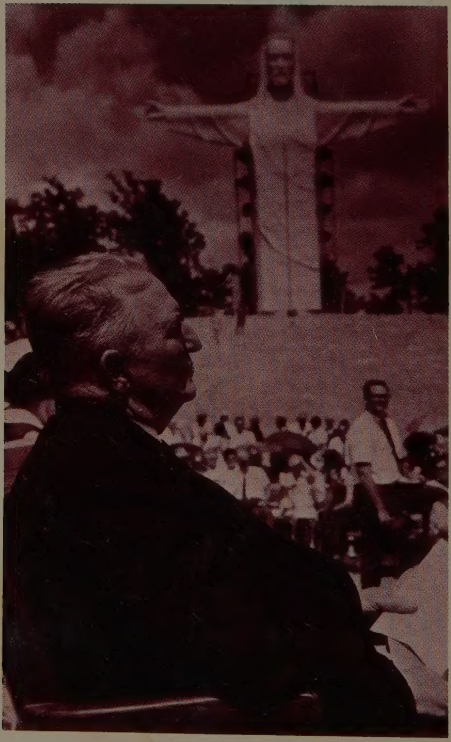
"Gerald Smith is one of the five influences in America most dangerous to the Soviet Union."

--Pravda, the Soviet news agency

"We have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to destroy Gerald L. K. Smith but even so he rises stronger than ever."

--The Jewish Voice

Armed with an inspirational speaking voice and an uncompromising devotion to truth, Gerald L. K. Smith rose to national prominence during the Great Depression when the nation hungered for leaders. As a devoted minister, trusted associate of Huey Long and a leader of the Christian Nationalist movement, Gerald Smith endured riots, threats to his life, the risk of imprisonment and character assasination. He despised Communism. He hated traitorist American politicians. He labored vigoriously to expose Zionism and other forces he considered destructive to Christian Civilization.



Shuned by both major political parties,
Gerald Smith was nominated by ind
pendent parties for the Preside
twice. He lobbied heavily in both
Congress and the United Nations. I
would ever admit his true influence.

At the age of 65 Gerald Smith beg
simple monument to God in Eu
Springs, Arkansas. Today this m
ment stands as the most visited C
tian shrine in America. Named fo
devoted wife, Elna, the shrine sy
lizes Gerald Smith's life: Fea
and Courageous.

07-CVE-788